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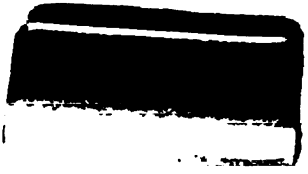

NAPOLEON AND HIS FELLOW TRAVELLERS

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NAPOLEON

Drawn from life by an Officer on board the Northumberland who accompanied the ex Emperor to S. Helena

NAPOLEON AND HIS FELLOW TRAVELLERS

BEING A REPRINT OF CERTAIN NARRATIVES OF THE VOYAGES OF THE DETHRONED EMPEROR ON THE *BELLEROPHON* AND THE *NORTHUMBERLAND* TO EXILE IN ST. HELENA: THE ROMANTIC STORIES TOLD BY GEORGE HOME, CAPTAIN ROSS, LORD LYTTELTON, AND WILLIAM WARDEN

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY
CLEMENT SHORTER

WITH FOUR PLATES

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INTRODUCTION

SOME years before Lord Rosebery gave us that interesting book, "Napoleon: the Last Phase," it had been my ambition to write an account of the fallen Emperor's six years of exile at St. Helena, under the title of "Napoleon and his Fellow Prisoners." When we become attracted by a subject of this kind, new material in one form or another is sure to be forthcoming from year to year. One such piece of new material came to me at the beginning of my researches. This was some unpublished letters written by Mr. Secretary Brooke from St. Helena, while Napoleon was resident on the island. Since then I have handled many other documents. Lord Rosebery's remarkable critical summary of the episode made me, however, recognise the desirability of allowing my little volume to rest unwritten for a few years longer.

In any case, the project that I had in mind was very different from the one that Lord Rosebery achieved so successfully. "The Last Phase" was rather a criticism of Napoleon and of the documents associated with his melancholy exile than a consecutive narrative of events. I had aspired rather to tell the story of that exile in a succession of chapters, associating each with an individual of importance in the story. There would have been a chapter on Gourgaud, another on Montholon, a third upon his wife—who also wrote reminiscences—and a fourth upon Las Cases. There would have been a chapter devoted to each of the various surgeons who, by a strange irony, considering

Napoleon's dislike of doctors, seem to have been most in evidence and so astonishingly numerous in every scene of the tragedy. Each had something to say—O'Meara, Warden, Arnott, Antommarchi, Stokoe, and the rest. One chapter, of course, would have been devoted to Sir Hudson Lowe, another to Admiral Cockburn, a third to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and a fourth to Sir Robert Plampin. Each of these names recalls the existence of a considerable mass of hitherto unpublished material.

Altogether, I hope and believe that my book will justify its existence if it should ever get itself written. Of one thing I am certain, that no writer needs to apologise for taking up this phase of Napoleon's career. This is not, I know, the view held by two distinguished students of the period, Dr. Fortescue and Dr. Holland Rose. Both these writers, the one in his introduction to "The Memoirs of Thibaudeau,"* and the other in a review of that work in *The Nation*, have deprecated the study of Napoleon's years of exile. Dr. Fortescue maintains that the conversations of Napoleon as reported by Thibaudeau during the "four golden years of the Consulate" are incomparably superior to the conversations of Napoleon after his fall. He would gladly, he tells us, have seen the "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène,"† Gourgaud's "Journal," and the other well-known books treating of the exile, burnt and forgotten. I do not in the least agree with this point of view, and indeed, were I asked which was the more instructive book, which the more truly human document, which threw the more light upon the career of the great Emperor, "Thibaudeau" or "Gourgaud," I should not hesitate to give my preference to the latter. Dr. Holland Rose also deprecates all

* "Bonaparte and the Consulate," by A. S. Thibaudeau. Translated and edited by G. K. Fortescue, LL.D. Methuen, 1908.

† The "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène" was published in English in 1823 in 8 volumes, under the title of "Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena."

endeavour "to pry into the squabbles, and to dwell on the partisan pamphlets of Napoleon's declining years," whereby he damns this book before it is published.

Yet rarely, in my judgment, does the study of history better justify itself than in Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: the Last Phase." It is true that there is lacking a qualification which Lord Acton laid down as essential to the historian—the investigation, and indeed the entire use, of unprinted documents. Lord Rosebery has not only confined himself to printed documents, but to printed documents that are very well known to every student of Napoleon's career. Moreover, he is not, I think, in the least fair in his judgment of a large portion of his material. It seems to me singularly misleading, for example, to dismiss Las Cases' "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène" as "an arsenal of spurious documents." The mere fact that there are a number of spurious documents interpolated in these eight volumes does not alter the circumstance that we have here a very fascinating picture of Napoleon in exile, that we have the report of many interesting conversations, the genuineness of which is supported by a multitude of witnesses.

Lord Rosebery seems to have sat down to write his book after having read with pleasure—a pleasure we have all shared—"The Memoirs of Gourgaud," * published in quite recent years. To supplement his reading of those two fine volumes, he would seem to have read, rather as a task than for pleasure, the stories told by the other exiles. He writes of "ploughing through" Las Cases' eight volumes. That there is room for a difference of opinion on this point may be gathered from the fact that Lord Acton declared the

* "Général Baron Gourgaud. Sainte-Hélène. Journal Inédit de 1815 à 1818. Avec Préface et Notes de MM. le Vicomte de Grouchy et Antoine Guillois." Paris: Flammarion, 1899.

"Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène" to be one of the best hundred books in the world.

Equally unfair, I think, is Lord Rosebery when dealing with the other diarists. A method of fine writing made fashionable by Macaulay is that by which the critic by wholesale condemnation of certain books or people heightens the effect of the praise of some other. In order to emphasise his praise of Gourgaud's narrative, Lord Rosebery, it seems to me, disposes too contemptuously of many books that also have their service. By far the longest section of Lord Rosebery's book, indeed, is occupied by an epitome or paraphrase of Gourgaud's conversations with Napoleon. It was not necessary, with a view to emphasise the entertainment that Gourgaud's book affords to every reader, to disparage all else.

William Warden, the surgeon of the *Northumberland*, perhaps suffers most of all from Lord Rosebery's method of criticism. His "Letters from St. Helena," of which five editions were sold in five months, is declared to be worthless. Sir Thomas Reade's statement, utterly valueless in this connection, that "three-fourths of the book is untrue," is quoted, and Lord Rosebery insists that the fact that Warden knew no French makes the book useless. The work, in short, is dismissed contemptuously Yet, as we read it to-day by the light of all the latest research, and after a careful study of the many books that make up the record of eye-witnesses of the voyage to St. Helena, we see that Warden's unpretentious narrative is a very interesting and, on the whole, a very accurate piece of work. Lord Rosebery, however, here only follows a series of other critics, and his view is accepted by the biographer of Warden in "The Dictionary of National Biography," clearly without any real inquiry. I venture to believe, however, that the republication of the letters here may help to dispel a misconception.

The primary service that Lord Rosebery has achieved

by his book "The Last Phase," is that he, a statesman and man of letters who has held the highest position in the political life of our country, should have offered on behalf of Great Britain a protest and apology that the statesmen of another era had treated Napoleon with an entire lack of magnanimity, and degraded this country by their ungenerous treatment of a fallen enemy.

It might have been thought that there could be no difference of opinion on this point to-day, and that living English historians at least would not attempt to rival Taine and Lanfrey in a campaign of calumny. Nothing could exceed the meanness and the smallmindedness with which Napoleon was treated upon his surrender to England. The withholding of the empty title of "Emperor" from him on every possible occasion, the refusal to deliver to him gifts from friends because they were so addressed, the placing of him in so ghastly an environment as Longwood, when the island offered more attractive localities, these, and a hundred other points, require the protest of every succeeding generation of Englishmen. Even Sir Walter Scott, writing when passion ran high, and looking at all events from the Tory and aristocratic standpoint, maintained that the Government was unnecessarily cruel in giving Napoleon those common huts at Longwood, when Government House, St. Helena, was so much more suitable a residence.

Within living memory, while there have been hundreds of reprints of memoirs, and histories of fragments of Napoleon's career, there have been but three attempts to present that career to Englishmen as a whole —Sir John Seeley's "Short History of Napoleon," Dr. Holland Rose's "Life of Napoleon," and the volume entitled "Napoleon," in the "Cambridge Modern History," designed by Lord Acton, but carried out upon a plan widely different from what, I think, he would have approved. Of these books Dr. Holland Rose's is the

from Waterloo, marching homewards, were hissed on the way through English villages by men and women not too grateful for an unjust and unnecessary war.

We hear much from the detractors of Napoleon of the carnage that was due to his ambition. At two points at least of the conflict with France the guilt of the struggle rested with England. Taine calculated that four millions of people died in the Napoleonic wars. The number is the gross exaggeration of a partisan historian, but a fair portion of these died because England intervened in quarrels that were not her own, quarrels to which all the best minds of that day were opposed, including some of the greatest and most honoured names in our literature. In any case, in a smaller number of years than the Napoleonic régime, we saw the disaster of death or exile fall upon an equal number of victims in one little island under our rule. The Irish famine reduced the population of that country from eight millions to four millions in a few years, and there was nothing to show for it all; while Napoleon, were he here to-day, could point to the Code, to the unity of Italy, and to much else that is good in Europe, as the result of his achievements. It was surely better for a Frenchman or a German to have died fighting in these wars than to have died as Irish men, women, and children died in the year of famine. Even for the English poor of the opening years of the nineteenth century and for the poor of all nations, there were worse deaths than those that the ambition of kings and emperors provided. Napoleon's great battles nearly all belong to the nineteenth century. There were double as many people died in battle in the eighteenth century as in the nineteenth. The soldier's life has only come to be deprecated—apart from the defence of his country—in the last half of the nineteenth century.

The poets we know are ever warlike, and Wordsworth described carnage as "God's Daughter," while his

successor, Tennyson, sighed at "the long, long canker of peace." Wordsworth, although at an earlier stage he had wished his own country might be defeated when in conflict with the French Republic, separated himself from nearly all great contemporary men of letters on this question of Napoleon. He wrote:—

> "Never may from our souls one truth depart—
> That an accursed thing it is to gaze
> On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye."

But Wordsworth was a renegade, who could scarcely be expected in days of Government surveyorships to look with equanimity upon any expression of revolt such as Napoleon really represented. It would not be difficult to prove that the most noxious tyrants of the hour were the British ministers, and that the whole of England was under a system of terrorism in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century, to which France and all the dominions of Napoleon were a stranger. Napoleon was three times voted to the headship of France by the overwhelming declaration of its people. Would George III. have fared as well had a vote of his subjects been taken at certain periods of his reign?

Napoleon had the goodwill of nearly all men of Liberal ideas in his day. That he has lost it with men of Liberal ideas in our day is due to the tragic-comedy of the Second Empire. That empire would never have come into existence had we treated the first Napoleon more generously. The third Napoleon had the disadvantage not only of not possessing any of the genius of Napoleon the Great, but of possibly not being of his race.* The disasters of his reign, of which the

* This, I know, is often declared to be a Bourbon scandal, but how otherwise can the following letter from Louis of Holland to Pope Gregory XVI. in 1830 be explained, unless indeed it were a forgery:—

> "Holy Father! My heart is overcome with sorrow and indignation, since I have heard that my sons have taken part in the criminal

war culminating at Sedan was scarcely the worst, were calculated to kill sympathy for the dynasty, and happily France is now free from any danger of a Bonapartist régime. Lord Rosebery says that every Scotsman is still at heart a Jacobite, although we know how genuinely loyal every Scotsman is to King Edward VII. In the same way all Frenchmen may well be at heart Bonapartists to-day, while profoundly anxious for the preservation of the republic. Frenchmen and Englishmen alike should repudiate the shameless libels of Taine and Lanfrey as they will the more plausible strictures of Sir John Seeley and Dr. Holland Rose.

Dr. Rose, in summing up the story of the Emperor's fall, complains that Napoleon "seems not to have realised how unspeakably disastrous his influence had been on the land which he found in a vigorously expansive phase, and now left prostrate at the feet of the Allies and the Bourbons."* Was ever such a travesty of history as this? When Napoleon destroyed the Directory he saved France from chaos or from a reaction that would have been worse. All the work of the Revolution bid fair to be undone. It has often been asked why he did not then become a Washington. Napoleon effectively replied to that in one of his conversations with Las Cases.† He saved France from

revolt against your Holiness's authority. My life, which was already full enough of care, has been still further embittered by the knowledge that one of my kindred could forget all your kindness to my unhappy family. The unfortunate young man is dead; God be merciful to him. As to the other who bears my name, he has, thank God, nothing to do with me. As your Holiness is aware, I have had the misfortune to marry a Messalina, who bore children."

The father of Napoleon III. is usually supposed to be the Dutch Admiral Verhuel.

* The "Life of Napoleon," by J. Holland Rose, vol. ii., p. 517.

† "Had I been in America I would willingly have been a Washington, and I should have had little merit in so being; for I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in

chaos, we repeat, and he gave her for a decade glory and good government, and laws which were not readily parted with by those other countries in which they were planted. Of the great things that he did for France in spite of the disastrous career of his putative nephew, that country, with its stable republic, is not to-day oblivious. Italy the United has also reason for gratitude. "Here, then," writes an unfriendly historian, "in the army, in the codes, in the common system of administration, the foundations of a modern Italy were laid. And here the memory of Napoleon was not easily forgotten. Italians knew once more that the race of Michael Angelo had not exhausted its power of breeding prodigious men. They took in fresh courage, conceived new hopes, and were schooled to new virtues. The ablest sons of Italy entered the Civil Service, threw themselves with zest into all the thrilling problems of a modern administration." *

But it is not within the scope of this introduction to dwell in detail upon all the great things that were accomplished by Napoleon for France and for Europe, nor to defend in detail the ambitious schemes which ultimately brought him to ruin. It suffices that he fell, returning from his modest empire of Elba, driven thence by the broken treaty of the Allies, and by the broken pledges of the Bourbons. His march from St. Juan's Bay to Paris has well been called "a mirac-

France, exposed to discord within, and invasion from without, I would have defied him to have been what he was in America; at least he would have been a fool to attempt it, and would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, in the midst of kings yielding or subdued, that I could become so. Then and there alone, I could successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom."—Las Cases, vol. i., 381-2.

* "Bonapartism: Six Lectures delivered in the University of London," by H. A. L. Fisher. Clarendon Press.

ulous progress"—it was the most wonderful tribute to the individuality of a single man that the modern world has ever seen.

But the army that was gathered as at the waving of a magic wand was dispersed at Waterloo. Every Englishman has been brought up upon the glories of that field. Yet Napoleon's enemies were led by an Irishman, and five languages were spoken in his army. There were, roughly speaking, seventeen thousand Dutch, twenty-five thousand Germans, of whom eleven thousand were our fellow subjects from Hanover, while there were only twenty-four thousand British troops. The issue was long uncertain. "Bonaparte has humbugged me," was Wellington's comment before the fight, and who can forget his remark when all was over?—"It was a d——d near thing; it was the nearest thing I ever saw." "Ah! if it were only to be done over again," sighed Napoleon to Gourgaud.

We who are Englishmen are well entitled to glory in our share of the fight, in the bravery of our soldiers; for it was the culminating point in a great career that we have here, and we and our great general destroyed the victor of Arcola and of Lodi, of Austerlitz and of Jena. Yet it was a triumph of reaction all the same, of Metternich and the Bourbons and the Russian Tsar; and the chains were welded more firmly upon the English labourer and the Irish peasant. The English people as a whole had long years of tyranny to suffer yet; men were to march through our streets pike in hand before the most moderate attempt at government of the people by the people was to be secured. It is a pretty fiction of a number of writers that there was an artificial building up of a tradition of Napoleonic liberalism, as there was also in *la politique de Longwood*, a scheme to present the cause of Napoleon to Europe other than it really was. This is to ignore the facts that Napoleon's achievements

stood for themselves, that the reactionary tyranny that followed his overthrow was clear to all men, and that it was well within the right of the illustrious prisoner and his friends to present their case to the world in their own way.

Why do all historians, even Napoleon's apologists,* seem to think that it was inevitable that Napoleon should have been sent to St. Helena? A more magnanimous Government than that of Liverpool and Bathurst would have permitted the exile to come to England; would have offered him some such a place as Hartwell House, vacated but a few months before by his rival, Louis XVIII.; would have garrisoned Aylesbury, it is true, and have stationed abundant soldiers round the grounds—escape could easily have been made impossible. All this would have cost less than St. Helena did, and would have been quite as effective.

The story of Bathurst, that "ennobled dullard," and his servant, the pedantic Hudson Lowe, has been told full often. They stand condemned by the combined intelligence of the world, yet Dr. Holland Rose has endeavoured, alike in his "Life of Napoleon" and in his "Napoleonic Studies," to condone all the pettiness of which the party in power in England, and their representative in St. Helena, were guilty towards Napoleon. Not only were they mean and sordid in their attitude towards a man who alone of modern conquerors has changed the face of the world for the world's good—"the greatest soldier and the greatest administrator in history," as Mr. Gladstone called him—but they endeavoured with elaboration to put their victim in the wrong.

From a house, rat-haunted, damp, deplorably inadequate, in a situation the worst in the island, Napoleon was destined for six weary years to look hungrily, power-

* Lord Rosebery and the late Mr. John C. Ropes, for example.

lessly, upon a world in which he had once been well-nigh omnipotent. His little band of followers, faithful at least to him, quarrelled among themselves, and quarrelled still more with their hateful gaoler. No wonder that the principal prisoner schemed with his followers, although it requires the maddest credulity to believe in the plots of escape believed in by the apologists for Sir Hudson Lowe.

Dr. Holland Rose has had the advantage over previous biographers of Napoleon of seeing and reading many State papers in the British archives, but so far as the exile period is concerned, I can find no evidence of his obtaining any salient material derived from these sources. "His lordship's criticism of our policy in St. Helena," he writes, criticising Lord Rosebery, "fails because he has not studied the British archives, where many of the reasons for our actions may be seen." I have always been surprised that Lord Rosebery did not enhance the value of his book by reference to documents that he could have had copied for a few pounds in the British Museum Manuscript Department, in the Public Record Office, and in other well-known quarters; but I do not think it could possibly have amended his view on this question. I have read through many such documents, and with all possible kindness for Dr. Holland Rose, I think his statement about "studying the British archives" has no serious importance. Not one line that is new does he give us, not one line can be given, from any of these unpublished sources that affords adequate justification for our treatment of Napoleon in exile.

There would be more point in the oft-made suggestion that Napoleon's continuous illness was a sham, assumed to blind England and the European Powers, that his constant complaints were unjustifiable, were it not that less than six years after the arrival at St. Helena Napoleon died—and he entered the island in well nigh perfect

health. It is true that the doctors wrongly diagnosed his disease, but under happier conditions he might have lived many years more. The episode of St. Helena is a perpetual disgrace to our country, and when we have added to this our later knowledge that the Government were most anxious for Napoleon's speedy death, and selected all his gaolers upon the basis of that desire, the ignominy becomes more marked.*

However, the exile in St. Helena is another story than the one which is to be found in these pages. Many of the journals of Napoleon's travelling companions have been published and have been reprinted in our day. This is the case with Admiral Cockburn's narrative, which has been reprinted twice, and with the narrative of his secretary, Mr. Glover, which likewise has twice appeared. Captain Maitland's diary also we received quite recently in a new edition. But in reading the story for my own pleasure I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining the narratives of Brocklebank, of Warden, of Home, and of Lyttelton—this last being particularly inaccessible. Not one of these has been reprinted in this last half century. These books interested me, and I had hope that they might interest others. Hence this reprint of once much-discussed pamphlets, which I trust that many others besides the editor may find of interest to-day.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

London, September 19th, 1908.

I am indebted to Mr. C. J. Warden, the grandson

* "I have studied the history of St. Helena for forty years. I have visited the island three times. I have lived in the precincts of Longwood and its neighbourhood for a month, and I have carefully examined and compared one with another all the statements which have been published, dealing with the captivity. The evidence in my opinion is overwhelmingly conclusive that the object sought by the English ministers in 1815 was not the exile, but the speedy death of Napoleon."—*General Sir William Butler: a Lecture delivered at Tipperary Jan.* 10, 1908.

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PREFATORY

In collecting certain little-known Napoleonic documents, I have undergone great searchings of heart as to whether it were desirable to reprint the whole of the "Memoirs of an Aristocrat."* The book is exceedingly rare. Only now and again does it turn up in the saleroom. There are flashes of humour, and there are sundry good stories contained in the volume; but, considered as a whole, George Home's "Memoirs" can have but little general interest now apart from the chapter concerned with Napoleon, which is reprinted in this volume for the first time.† There are but seven chapters in the book, of which the Napoleon episode forms Chapter the Fourth. The rest of the Memoirs are almost entirely taken up with the author's grievances, which are of no concern to the present generation, although they were of so much importance to George Home that he exhausts the vocabulary of invective in his denunciation of all who stood between his father and brother and the peerage to which he considered that they were legally and morally entitled.

The "Aristocrat" of these pages, George Home, was born in 1794 on the Scottish Border, and was the fifth son of Alexander Home, a naval officer who had

* "Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon." By a Midshipman of the *Bellerophon*. London: Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane, and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh. 1838.

† A fragment of the narrative was included as Appendix III. in "The Surrender of Napoleon," by Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland, K.C.B. William Blackwood and Sons. 1904.

seen much service in his day. He had been in Lord Hawke's action off Brest, and had accompanied Captain Cook in that voyage round the world which ended so fatally at Hawaii. Becoming blind, he retired early upon a small pension. "Although his life of toil and danger had only brought him a miserable hut and a lieutenant's half-pay," says his son, "he was related to the chief families of the county of Berwickshire." This claim to be not only of the family of the Earls of Home and of the Earls of Marchmont, but the actual inheritor of the title of this latter house, is insisted upon with painful vigour.

Here, briefly stated, is the question at issue. The Homes of Wedderburn were a family of many branches, and it was indeed all-powerful in the county of Berwick. One branch, the Homes of Polwarth, was ennobled as Lords Polwarth in 1690 and as Earls of Marchmont in 1697; while in another branch, George Home, of Spott, sometime Treasurer of Scotland, became Earl of Dunbar. Of his two daughters one became mother of the third Earl of Home, and the younger the wife of the second Earl of Suffolk. The early history of the House of Wedderburn was written in Latin* in 1611 by a son of the family, David Hume (or Home) of Godscroft, who also wrote a monumental history of the House of Douglas and Angus, with which powerful family the Homes of Wedderburn were connected.

The family had, as we learn from David Home's narrative, a romantic history during the years before the union of England and Scotland. Their story,

* Printed for the Abbotsford Club in 1839, but no translation has been published. For the history of the Homes of Wedderburn I am indebted to the Historical Manuscripts Commission's "Report on the Manuscripts of Colonel David Milne Home of Wedderburn Castle, N.B." Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1902.

however, begins for us only with one George Home who was born in 1641 and married Isabel Liddle, daughter of the then Mayor of Newcastle. George Home of Wedderburn had two sons, George and Francis, both of whom took part in the rising of 1715 and were taken prisoners after the battle of Preston. They were sentenced to transportation and to be sold as slaves. George, however, was pardoned. Francis was shipped off to Virginia, but he also was ultimately set free, and he then returned to Scotland. Here is where our George Home, the author of "Memoirs of an Aristocrat," enters the story. He was descended from Francis Home, whose son was known as Home of Paddockmire, and all too much of his book is occupied by his claim on behalf of his father to the Earldom of Marchmont, which, had it not become extinguished, should certainly have fallen to one of the Home family. George Home, however, the rebel of 1715, had six sons, and the claim of our George Home's father in 1804 and later was based upon the assumption that all these sons and their progeny had quite died out. Five of the sons would certainly seem to have done so; but one son, George, went to America and settled at Culpepper in Virginia. He was associated with General Washington on several occasions, married, and had children, and there are many of his descendants still living in America. "Among them, by right of blood, there may be the preferential heir to the peerage of Marchmont, which has lain dormant since 1794." *

This fact, among others, made the claim of our author, his father, and his brother, absolutely meaningless. It was based upon the assumption that the George who went to America had died without

* Historical Manuscripts Commission's "Report on the Manuscripts of Colonel David Milne Home of Wedderburn Castle, N.B."

leaving issue. Although five of the six sons had died without issue, and the American Home was dead to Berwickshire at least, the Homes who remained in the North had, during years of great impecuniosity arising out of their father's attainder, been befriended by another remote relative, Mr. Ninian Home, who was at first the Presbyterian minister of Sprouston and afterwards Laird of Billie. He amassed a large fortune, and invested it in land in Berwickshire. He married, as his second wife, Margaret Home, a sister of the six sons of George Home, the Jacobite. Throughout these "Memoirs" he is constantly referred to as "Old Griphard," and it would seem that while he earned the gratitude of the older branch into which he had married, the Homes of Wedderburn, he offended altogether the younger branch, of which our erratic writer was a member. Ninian died in 1744. Two of his sons succeeded him at Wedderburn House; but, having no children, the estate fell to his daughter Jean in 1809, the year that she was visited by George Home, our young midshipman, aged fifteen. Jean left the estate on her death, in 1820, to a remote cousin, George Home of Paxton, for whom it is claimed in Colonel Milne Home's manuscripts that he helped our author's family with the loan of documents to continue their claims until they became too troublesome. George Home of Paxton was a friend of Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," and also of Sir Walter Scott.

He had brought up at Paxton as the daughter of the House a Miss Agnes Stephens, who had been born in the island of Grenada, of which his brother had been Governor. Miss Stephens became the second wife of Admiral Sir David Milne, and she is the "Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper," or "Lady Skinnington Viper Mildew," of George Home's "Memoirs." Sir

David and Lady Milne not unnaturally brought a libel action against the author of the "Memoirs of an Aristocrat," and all who have read the book will feel no surprise that she won it. The circulation of the "Memoirs" was stopped and its author mulcted in £1,000 damages, which, doubtless, he never paid, as at the time he was only engaged in some obscure municipal post in Edinburgh worth about £100 a year.

Let me turn now, briefly, to this extraordinary book, a fragment of which I am thus rescuing from the oblivion to which Lady Milne and her lawyers consigned it. The first chapter opens with an account by the author of his family and of the poverty of his early environment. His hatred of all the Homes of the elder branch is fiercely expressed, and a flavour of grim humour is afforded by the presentation of Ninian Home under the name of "Griphard." "Old Griphard acquired in his lifetime, by every species of fraud and chicanery, an immense landed property" is one characteristic sentence. Another is: "I must digress a little to mark the demise of the Earl of Marchmont. This precious specimen of aristocratic intolerance reached his ninety-fourth year before he was summoned above to render an account of his malversations here below." Then we have a humorous picture of the dominie who gave young Home his earliest instruction in the village of C——m, and an equally humorous and unfeeling picture of the Presbyterian minister of the said village. We close with a specimen of the Whiggish politics that prevailed with a select minority in the 'twenties and 'thirties of the nineteenth century; a view that time has endorsed :—

> Oh, Divine Providence, for what were we civilised! Was it to make ourselves adepts in the art of cutting each other's throats in the most gentlemanly way, and sweeping at once thousands of

our fellow mortals into the promiscuous hecatomb; but I suppose civilised Europe required something in the shape of a blood-letting, to rouse her from her dormancy, and I think the greatest lovers of the obstetric art will allow that she got it to the full, or rather to the emptying of every vein, and certainly to the emptying of the purse of poor old John Bull, who was glad at last to sit him down, after the "crowning carnage at Waterloo," quite worn out with the struggle, not a shilling to bless him, and nothing to console him, but that he had honourably wasted his blood and his treasure to give France an imbecile Capet instead of a Napoleon.

The second chapter of Mr. Home's narrative tells of his father's anxiety to provide for his four sons—the fifth and youngest was but a child. The eldest, Frank, became through influence an ensign "without purchase." "The prospective Lord P——," his brother calls him, anticipating that the courtesy title of Lord Polwarth might, by the chances of legal war, some day become his. The second son, threatened with consumption, was appointed to a lieutenancy of marines, and died in a few months. A third entered the navy, and also died young. George wished for the same career, and duly donned the midshipman's uniform; but, before going to sea, is asked to visit at Wedderburn House, over which, as I have said, Miss Jean Home then presided.

One would like to hear another version of young George's exploits here: his quarrel with the factor's son for declaring that the portraits in the picture gallery "never belonged to any ancestor of mine, and what were we at *best* but a set of beggars?" He met at Wedderburn House his arch-enemy, as he counts the future Lady Milne, and henceforth the name of "Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper" is scattered freely over his pages. Hence Lady Milne brought the action which so promptly ended Mr. George Home's literary career.

If the property of the Homes of Wedderburn went

to another branch, and the title of Earls of Marchmont was allowed to lapse, still some small glory would seem, if we believe Home, to have continued to the family in the way of unauthorised recognition. Here is his account of first donning the uniform of a midshipman :—

> Bedizened in my new finery the Commodore [his father] took me in his hand to several of the houses of the nobility, who all received him with marked kindness and respect. His fine reverend appearance was introduction sufficient anywhere, but the Scottish nobility were quite convinced of his right to be one of their order, and most of them were intimately acquainted with the peculiarly unfortunate circumstances of the family. He had also voted as Earl of Marchmont at an election for representative peers, and his vote was sustained; therefore he was *tacitly* acknowledged by the body of nobility as of their own rank, and by many of them treated as such, and styled by the title he claimed, so that "my lord" and "your lordship" and "the Earl of M——t," notwithstanding our poverty, became familiar in our ears "as household words."

In the third chapter of the "Memoirs" we see young George on his way to Leith to join his first ship, and he tells of tyrant captains and "crossing the line" and much more of the material which makes up the narrative in more or less interesting autobiographies of sailors. He concludes with his meeting with Captain Frederick Lewis Maitland, the Captain of the *Bellerophon*, who appointed him as a midshipman to that ship a few days before Napoleon reached Rochefort and began to consider how he could best leave France.

The fourth chapter of Home's narrative, relating his impressions of Napoleon, speaks for itself. It alone has given the "Memoirs of an Aristocrat" any title to remembrance. It is not necessary for me to say very much about the three concluding chapters of the book. They are entirely taken up with the struggle for the peerage, an account of the death of his father, and of his uncle; and of the fight made then and afterwards

on behalf of that foolish claim to the earldom which would seem to have absorbed and wasted the energies of all the family. Disagreeable personalities, most of them quite meaningless to the present generation, are scattered throughout Home's narrative. One well-known barrister, for example, Borthwick of Crookston, who was counsel along with Lord Brougham in the earlier stages of the case, figures as John Pomposius Crooksfield. The best thing in these chapters is the old father's account of the death of Captain Cook, of which he was an eye-witness. Not only was the title claimed in 1804 and 1822 by Alexander Home, but from 1838 to 1843 by his eldest son, Captain Francis Home, George Home's brother; but always with the same result: the Marchmont peerage is still awaiting an American claimant. George Home died, it would seem, at a comparatively early age and in an obscure position in Edinburgh.*

* I owe to the courtesy of Miss Margaret Warrender, the author of "Marchmont and the Humes of Polwarth" (and a member of that family), the loan of a rare and interesting document, entitled:—

> "Case on the part of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell of Marchmont, Baronet, in relation to the claim of Francis Douglas Hume, Esq., to the titles, honours and dignities of Earl of Marchmont, Viscount of Blasonberry, Lord Polwart of Polwart, Reidbraes and Greenlaw. Presented to the Lords in 1843. Printed by Spottiswoode and Robertson, 27, Great George Street, Westminster."

Sir Hugh Hume Campbell was the possessor of the Marchmont estates by virtue of an entail made by his great grand-uncle Hugh, the third and last Earl of Marchmont. He practically had the last word to say on the subject, for in this document, presented to the House of Lords, he laid before the Peers the full story of the claim made by Francis Home and his father to the peerage of Marchmont which had lapsed, and showed in abundant detail how absolutely untrustworthy was the claimant's case. We learn from this document that that claim had been put forward first on the part of Alexander Home, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, in 1794, again in 1799 by the same Lieutenant Home, again in 1804 and again in 1806; at this last date his papers were placed upon the table of the House of Lords. His third case came before the Lords in 1820, when he had become Captain Home, and again in 1822. The original claimant died in 1823, when his son, Francis Home, renewed the claim in 1837. The

case came up in 1838, 1839, 1840, and again in 1842. It is of some interest to note that one of the witnesses in these last dates was our George Home, who, had the peerage claim been proved, would have been the next in succession, his brother having no family. Extracts are given from George Home's evidence. Sir Hugh Hume Campbell is able very emphatically to show the enormous gaps in the evidence brought forward by the claimant, particularly with reference to the possible American relations of an elder branch referred to elsewhere. In any case we hear nothing more of the claim of Francis Douglas Home and his brother George after this document was circulated in 1843.

* * * * * * * * * *

Miss Margaret Warrender's book, "Marchmont and the Humes of Polwarth, by One of their Descendants," William Blackwood and Sons, 1894, is very entertaining. She tells most vividly the story of Sir Patrick Hume (1641-1724), who was under sentence of forfeiture in 1685, when James II. came to the throne, and after weird adventures and concealments in the North, fled to Holland with his family. He returned with William III., who in gratitude gave him many honours. In 1690 he was made Lord Polwarth, and in 1697 Earl of Marchmont. He was largely instrumental in getting the Act of Union between England and Scotland passed. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander Hume, who died in 1740, when his son, Hugh Hume, became the third Earl. Pope honours —and, as Boswell says, immortalises—Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, in his grotto at Twickenham with an inscription:

"And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul,"

and he was one of that poet's literary executors. It would be the more interesting if a fourth Earl of Marchmont should come out of America, as the third Earl told Boswell that he was once mistaken by a shopkeeper for a native of that country. "I presume to add," says Johnson's biographer, "that the present Earl of Marchmont told me, with great good humour, that the master of a shop in London, where he was not known, said to him, 'I suppose, sir, you are an American!' 'Why so, sir?' (said his lordship). 'Because, sir' (replied the shopkeeper), 'you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America.'"

When Boswell applied to him on behalf of Johnson for information about Pope for the "Lives," he behaved with extreme courtesy to the Doctor, who had refused to see him. That he had no small sense of humour was shown by his reply to Boswell's suggestion that he should revise Johnson's "Life of Pope." "So" (said his lordship) "you would put me in a dangerous situation. You know he knocked down Osborne, the bookseller." At a later date Johnson went with Boswell to see Lord Marchmont in Curzon Street and much enjoyed the conversation concerning Pope. Both his sons predeceased him, and so the peerage became extinct at his death in 1794, although the fact that one of his daughters

saw in charge of a quarter-deck. I often wondered when that man slept, ate, or dressed himself, for he was hardly ever missed from deck, was always fresh and vigorous, and his dress and appearance would, at any time, have done honour to the queen's drawing-room. Maitland was withal rather a little easy-going, and it occurred to me that, knowing his defect in this way, he contrived always to get a tolerable tartar of a first lieutenant, so that between the captain's good nature and the lieutenant's severity, which he occasionally checked and tempered when he thought the lieutenant was like to exceed bounds, the ship was kept in capital discipline. From the Nore we proceeded to Spithead, and from thence to Plymouth, coming to anchor in Cawsand Bay, there to wait further orders, took in provisions and water, and got all ready for our final destination, the coast of France.

Meanwhile Napoleon had made good his landing on the shore of his so lately relinquished empire, marched in more than one Roman triumph to his capital, and though not one drop of blood was shed, the exploit stands unequalled in ancient or modern history. Our Government having taken its resolution to resist his offers of peace, the coast of France was immediately lined with our cruisers, and on May 24th we bade adieu to the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe, to take another look of the tri-coloured flag, which, like the sun after an eclipse, had again shone out in meridian splendour. Whether it was the flag itself, or the recollection of the innumerable immortal exploits wherever it had waved, I cannot say, but somehow I never saw any flag that struck me with such a spirit-stirring feeling. We made the south point of Belle-île the third day after leaving Plymouth, and in a few days more took up our final cruising ground off Rochefort. We had a busy time of it, boarding the Chasmarees, rowing guard in shore

during the night, and keeping up a strict surveillance on the movements on shore. The tri-coloured flag streamed from "fortress, tower, and town," and the impregnable batteries of Rochefort. The weather was delightful, the whole coast looked gay, and our time passed away without a thought being wasted on the mighty events that were passing in the empire whose coast we were surveying. Brief time was the great man allowed to concentrate his shattered force; but, brief as it was, his mighty genius was found equal to the task, from the wreck of that army that had carried his victorious eagles from the Pyramids of Egypt to the burning pinnacles of Moscow, surmounted the Alps, twice overrun Italy, and subjugated, or held in terror, every kingdom in Europe. In a few short weeks he was enabled again to assume an appearance so formidable as once more to threaten the destinies of Europe. The heart of the veteran leapt awake at the voice of his leader who had led him to victory in fifty fights, and the exile of Elba found himself once more at the head of an army worthy of the greatest captain that the world ever produced. Thus, not unprepared for war, he asked for peace, which was indignantly rejected; and, of course, he had nothing for it but to submit his fate to the chance of arms, which ended in a wanton sacrifice of the lives of fifty thousand of the flower of Europe.

The news of the battle of Waterloo was conveyed to us by a tender sent along shore from Sir Henry Hotham, who had his flag on board the *Superb*, upon which we immediately hoisted the white flag, the emblem of Bourbon France, at the fore, and those of the Holy Allies, at the main and mizen top-gallant mastheads, and stood close in shore, fired a royal salute, sunk some half-dozen unfortunate little Chasmarees that we had picked up and emptied of their cargoes of

Bordeaux claret, hove about, and stood out in triumph. This was done, of course, to insult the tri-coloured flag, which still waved in calm majesty at Rochefort, Rochelle, and the frigates in Aix Roads. We observed the telegraphs in rapid movement, and in a day or two we saw the white flag displayed from several of the steeples of Rochelle, firing was heard on shore, and it was evident that the Bourbon party were making a movement. At last, we got positive information that Napoleon had arrived at Rochefort, and then our vigilance redoubled. From receiving this intelligence to the day of his coming on board we never left Basque Roads. Our boats rowed guard in shore every night, and the men were kept closely exercising at the guns, to make them expert, should an action take place, which was more than likely, as there were two fine French frigates, a corvette of twenty guns, and a gun brig lying in Aix Roads, which would have been a tolerably hard match for us had Napoleon attempted to attack us and make his escape by force. It was a thousand pities but what he had tried it. Most certainly, had he once imagined that we were capable of using him the way we did, he would surely have made a desperate effort for personal liberty; but such a thought, I am convinced, never struck him.

We had never before refused the protection of our shores to a fallen foe, or to anyone who claimed our protection. The expelled tryants of every country had found their way to England, and been received with open arms, housed, and pensioned. Men who had broke faith with their own subjects, and who would have broke faith with the surrounding nations, had they possessed courage sufficient to hazard the attempt: these, I say, had been received, housed, and pensioned by Britain; but it would appear that in this instance, this wonderful turn of the wheel that

brought the master spirit of the age a humble supplicant to our shores, we were to relinquish our generous character, and act in concert with our trembling allies of the Continent, who, even in this hour of his deepest depression, quailed at his name, and thought they never could be safe, like the Romans with Hannibal, while he had a resting-place above ground.

Never conceiving it possible that Great Britain could so act, in an evil hour he formed the resolution of placing himself under the protection of the British flag; and, after two interviews between the Duke of Rovigo, Las Cases, and Captain Maitland, it was finally agreed that the Emperor should come on board the *Bellerophon* on the morning of July 15th.

How vivid is my recollection of these events, now that nearly the fourth part of a century has passed away since the scene took place; but who that possessed the feelings of a rational being could witness it and lose one trace of the wonderful circumstance. My log-book, kept at the moment, is now lying on the table before me; yet I find I do not need to refer to it, even for dates, or the very hours of the day when the various events took place, so completely stamped is the whole on my memory. I think I see young Gourgaud, in his marshal's uniform, moving with stately steps along our quarter-deck, when he came on board, on the evening of the 14th, charged with the famous letter of Napoleon to our Prince Regent. He was a noble Ambassador, and a complete specimen of the men that Napoleon pitched upon to execute his daring projects.

"A prey to the factions that divide my unhappy country, and the enmity of the principal powers of Europe, I have finished my political career; and I come (says the fallen Emperor) like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its Prince and laws,

which I claim of your Royal Highness, as the most just, most brave, and most generous of my enemies."

Alas, alas! poor Napoleon! the appeal was made to a heart more obdurate than the Persian Satrap. Castlereagh and his Holy Allies had no such ideas of generosity. Expelled by his ungrateful country, Themistocles fled to his enemy, and placed himself on his hearth, under the protection of his household gods. The appeal was held sacred, and the Persian raised him from the supplicating posture, stretching forth the hand of protection and friendship to his prostrate foe. But far other feelings actuated the mean hearts of the enemies of Napoleon; and the majestic bearer of the ever memorable letter, the outpouring of greatness in distress, was never allowed to put foot on the British shore, while the letter was given up to undergo the cold official routine of our organised machine of diplomacy.

The evening of the 14th was calm and delightful,

> And ocean slumbered like an unweaned child,

as we lay at single anchor in Basque Roads, awaiting the great event of the morrow. All was expectation and excitement. The first lieutenant was engaged seeing all the belaying pins get an extra polish, and that every rope was coiled down with more than usual care; while every hush from the shore, or speck on the water, was listened to and watched with intense anxiety, lest our prey should escape us. I confess, while all this was going on, young and thoughtless as I was, I still believed the event beyond the compass of possibility. But three short years before, the man thus humbly craving our protection had the whole of Europe (with the exception of this little island and the barbarous wilds of Russia) under iron subjection, and seemed seated in his strength, beyond human means, at least, of shaking

the mighty fabric he had reared; but that which man could not do the elements effected, and the overwhelming snows of Russia, with one fell swoop, annihilated the stupendous colossus of his power.

I had the middle watch, and just as I was relieved—about half-past four in the morning of the 15th, and a lovely morning it was—we saw a man-of-war brig get under way from Aix Roads, and stand out towards us, bearing a flag of truce. The wind, however, was blowing direct in her teeth, so that she made little of it; and it became evident that it would be several hours before she reached us. While the other midshipmen of the watch slipped off to their hammocks to have a snooze before breakfast, I could not think of sleep, but stood anxiously watching the short tacks of *L'Epervier*, which now "carried Cæsar and his fortunes." Alas! those fortunes were now all over, save the last stage, and the bitter cup of misery remained alone to be drained to the dregs on the barren burning rock at St. Helena.

About six in the morning the look-out man at the masthead announced a large ship of war standing direct in for the roadstead, which Captain Maitland, suspecting to be the *Superb*, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, he gave immediate orders to hoist out the barge, and dispatched her, under the command of the first lieutenant, to the French brig, being apprehensive that if the Admiral arrived before the brig got out, Napoleon would deliver himself up to the Admiral instead of us, and thus have lost us so much honour.

As our barge approached, the brig hove to, and from the moment she came alongside, we watched every motion with deep anxiety. Like all Napoleon's movements, he was not slow even in this, his last free act. The barge had not remained ten minutes alongside, before we saw the rigging of the brig crowded with men, persons stepping down the side into the boat, and the

next moment she shoved off and gave way for the ship; while the waving of men's hats in the rigging, and the cheering which we heard faintly in the distance, left no doubt that the expected guest was approaching. A general's guard of marines was ordered aft on the quarter-deck, and the boatswain stood, whistle in hand, ready to do the honours of the side. The lieutenants stood grouped first on the quarter-deck, and we more humble middies behind them; while the captain, evidently in much anxiety, kept trudging backwards and forwards between the gangway and his own cabin, sometimes peeping out at one of the quarter-deck ports, to see if the barge was drawing near.

It is a sin to mix up any trifling story with so great an event; but a circumstance occurred so laughable of itself, rendered more so from the solemnity of the occasion, that I cannot resist mentioning it. While in this state of eager expectation, a young midshipman —one of the Bruces of Kennet, I think—walked very demurely up to Manning, the boatswain, who was standing all important at the gangway, and after comically eyeing his squat figure and bronzed countenance, Bruce gently laid hold of one of his whiskers, to which the boatswain good-naturedly submitted, as the youngster was a great favourite with him.

"Manning," says he, most sentimentally, "this is the proudest day of your life. You are this day to do the honours of the side to the greatest man the world ever produced, or ever will produce."

Here the boatswain eyed him with proud delight.

"And along with the great Napoleon, the name of Manning, the boatswain of the *Bellerophon*, will go down to the latest posterity; and, as a relic of that great man, permit me, my dear Manning, to preserve a lock of your hair."

Here he made an infernal tug at the boatswain's

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Gourgaud. Bertrand. Napoleon. Las Cases. Montholon.

Napoleon and his fellow exiles.

The surrender of Napoleon to Captain Maitland.

"From a drawing by a gentleman who was on board the 'Bellerophon' at the time."

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immense whisker, and fairly carried away a part of it, making his way through the crowd and down below with the speed of an arrow. The infuriated boatswain, finding he had passed so rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous, through the instrumentality of this imp of a youngster, could vent his rage in no way but by making his glazed hat spin full force after his tantaliser, with a "G—d d——n your eyes and limbs!" The hat, however, fell far short of young Bruce, and the noise and half burst of laughter the trick occasioned drew the attention of the captain, who, coming up with a "What, what's all this?" the poor boatswain was glad to draw to his hat and resume his position.

The barge approached and ranged alongside. The first lieutenant came up the side, and to Maitland's eager and blunt question, "Have you got him?" he answered in the affirmative. After the lieutenant came Savary, followed by Marshal Bertrand, who bowed and fell back a pace on the gangway to await the ascent of their master. And now came the little great man himself, wrapped up in his grey great coat, buttoned to the chin, three-cocked hat, and Hussar boots, without any sword—I suppose as emblematical of his changed condition. Maitland received him with every mark of respect, as far as look and deportment could indicate; but he was not received with the respect due to a crowned head, which was afterwards insidiously thrown out against Maitland. So far from that, the captain, on Napoleon's addressing him, only moved his hat, as to a general officer, and remained covered while the Emperor spoke to him. His expressions were brief—I believe only reiterating what he had stated the day previous in his letter to the Prince Regent: "That he placed himself under the protection of the British nation, and under that of the British commander as the representative of his sovereign." The captain again

moved his hat, and turned to conduct the Emperor to the cabin. As he passed through the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, he repeatedly bowed slightly to us and smiled. What an ineffable beauty there was in that smile. His teeth were finely set, and as white as ivory, and his mouth had a charm about it that I have never seen in any other human countenance. I marked his fine robust figure as he followed Captain Maitland into the cabin; and, boy as I was, I said to myself, "Now have I a tale for futurity." But that tale I have never told. Everyone that could scribble the name Napoleon has been dabbling at him,

> Enough to rouse the dead man into life,
> And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

No one who has lifted the pen has done anything like justice to the French Emperor save Bourrienne, and even he is often carried away by prejudice and envy. Wherever the Emperor is mixed up with the empire, wherever Napoleon and the glory of the French go hand in hand, you find Bourrienne give him his full share of merit; but in all their private transactions, wherever the two old school companions come only in contact, the prejudice and mean spirit of envy is present; in the one case he has him exalted to a demigod, and in the other everything that is sordid and debased. But it is very easy to discover the grand cause of Bourrienne's heart-burnings against his "old schoolfellow of Brienne," as he familiarly terms him. Napoleon, though madly fond of power, was in no way infected with the lust of gold—nay, quite the reverse, and he would in no shape palliate pilfering on the part of his functionaries. Now, it happened that his old schoolfellow and worthy secretary was troubled with a small itching for the *pecunia*, which sometimes overran discretion, and exceeded the bounds prescribed by the

economical Napoleon; and in one or two instances we find, by his own confession, though under the head of complaint, that he is very unceremoniously stripped of his ill-gotten gains by his lynx-eyed schoolmate of Brienne, which, no doubt, was very ungrateful of Napoleon, and using the provident secretary very ill. In fact, Napoleon had a knack of drawing out the finances of his servants, and when they least suspected it he was making himself acquainted not only with their ways and means, but how they came by them; and whenever he found they had been pilfering from the State, he caused them to disgorge, despotically enough, I grant you, but no doubt the rascals well deserved it. Sir Walter Scott, too, took up the pen; and, really, from him I expected something good; but it proved a complete failure, and had his friend John Ballantyne been then alive, I am afraid the ponderous and laboured volumes would have been laid on the shelf along with the rest of Rigdumfunnidos's immense quire-stock, about which Lockhart tells us so much, and talks so often, that one begins to wonder where the devil Johnny and Sir Walter fell in with such an infernal quire-stock, which they contrived at last to let fall on Constable's devoted head, and almost smothered poor Crafty in its ruins. Never mind, we shall see by-and-by, when Lockhart's fifth volume comes out, that Crafty contrived to turn the tables upon them, and in return stripped poor Sir Walter of the profits of his life's labour.

Sir Walter has written many a fine tale, no doubt, that will certainly give his name to posterity—much better, I am afraid, than Lockhart's life of him, which has divested the man of the halo his immortal works had thrown around him; and exposed him naked, with all his weaknesses, prejudices, and vulgarities laid open. Sir Walter Scott had too much of the old school about him, and too much of the politician.

I mean that petty policy, a fear of offending the powers that be, "a sort of gentleman," to use his own words, put into the mouth of Bailie M'Wheeble, "for which he had a particular respect," to do justice to the character of Napoleon. The proper historian of that wonderful man is probably still unborn—the ashes upon which he trod are not yet cold; the present generation, liberal as it is, must pass away. By those who followed him and his admirers, he is upheld as a demigod, and by those who suffered from him he is painted as a monster, red with the blood of nations and capable of every species of cruelty. Therefore, all the present generation must pass away, and dispassionate posterity decide his true character. Of one thing there can be no doubt: that the tremendous stir he made in the world roused up the astonished nations from their state of dormancy, and gave an impetus to the minds of men that is still actuating the kingdoms of Europe, and carrying them forward in their career of freedom and intelligence. He showed us what one little human creature like ourselves could accomplish in a span so short. The fire of his intellect communicated like electricity to all around him, and while under its influence men performed actions quite beyond themselves. But I have made a long, and, I am afraid, a stupid digression, for which I crave thy pardon, most indulgent reader, and by way of reviving thee and making my peace, thou shalt have in mimic show the Court of the Tuileries in the days of Le Grand Empereur.

We were engaged during the forenoon of the 15th bringing on board the suite and luggage of the Emperor from *L'Epervier* brig. About ten o'clock Napoleon appeared on deck, "surrounded by his faithful few" —few now, indeed, to him that had been accustomed to be surrounded by half a million ready to lay down

their lives at his nod—in the dress now known to all the world; but he had exchanged his long boots for silk stockings, shoes, and gold buckles, which displayed his model of a limb to great perfection. The sun shone as bright on the fallen Emperor as it did on the glorious morning of Austerlitz. The fine figure of Lady Bertrand, with her charming children, adorned our quarter-deck. A great many officers in rich uniforms came off with Napoleon, who did not eventually follow him to St. Helena. These were all grouped about this fine morning, making the deck of the old ship (which was scrubbed and washed to the bones) look as gay as a drawing-room on a levee day. Maitland, quite in his element, kept jogging about with his slight stoop and Scotch burr, sometimes acting the gallant to Lady Bertrand, and then, all attention, listening to and answering the many questions put to him by the Emperor. He expressed a wish to go through the ship. The captain took the lead, the Emperor followed, and his little cortège of marshals in full uniform brought up the rear. Maitland spoke French tolerably well, which saved the trouble of an interpreter, and enabled him to carry on a conversation with Napoleon without stop or interruption. He made the round of both decks, complimented Maitland on the excellent order of the ship (which was no flattery, for she was in capital fighting condition), asked questions of any of the men who came in his way; and a young middy who, boy-like, had got before the Emperor and was gazing up in his face, he honoured with a tap on the head and a pinch of the ear, and, smiling, put him aside, which the youngster declared was the highest honour he had ever received in his life—viz. to have his ears pinched by the great Napoleon! Returning to the quarter-deck, he expressed a wish to speak to the boatswain, to put some questions to him relative to his duty, there

being a considerable difference in the responsibility of that officer in the French service, I understand, from that on board our ships. The boatswain was sent for, and, upon Maitland telling him the Emperor wished to speak to him, the boatswain shuffled up to Napoleon, and pulling off his narrow-brimmed glazed scraper, made a duck with his head, accompanied by a scrape of the right foot. "I hope," says he, "I see your honour well." Napoleon, who did not understand as much English, asked Captain Maitland what he said, which I have no doubt the captain translated faithfully, for he was blunt enough in his own way. The Emperor smiled, and proceeded to put his questions to the boatswain through the medium of the captain, and as Napoleon seemed quite well pleased when he dismissed him, I have no doubt the rough old fellow had answered much to the purpose, for although he did not understand court manners, he perfectly understood his duty.

About twelve the *Superb* entered the roadstead, and the moment she came to an anchor, Admiral Hotham came on board, and was introduced to the Emperor on the quarter-deck. Sir Henry immediately uncovered, and remained so while he was on board. This was the signal for that which I believe every one of us desired. The captain followed the example of the Admiral, and in future everyone uncovered while the Emperor was on deck, thus treating him with the respect due to a crowned head. A crowned head, did I say? Although I have the highest respect for crowns, be they of gold or silver, there is many a crowned head —or head that has worn a crown, it's all one—that deserves no such mark of respect. But when Admiral Hotham and the officers of the *Bellerophon* uncovered in the presence of Napoleon, they treated him with the respect due to the man himself, to his innate greatness, which did not lie in the crown of France, or the

iron crown of Italy, but the actual superiority of the man to the rest of his species.

I repeatedly observed Napoleon, with his keen, calm, meditative grey eye, watching every movement, auguring therefrom, I suppose, what might be his future fate. He was evidently pleased with the deportment of Hotham and Maitland; looked quite at ease, and as completely at home as if he had been going on a pleasure trip on board of one of his own imperial yachts. More so, I suppose, for when he was in reality an emperor, and had yachts at his command, had he shown face outside of one of his harbours, it was ten chances to one that one of our cruisers would have had him nipt up before he was an hour at sea. Ah, well, we got him at last, so it would have been much the same thing.

The first day passed away most delightfully. The captain slung his cot in the ward-room, and relinquished his cabin to the Emperor, henceforth becoming only his guest. This was noble and generous; and nothing farther need be mentioned of Maitland, to show that he had an excellent heart.

Sofas of flags were erected on the quarter-deck for the benefit of Ladies Bertrand and Montholon, and the ports nettinged, to prevent the children from falling overboard. The first lieutenant, withal not a man of the melting mood, seemed to breathe the air of a court, at least the air of the court of Napoleon, for his was a court of warriors, and nothing remained undone that could soothe the feelings of the illustrious fugitives. By illustrious, I do not mean their rank, I mean their great deeds, which alone render men illustrious, and theirs had filled the whole earth with their fame. Next morning, the Emperor, accompanied by Captain Maitland, went on board the *Superb* to breakfast with Sir Henry

Hotham, according to the invitation of the previous day. Before the Emperor left the ship, the whole body of our marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him with all due honour as he came out of the cabin. As he passed the marines and returned their military salute of arms, ever fond of warlike display, he suddenly stopped, his eye brightened, and, crossing the deck, he minutely examined the arms and accoutrements of the marines—and a fine body of men they were—requested the captain of marines (Marshall) to put the men through one or two movements, and when they had performed these he pointed to him to bring them to the charge. In our army the front rank only charges; but, I believe, in the French the second rank keeps pocking over the shoulders of the first, as likely to kill their own men as the enemy. Napoleon put aside the bayonet of one of our front rank men, and taking hold of the musket of the second rank man, made a sign to him to point his musket between the two front rank men, asking Captain Marshall, at the same time, if he did not think that mode of charge preferable to ours, to which the captain replied that it might be so, but it was generally allowed that our mode of charge had been *very effectual*. Here the Emperor took a most conscious look at the captain of marines, as much as to say, "I know that to my cost"; and, smiling, turned round to Bertrand, to whom he observed how much might be done with two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these. Aye, and so you well might say, my most redoubtable Emperor, for, give you two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these, and land you once more at Rochefort, and I shall be sworn for it that in three short weeks you have Wellington and the Holy Allies flying before you in every direction, and in ten days more you have the imperial headquarters at Schönbrunn,

and in quiet possession of your tame Maria Louisa and that beloved boy over which thy imagination so fondly doted. But it could not be. And let me go on with my hare-brained narrative. The moment our barge left the ship, the *Superb's* yards were manned with the pick of her ship's company, dressed in their blue jackets and white duck trousers, and her complement of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive the wonderful stranger. His reception from the Admiral was everything that he could wish, and he remained nearly two hours on board of the *Superb*. While our barge was lying alongside the *Superb*, waiting for the Emperor and Captain Maitland, a conversation took place between some of the *Superb's* men and our boat's crew, in which the former insisted that *they*, and not us, were to have the honour of carrying Napoleon to England; while our men stood stoutly out for their prerogative, as being the first who received him on board. "No, no," says one of the *Superb's*, "depend upon it the Admiral will take Boney home himself, and not allow you to have anything more to do with him." "Will he, by G—d?" answers one of the *Bellerophon's*. "Before we suffer that, my boy, we shall give you *ten* rounds and secure first." "Ten rounds and secure" had become a by-word in the ship, as for some weeks previous to Napoleon's coming on board, we had been kept close at quarters exercising the guns; and to go through the motions of "ten rounds and secure" had been the common spell at quarters, so that *our* man thought we would try the effect of our ten rounds upon the *Superb* sooner than quit Boney; and so much alarmed was our ship's company that this would really be attempted, that they came aft in a body to Captain Maitland to state their intention of resisting by force any attempt of Admiral Hotham to detain the person

of Napoleon; and were only satisfied when Maitland assured them that no such thing was intended.

It is not my intention to mark our course homeward, as I would a ship's log-book, as that has been done already some score of times. I only want to draw the reader's attention to some striking points of Napoleon's character and habits, and the calm majesty of his deportment through this most trying and truly tragic scene. I think in saying "tragic" I do not use an expression too strong. Castlereagh did not certainly imbrue his hands in the blood of Napoleon; but, beyond all question, the plot for his destruction was concerted between our Minister and the Allies, even before his *voluntary* surrender, destined to commence on the deck of the *Bellerophon* and to end on the scorching peak of St. Helena.

The Emperor returned from the *Superb* about two p.m., when we immediately weighed and made all sail for England. I remarked little more of him that day; but on the morning of the 17th he was early on the quarter-deck, putting questions in broken English, almost unintelligible, to all who crossed his path. The moment Maitland was informed that the Emperor had left the cabin he made his appearance on deck, and was greeted by Napoleon with the most marked respect.

The Emperor seemed to entertain an idea that the Americans were bigger men than us, for whenever he saw any very stout man he asked him if he was an American. I happened to be blessed with a tolerable length of limb, and as I was passing the lee-side of the quarter-deck, along with a big, raw-boned Irishman, a brother-in-law of Captain Maitland's, Napoleon stepped over to us, putting his usual question, "How long have been in service? Of what country?"; and, without allowing any time for reply, he turned round

and asked Maitland if we were Americans. Nothing seemed so much to surprise him as the slowness of promotion in our service, and that men from before the mast, or soldiers from the ranks, were rarely promoted, be their services what they might. With the French army it was totally different. The most of Napoleon's officers had been private soldiers, and owed their promotion entirely to their own merit and bravery. In his army, as well as in every other department of the State, the door was open to the humblest individual, and promotion certain if the person possessed integrity and courage. With us it had been notoriously the reverse, and through the whole course of the war we had but a very few instances of promotion from the ranks, and fewer, if possible, from before the mast.

I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four in the morning to take the morning watch, and the washing of decks had just begun, when, to my astonishment, I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour, and make for the poop-ladder. Had I known what human misery is as well as I do now, when I have myself experienced the most cruel injustice and persecution on a lesser scale, the restlessness of Napoleon, or his being unable to close an eye, would have in no way surprised me. If a petty care can break our sleep, what must have been his feeling who had lost the fairest empire on the face of the globe; nay, who had lost a world? From the wetness of the decks he was in danger of falling at every step, and I immediately stepped up to him, hat in hand, and tendered him my arm, which he laid hold of at once, smiling, and pointing to the poop, saying in broken English, "The poop, the poop." He ascended the poop-ladder, leaning on my arm, and having gained the deck he quitted his hold and mounted upon a gun-slide, nodding and smiling thanks for my attention,

and pointing to the land he said, "Ushant—Cape Ushant." I replied, "Yes, sire," and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, who had been standing behind him for several hours.

No wonder he thus gazed. It was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it such. What must have been his feelings in those few hours, how painful the retrospect, and how awful the look forward! *There* still lay before him that land which he had made so famous, where his proud name had risen until it "o'ershadowed the earth with his fame." There had he been worshipped almost as a god, and bowed to by every servile knee, that now, in the hour of bitter adversity, had basely deserted and betrayed him. Never man was read such a lesson as must have passed before him in that brief space, unless, really, that the greatness of the change, the suddenness of the fall had benumbed all feeling, and left him only a mass of contending passions which combated and stilled each other by the very violence of their working. But this was not the case with Napoleon. His emotion was visible. He hung upon the land until it looked only a speck in the distance; and then, turning, stepped from the gunslide into the arms of his faithful Bertrand, who stood ready to receive his fallen master. He uttered not a word as he tottered down the poop-ladder; his head hung heavily forward, so as to render his countenance scarcely visible, and in this way he was conducted to his cabin.

It occurred to me at the time, and I have since a thousand times reflected, how similar were the situations of our beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary

and the great Napoleon on quitting France. She, too, had her melancholy forebodings, and she left the land of her love behind. Woman-like, she carried her feelings farther than Napoleon, "for," says Robertson, "she had her couch spread upon the deck, to keep her eye to the last moment fixed upon the receding land; and when it began to grow but a thing of memory, she exclaimed, 'Fare thee well—fare thee well, sweet France, I shall never see thee more!'" And such, no doubt, were the thoughts, if not the words, of Napoleon. "Ambitious life and labours," his throne, his empire, his soldiers, all on which his ambition had been fed until it knew no bounds—all was gone—his wife, his child; and she, the more worthy partner of his bed, the wife of his youth and counterpart of himself—where was she?—where the fascinating Josephine? Well pressed with a load of monumental clay before that fatal day which saw her beloved lord reduced to his present dreadful extremity.

Queen Mary came among a nation of fanatics, and, after a few brief years of misery, she fled from her cruel oppressors to seek refuge in the arms of her cousin and sister Queen, instead of which she found only a prison, years of confinement and insult, and an ignominious death; and Napoleon, instead of receiving that protection which it would have been the proudest page of our history to record, found a barren rock, a vertical sun, a tyrant of a governor, and a grave at Longwood.

We had fine weather during the few days we were at sea before we made the English coast, and, seemingly regardless of the future, the daily turn-out on the quarter-deck was quite gay and reviving. Napoleon often condescended to join the circle, when the fine children of Lady Bertrand were sure to find their way to the Emperor's side, and, by touching his hand or taking hold of the skirts of his coat, endeavoured to

attract his attention, looking imploringly up to him to be honoured with a smile or a tap on the head. This was never denied the tiny supplicants.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed.

These are the moments that display a man's real character a thousand times better than one can possibly judge from his public actions, to which he is often forced against his own inclination from the mere emergency of circumstances.

Napoleon's habits, as all the world knows, were extremely temperate. Seldom more than half an hour passed from the time of his going to dinner until he was again on the quarter-deck. He wore his hat always but when at meals, and even then he sat down to table with it on, when it was removed by his valet, and handed to him again before he rose.

We were always sure of a sight of the Emperor and the chief part of his suite immediately after dinner, when he generally remained on deck for about half an hour. Lady Bertrand, Captain Maitland, Bertrand, Savary, L'Allemande, Las Cases, and his *aide-de-camp* Montholon, formed the principal figures of the group ranged round the Emperor, while us young gentlemen took up our station on the poop to feast our eyes with a sight of the great man whose name had been sounded in our ears since we drew our first breath, and become, like a second nature to us, a name of fear. He generally kept his gold snuff-box in his hand while in conversation in these family groups, taking a pinch quite in a homely way; but I never saw him offer it to anyone else, neither did I ever observe him use it while walking the deck by himself or when in earnest conversation with any of his suite individually.

Notwithstanding that we have him invariably drawn and busted with his arms folded across his breast, I

never saw him in that attitude but once during the whole three weeks we had him on board. The likenesses we have of him, however, as well as the busts, are true to the life. His more common posture was his right hand stuck into the breast of his waistcoat, or thrust into his breeches pocket, while he held the snuff-box in the other. But these are trifling matters, only worth recording of one man in a thousand years; and Napoleon being the most remarkable man of the last four thousand, being thus particular in such trifles may be pardoned.

Amongst other plans for killing the time and lightening the tedium of a sea passage to the refugees, we bethought us of getting up a play. This was managed by one of the lieutenants of marines, a fellow of great taste, and some one or two of the midshipmen who pretended to skill in the Shakespearian art. What the piece was I do not recollect; but when it was announced to the Emperor by Captain Maitland, and the immortal honour of his imperial presence begged for a few minutes, he laughed very heartily, consented instantly, and turning to Lady Bertrand, told her that she must stand his interpreter. The stage was fitted up between decks, more, I am afraid, in ship-shape than theatrical style; and, sure enough, Napoleon and his whole suite attended. He was much amused with those who took the female parts, which, by the way, was the most smooth-chinned of our young gentlemen, remarking that they were rather a little Dutch built for fine ladies; and, after good-naturedly sitting for nearly twenty minutes, he rose, smiled to the actors, and retired. I mention these circumstances, by way of showing the last glimpses of sunshine that enlivened the exile's closing scene.

On the 23rd we made the land, and on the 24th, at seven p.m., we came to an anchor in Torbay, when

the first lieutenant was immediately put on shore, with orders to proceed by land to Plymouth, with dispatches for Lord Keith, at that time admiral on the Plymouth station.

I happened to be midshipman of the boat which conveyed the first lieutenant on shore; and no sooner had we got clear of him than I was taken prisoner by some twenty young ladies, marched off to a fine house in the little town, regaled with tea and clouted cream, and bored with five thousand questions about Napoleon, the ridiculousness of which I have often laughed at since: What was he like? Was he really a man? Were his hands and clothes all over blood when he came on board? Was it true that he had killed three horses in riding from Waterloo to the *Bellerophon?* Were we not all frightened of him? Was his voice like thunder? Could I possibly get them a sight of the monster, just that they might be able to say they had seen him? etc. etc. I assured those inquisitive nymphs that the reports they had heard were all nonsense; that the Emperor was not only a man, but a very handsome man, too; young withal; had no more blood upon his hands or clothes than was now upon their pure white dresses; that if by chance they got a look of him at the gangway they would fall in love with him directly; that, so far from his hands being red with blood, they were as small, white, and soft as their own charming fingers; and his voice, instead of resembling thunder, was as sweet and musical as their own. This account of the Emperor's beauty perfectly astonished the recluses of Torbay. Some misbelieved altogether, while the curiosity of others was excited beyond all bounds. A general proposition was now made that I should bundle them, like live cattle, into my little cutter, and take them all on board to gratify their curiosity at once. This was quite contrary to

orders. Not a soul was allowed to come on board the ship, and I had to plead a thousand excuses for my want of gallantry in not complying with the very natural wish of my young companions. As far as I was concerned, resistance was vain. I was again seized, hurried down to the boat, and had the pleasure of seeing it filled to cramming with the charmers of Torbay. This was a devil of a mess. I might as well have gone into the mouth of a cannon as have carried such a cargo alongside the ship—the thing was impossible. So I had nothing for it but to call aside the boat's crew and whisper to them to use gentle violence with my young boarders and set them down on shore. This was glorious fun to Jack. To work they fell, and in the midst of screams, laughter, and a few "D——n my eyes, ma'am, don't kick so hard!" on the part of the *Bellerophons*, we had our nymphs safely deposited on *terra firma* and were off in a trice, enjoying the general discomfiture of the poor ladies, who were equally laughed at by the lookers-on on shore. But let me get into the thick of it. We left Torbay on the 26th July, at four a.m., and at four in the evening came to an anchor in Plymouth Sound, just within the breakwater, then only beginning to show its head above water at low tide. It has since, I am told, been made a splendid affair; but then it only afforded footing for a few gazers from the shore, who perched themselves upon it to watch the cabin windows of the *Bellerophon* in hopes of getting a glimpse of the Emperor.

When the first lieutenant returned from Admiral Keith, he brought a letter from his lordship to Napoleon, returning him his warmest thanks for the humanity he had shown to a friend of his lordship's who had been wounded at Waterloo. The circumstance, I ascertained from one of the Emperor's suite, was as follows: Napoleon, in some of his movements along the line,

had observed a young British officer lying on the ground severely wounded, and likely to be crushed to death by the cavalry, upon which he ordered him to be carried to the rear and duly attended to by his own medical staff. The young man's life was thus saved. The battle was lost; and, while the chief actor in the scene was coming a captive to the British shores, the account of this humane action had been conveyed before him by a letter from the grateful young man to his relation, Lord Keith, whose prisoner Napoleon now was. Such an act as this, even in the plenitude of his power, when victory and his name seemed inseparable, would have redounded more to his praise than a battle won; but when one thinks of him exercising such acts of humanity at a moment when his whole soul, great as it was, must have been absorbed in the death-struggle he was then in the midst of, where empire, name, fame, life, and liberty hung on the slightest turn of the balance, I say that no language can express the greatness and intrinsic humanity of that man's character, which could only be roughened into cruelty from the dreadful emergency of the circumstances in which he was often placed.

All things as yet seemed favourable to the great supplicant. On board of the *Bellerophon* he was still treated as an emperor, and every countenance bespoke sympathy and veneration. The port-admiral had flattered him by this letter of thanks for an action which, in all likelihood, he never thought of a moment after it had happened; and, if we could judge from the enormous rush that was made from every part of the country to Plymouth Sound to get a single glance of the hero of Marengo and Lodi Bridge, he must have conceived that he was as much admired by the English as by his own beloved French. The Sound was literally covered with boats; the weather was delightful;

the ladies looked as gay as butterflies; bands of music in several of the boats played favourite French airs, to attract, if possible, the Emperor's attention, that they might get a sight of him, which, when effected, they went off, blessing themselves that they had been so fortunate.

All this did not escape the eagle eye of Napoleon, and he showed no disinclination to gratify the eager spectators, by frequently appearing at the gangway, examining the crowd with his pocket-glass; and frequently, as a pretty face gazed at him with bewitching curiosity, he showed his fine white teeth, lifted the little three-cocked hat nearly off his broad and commanding forehead—for he never wholly uncovered—bowed, and smiled with evident satisfaction. During the few days we lay in Plymouth Sound some very disagreeable circumstances, and even some accidents, occurred, in consequence of a parcel of heavy boats from the dockyard having been sent off to row guard round the ship, to keep off the spectators. This duty was performed with great rudeness, and when the rush of boats took place, when Napoleon appeared at the gangway, coming in violent contact with those heavy dockyard boats, which kept rowing at full speed round the ship, the screams of the ladies and the oaths of the men seemed to give Napoleon great annoyance. We were handsomely guarded, too, for no sooner had we come to an anchor in the Sound than three or four seventy-fours and frigates were ordered to take up their position on our bows and quarters, with the charitable intention, I suppose, had any rumpus occurred, such as Napoleon taking unto himself wings, and flying to the uttermost parts of the sea, or by the use of the diving-bell getting back again to France, or any other such probable movement, of sending our good old ship, "with all that she did inherit," to the bottom of the Sound,

merely by way of warning us not to draw up with such high and bad company in time to come.

The signal for the Emperor's being on deck was the officers uncovering. No sooner was this ceremony noticed, than the rush from without took place, and the screaming and swearing commenced, which was very considerably heightened upon one occasion by a plan of some of our wise-headed young gentlemen. Being in want of amusement, they bethought them of priming the fire-engine, which happened to be standing on the poop, and after clapping a relay of hands ready to ply it to advantage, we uncovered and waited the approach of the boats. No sooner were they within reach than off went the waterspout, which fell "alike on the just and the unjust," for both the dockyard men and the spectators who came within its compass got a good ducking. This prank created an infernal confusion, and our trick having been twigged by the first lieutenant, the chief actors in this notable exploit were ordered up to the masthead to enjoy their frolic for a few hours, which evidently much gratified the unfortunate sufferers from the effects of the operation.

We had double sentries at every post, and every possible precaution was used, even to foolishness, to prevent the exile's escape, which he was not seeking. The storm was evidently gathering, and as the time drew near when the resolution of the Government might be expected, the greatest anxiety began to manifest itself among the refugees. At length the fatal news arrived; the determination of the Government was officially communicated to Napoleon, and all was gloom and misery. From that hour to the day of his leaving the ship Napoleon never again appeared on deck, and the broken expressions and despairing looks of the members of his suite but too well bespoke the feelings of their doomed master.

Maitland seemed to feel his situation a very disagreeable one. He saw that his own conduct was not approved of by the narrow-minded Government. He had received strict orders only to treat Napoleon with the respect due to a general officer, and in future he was simply to be styled General Buonaparte. How ridiculous and contemptible was this conduct in our Ministry! We had exchanged prisoners with him repeatedly as Emperor of France, and we had made peace with him as First Consul of the French Republic; but Castlereagh took his cue from the Holy Allies, who grudged him a mouthful of air, far less the title of Emperor, who but a few years before would have styled him Jove, bowed the trembling knee, and worshipped him as a god had he chose to command them. I never think of the proceedings which I then witnessed without feeling my blood boil up with indignation, and my face blush crimson for my degraded country. We had not been slow to meet him in the zenith of his power; the force of our arm had struck him to the earth; there were hearts and hands in England ready to do the same again, if he had been mad enough to make another attempt. Then why display such a mean fear of him? for our very cruelty bespoke our terror. Why refuse him that refuge that had never before been denied to the meanest supplicant? Well indeed might he say "that England was for ever degraded in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*." But I hasten to the final catastrophe after mentioning another circumstance, to show how closely we were watched.

Maitland, knowing how he stood with "the powers that be," was determined not to commit himself by accepting of any present of value from Napoleon, as he knew it would be directly made a handle of to injure his character as a British officer. He, therefore, I

believe, refused to accept of a gold snuff-box tendered him by the Emperor as a mark of his esteem; but he did not refuse the offer of a few dozens of French wine as a present to Mrs. Maitland, who had been personally introduced to Napoleon, as far as introduction was possible—that is, she had been permitted to come within a foot or two of the ship, and Napoleon most condescendingly stepped to the gangway, smiled, and bowed to her. Mrs. Maitland was a charming little woman in those days—alas! we are all getting old now,—a daughter of green Erin; and Napoleon seemed greatly pleased with her appearance, hence the offer of this trifling present as a token of respect. The captain took it on shore in the gig, and no sooner had she struck the beach than the Custom-house officers jumped on board, and made a seizure of it, hauled the boat up upon the beach, and clapped his Majesty's broad arrow upon her—that fatal mark indicative of being in "the hands of the Philistines" of the Revenue. I shall never forget Maitland's countenance when he came on board after this ridiculous and provoking affair. Being deprived of his own boat by "the land-sharks," he was obliged to hire a shore boat to bring off himself and his boat's crew, and she was nearly alongside before the first lieutenant discovered that there was a naval officer in her, and on taking a look with his glass, he exclaimed, "Good God! there is the captain coming off in a shore boat." The side was manned, and when Maitland stepped on board, he turned to Mott with a most rueful countenance, remarking: "They have seized the wine." This was petty work, and, to make the thing more provoking, they had poor Maitland stuck up next day in the Plymouthian journals as having been detected in the act of conveying wine and other presents on shore, received from Napoleon. What was the fate of the wine I do

not know; but the gig, of course, was restored immediately, and I should suppose the wine also, considering the shameful nature of the seizure.

On August 4th we left Plymouth Sound in company with the *Tonnant*, bearing the flag of Admiral Lord Keith, and on the 6th we came to an anchor off Berry-head, there to wait the arrival of the *Northumberland*, which was hourly expected. She made her appearance in the course of the day, and after due salutes from both admirals' ships, in which noisy greeting we of course joined—for we are very polite at sea, in our own thundering way—she took up her station close by us.

Towards evening Lord Keith came on board of us, and had a long personal interview with Napoleon in the cabin, which we may judge was not of the pleasantest nature. From some intemperate threat of Savary, I believe, who had declared that he would not allow his master to leave the *Bellerophon* alive, to go into such wretched captivity, it was judged proper to deprive the refugees of their arms. A good many swords, and several brace of pistols, marked with a large silver "N" at the butt end, were brought down to the gun-room, where they remained for some hours. Three of the swords belonged to Napoleon, and two of them were pointed out to us as those he wore at Marengo and Austerlitz.

I never in my life felt such a strong inclination to lay my hands on what was not my own. A sword I durst not think of, but could I have got a brace of pistols, or even one solitary pistol, belonging to Napoleon, I would have thought myself the happiest man alive; but it would not do. Detection was certain, and with bitter vexation I saw them carried out of the gun-room. Now, reader, do you think this would have been a pardonable theft? Their value was

nothing in my eyes; it was a relic of the great man I wanted, and I cared not what it was, or how I came by it; therefore, had I been able to secure a pistol, my conscience would never have smote me with having done wrong; and I am sure, could the Emperor have known with what a pure spirit of devotion I meant to commit the theft, he would have ordered me a brace instantly.

It was this night settled that our surgeon, Barry O'Meara, who afterwards became so conspicuous for his spirited defence of his patient against the tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe (I hate to write that man's name), should follow Napoleon to St. Helena in the character of surgeon, his own, who looked a poor creature and was continually seasick while on board, having declined, I believe, to accompany him farther; and the 7th was appointed for Napoleon leaving the ship.

The 7th came. It was a dull, cloudy, sunless day, and every countenance was overcast with gloom. We had not seen the Emperor for a week, and we were all anxious to observe the change that the horrible tidings of his destination had made upon him. Lord Keith, Admiral Cockburn, and Captain Ross came on board about eleven o'clock, and it was intimated to Napoleon that they were ready to conduct him on board of the *Northumberland*. A general's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him as he came out of the cabin; while every part of his suite and we officers were ranged about, anxiously waiting the appearance of the future exile of St. Helena.

Napoleon was long of attending to the intimation of the Admiral, and upon Cockburn's becoming impatient, and remarking to old Lord Keith that he should be put in mind, Keith replied: "No, no; much

greater men than either you or I have waited longer for him before now; let him take his time, let him take his time." This was nobly said of the fine old Scotchman; and although Cockburn and I are blood relations, and I have a particular penchant for my lineage, I cannot help remarking that his manner denoted a great want of feeling. I suppose he was pitched upon by Castlereagh as a proper tool to execute his harsh commands.

At length Napoleon appeared; but oh, how sadly changed from the time we had last seen him on deck. Though quite plain, he was scrupulously cleanly in his person and dress; but that had been forgot—his clothes were ill put on, his beard unshaved, and his countenance pale and haggard. There was a want of firmness in his gait, his brow was overcast, and his whole visage bespoke the deepest melancholy; and it needed but a glance to convince the most careless observer that Napoleon considered himself a doomed man. In this trying hour, however, he lost not his courtesy or presence of mind. Instinctively he raised his hat to the guard of marines, when they presented arms as he passed, slightly inclined his head, and even smiled to us officers as he passed through us, returned the salute of the admirals with calm dignity, and, walking up to Captain Maitland, addressed him with great eagerness for nearly ten minutes.

How distinct is every feature, every trait, every line of that majestic countenance in my mind's eye at this moment, now that two-and-twenty years have passed away; but who could witness such a scene and ever forget it? The Romans said that a "great man struggling with adversity was a sight that the gods looked on with pleasure." Here, indeed, was adversity, and here was true greatness struggling against it; but to a mere mortal it was a heartrending sight. The

ship's deck looked like a place of execution, and we only wanted the headsman, his block, and his axe to complete the scene.

The purport of his speech to Captain Maitland was thanking him, his officers, and ship's company, for the polite attention he had received while on board of the *Bellerophon*, which he should ever hold in kind remembrance. Something more he would have said after the third pause; and a feeling of deep emotion laboured in his face, and swelled his breast. He looked earnestly in Maitland's face for a moment, as if he was about to renew his speech, but utterance seemed denied, and, slightly moving his hat in salutation, he turned to Savary and L'Allemand, who were not allowed to accompany him to St. Helena, and spoke to them for a few minutes.

What a horrid gloom overhung the ship. Had his execution been about to take place there could not have prevailed a more dead silence—so much so, that had a pin fallen from one of the tops on the deck, I am convinced it would have been heard; and to anyone who has known the general buzz of one of our seventy-fours, even at the quietest hour, it is a proof how deeply the attention of every man on board must have been riveted. Before leaving the ship he turned to us on the quarter-deck, once more waved his hand in token of adieu, took hold of the man-ropes, and walked down the side, taking his seat in the *Northumberland's* barge between Lord Keith and Admiral Cockburn.

Even in this hour of hopeless misery, he lost not sight of that indescribable charm by which he won the hearts of men. On looking back to the ship he saw every head that could get stuck out of a port gazing after him. Even the rough countenances of the men bespoke a sympathy for his cruel fate; and, apparently conscious of their feelings, the exiled chief again

lifted his hat and inclined his head to the gazing ship's company.

And now he is gone. I have with great difficulty handled this painful subject, to which I confess myself entirely unequal. Many little incidents I intended to have related, which might have amused the reader; but, quite absorbed in the more tragical parts, my memory failed me; or, as I moved on, I considered them unworthy of being mixed up with the great name of Napoleon.

Gibbon remarks that "when a nation loses its generosity it is a proof of its being on the decline," and he shows it in practice; for no sooner did the Romans begin to degenerate than their high character for generosity forsook them. I hope his rule will not be found general, and that we must only attribute the barbarous treatment of Napoleon to the vile faction by which the country was then governed, and not the absolute degradation of principle in the nation at large.

It will, however, be a vile stain upon our name to the latest ages; and the more the character of Napoleon gains its true place in the page of history, the more dastardly will appear our conduct. Could only Castlereagh and the Holy Allies feel the odium of indignant posterity, it would be well. But it is upon England—upon England that the odium will fall, while "carotid artery-cutting Castlereagh" and the secret machinations of the Holy Allies have been justly consigned to oblivion. It was from England that the fallen chief asked protection; and posterity is not to know by what private machinery England's great name was so degraded. But now have I done with Napoleon. For a thing like me to have attempted to speak of him puts one in mind of a silly moth buzzing round a candle—it makes some feeble whirls round and round, every revolution drawing nearer to the fatal light, until at last it rushes

on certain destruction; and such must be the fate of most human moths who shall dare to describe the actions of him whom the All-Creative Power, for some wise purpose, constituted so much above his species.

I have often asked. What had we to do with the French and Napoleon? To drive him within his own frontier, I confess, our right extended, but no farther; and even if, in the first instance, there be some colouring of justice in sending him to Elba, as some lingering doubt might remain that a large portion of the empire still wanted the Bourbons, that completely vanished after his descent from the obscure isle in the Mediterranean. No doubt *then* remained of the entire love of the French nation, *en masse*. He put his foot on the shore of a mighty empire, almost a solitary adventurer, or surrounded by some three or four hundred as daring hearts as his own. This was a mighty army to subdue thirty-five millions of people, truly. His forward movement to the capital was never checked a moment, not a life was lost. No sooner was a force sent out to overwhelm Leonidas and his glorious three hundred, than, electrified as they approached the unguarded person of their mighty master, arms were grounded, caps hurled in the air, the hated symbols of Bourbon sway trampled under foot, and the tri-colour, under which they had so often marched to glory, replaced in a moment; while, with shouts of love, almost amounting to adoration, they received in their bosom their glorious chief, covered with the laurels of a hundred victories. The trump of fame has loudly sounded all this long ago, therefore I need not spoil it by my handling; but I still say, What had we to do with Napoleon and the French people? They hailed him to a man. They fought for him, as no alternative was left, "like tigers with an empty craw." They displayed all the devotion to him that a people could do to "the chief

of their choice," yet nothing would serve England and the Allies but they must depose Napoleon, and thrust a hated Bourbon upon France, even in the final struggle, at the expense of fifty thousand souls, the choicest in Europe. Still, a very few years afterwards, we see England, and that same holy triumvirate, look quietly on and allow some thirty thousand of the bourgeois of Paris to kick out the imbecile Bourbon, and put a more efficient branch on the throne, without even saying it is wrong you do. It was the infatuate resistance that England made from the beginning to Napoleon that raised him to the mighty pitch of power he attained. No sooner were the foreign powers humbled, and exhausted by the power of his arm, than fresh outpourings of our gold stimulated them to new resistance. He again brought his mighty masses to bear upon them, which he wielded with a celerity hitherto unknown to human art, sent them beaten and flying in every direction, and, like a sensible man, he always took care to pay himself for every fresh expedition. Finding them so little in his hands, his own strength, his ambition, went from stage to stage, until it knew no bounds, whereas, had he been allowed to sit quietly down after placing himself at the head of the French Government, and turning out the bloodthirsty Convention, grounds would never have been afforded him for waging the wars he did, nor could he have so completely known his own strength and the actual weakness of the Continental powers.

It is argued that we held out gloriously to the last, and were as gloriously successful. Granted: but is it not evident that we went on with the struggle until we could not recede? Our own downfall, or that of Napoleon, became the issue. Wonderful as were our exertions, we were gradually becoming exhausted. An overwhelming load of debt was accumulated. A few years

and our downfall was certain, from mere exhaustion. When, all at once, Napoleon became tired of wearing us out piecemeal, resolved upon his expedition to Russia, and the final subjection of the world, collected such an army as general never before commanded, beat every enemy that dared to show face, and while advancing his endless columns to Moscow, Europe, the world, looked on and trembled. The die was cast. Considering the season of the year he entered Russia, and the *burning* policy pursued by the barbarians, human power could not accomplish his object. The capital in ashes, a trackless waste, compelled retreat. The elements poured forth their masses of destruction on the devoted army; and what the combined world in arms could not have effected, the opened windows of heaven completed with as much ease as it stretches a solitary shepherd a stiffened corpse in its bewildered track. Let no one, then, assert that our resistance and perseverance eventually subdued Napoleon. The struggle was quite unequal. Our very resistance had made him the great man he became, and the hand of Heaven alone had power to lay him prostrate.

Clear of the Emperor and his suite, we felt as if let out of prison ourselves, for we had been everything but prisoners from the moment of our arrival in England. Somehow or other, the ship got coupled up with the name of Napoleon; and to be friendly to that great name and to belong to the *Bellerophon* was considered one and the same thing. But I get impatient to have done with this part of my story, and therefore, kind reader, without leave asked of thee, I shall take the liberty of getting the old ball of rope yarns once more under weigh, eased of all her refugee cargo, and, with fine weather and smooth water, conduct her safely through the Needles, the Straits of Dover, and moor her snugly at Sheerness,

for the kindly purpose of being paid off, and laid up in ordinary. All this being effected in due form, the rigging stripped, the guns taken out, the ballast, tanks, masts, spars, etc., etc., in short, the fine old ship made a mere hull, with an empty bottle hung at her figure-head to show that the grog was out, the pay-captain on board, the men going off by fifties at a time, some blessing and some cursing their officers, everyone taking off his own glad way. Oh! it is a glorious scene of confusion to him who blesses himself free of the bondage; but if I entered the navy with a heavy heart, I left it with a sorer. All hope of promotion was blasted with the peace. With Waterloo fell my hopes; and well did I know that in my own country, great as my connections were, I had no friend to look to but my poor old father, who still survived, though in a very helpless condition. But there is no damping nineteen. Young hope will rise against every calamity. And, without any outward show of sorrow, I bade adieu to my messmates, who, all joyous and unthinking (perhaps they had less to think of than me), shook hands with me and wished me a happy passage home. It is astonishing how timid youth will be even when its own true interest is at stake. I knew it was my duty to bid farewell to and return the captain my most grateful thanks for the immense kindness he had shown me. Again and again did I try to muster the resolution of walking up to him and making something like a speech, but it would not do. At last I got so far as to cross the quarter-deck and get out, "Fare you well, Captain Maitland!" and I was going to say, "I feel most grateful," when the words stuck in my throat. "Fare you well!" says my good-hearted commander; "I cannot offer you a ship just now; but should I get a command again, which I am afraid will not be soon, you have only to show your face, and

you shall have what vacancy I can give you. I wish you well." No sooner had the captain done speaking, than, as if tired of the ship, and entirely fearless of insult, I hurried my chest into a craft alongside, where were some sixty of our hands; for I knew I had in no one instance used any man severely, and next morning was landed safely at Wapping.

II

THE "SHADOWY CAPTAIN ROSS"

Being a Letter from Captain Charles Ross of the *Northumberland* giving an Account of Napoleon's Voyage to St. Helena on that Ship.

PREFATORY

"A SHADOWY Captain Ross" is the description given by one of Napoleon's latest biographers* of the worthy sailor whose duty it was to navigate the vessel which took the famous prisoner into exile. And although Captain Ross played an important part in that episode of Napoleon's career, the glimpses of him in the many records of the voyage to St. Helena are truly indefinite, and his figure passes in most shadowy fashion across the pages of history. There is the more reason, therefore, to place his modest part in the life of his times upon record, and the more justification for reprinting the one solitary contribution made by him to the literature of the subject.

Charles Bayne Hodgson Ross, the son of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, entered the service as captain's servant on board the *Echo* sloop in 1788, and was successively on the *Edgar* and the *Salisbury* before he became master's mate and midshipman on the *Conflagration* and the *Tartar* between the years 1793 and 1796. Under Sir Hyde Parker he served on shore at the capture and evacuation of Toulon, and was thus an active antagonist of Napoleon at the beginning of his career. A little later he was engaged in the British attack on Corsica. In 1796 he became a lieutenant of the *Saturn*, and fought off Cadiz and in the West Indies. As acting commander of the *Diligence* he was wrecked off Cuba in 1800. Four years later he was appointed captain of *La Pique*, fighting, as ever, against the French.

* "The Life of Napoleon," by J. Holland Rose. Vol. II., p. 537.

He took, his only biography* tells us, "as many as 140 guns and 1,500 men," while four of his captures were added to the British Navy. From 1812 until 1816 he acted as flag-captain to Sir George Cockburn successively in the *Marlborough*, the *Sceptre*, the *Albion*, and the *Northumberland*. He ably seconded Admiral Cockburn in all his operations during the conflict with the United States, and some notable feats are recorded of him while in the *Albion* in the way of attacks upon the American coast. After his return from St. Helena he was made C.B., and was for three years stationed at Plymouth. He served as commissioner of the Navy at Jamaica, Malta and Plymouth, from 1822 to 1837, when he attained flag rank, and he commanded-in-chief in the Pacific with his flag in the *President* until 1841. In 1847 he became a vice-admiral. His wife was a sister-in-law of Sir George Cockburn.

"Captain Ross," says Las Cases, "was a man of agreeable manners, and was exceedingly kind and attentive to us. I had learnt, according to the English custom, to invite him to take a glass of wine, drinking mine to the health of his wife, and he would then drink to the health of mine. This was our daily practice."† The Captain did not speak French, which accounts for the scarcity of reference to him in the memoirs of the French exiles.

For the following interesting letter I am indebted to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who was once the editor of a now defunct periodical, *Merry England*, in which it appeared in September, 1885. It was addressed by Captain Ross to Mr. W. J. Hall, of Kingston, Jamaica, and it is preserved in MS. in the library at Reading, near Montego Bay, which is under the charge of the Rev. J. S. Woolett. "I have made the copy very

* O'Byrne's "Naval Biographical Dictionary," 1849.

† "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène," by the Count de Las Cases, Vol. I.

carefully from the original," wrote the Rev. John Ryan, a Roman Catholic priest of Kingston, to the editor of *Merry England*. "The letter is written on five pages of gilt-edge paper of small foolscap size. The spelling and punctuation—or, rather, want of them —as well as the accent on the last letter of Bonaparte's name, are the same in my copy as in the original."

CAPTAIN ROSS OF THE "NORTHUMBERLAND."

To W. J. Hall, Esq., Kingston, Jamaica.

Northumberland,
26th July, 1816.

My Dear Friend,—

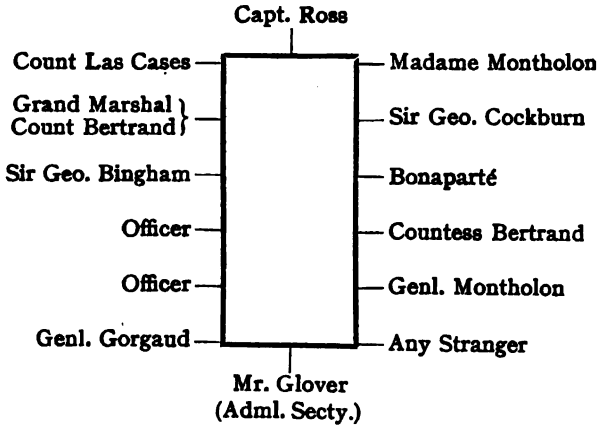
I have received your letter wherein you make inquiries after our mighty passenger which we carried to St. Helena. I will tell you all I know of him, but first of all return you my sincere thanks for keeping me in your remembrance. I owe you much for many kindnesses received from you, and assure you I have in recollection a great many old friends in Jamaica, who I often think of with sincere esteem and regard. I am now on my passage home, and as I may probably meet a vessel in the Channel bound to Jamaica, I shall write a few lines, to be in readiness.

I hardly know how to begin about Bonaparté, and can hardly refer you to any newspaper, as few of those *Extracts of letters from the Northumberland ever came from her*, however, in a great hurry this ship was appointed to take him to St. Helena, and from the anxiety shown by ministers to get him sent away, you would have supposed their Lives had depended upon it.

Sir George Cockburn hoisted his Flag on board her at Portsmouth on the 2nd August, and on the 3rd we sailed. On the 5th we fell in with Lord Keith, who was cruising for us, and anchor'd *outside* of Torbay, and was desired to prepare and receive Bonaparté and his suite the next day. Sir George was instructed

amongst other things to examine his effects, which, however unpleasant, Bonaparté did not object to, but most violently protested against being sent to St. Helena. He had a very rich service of Plate, and perhaps the most costly and beautiful service of porcelain ever made, a small Field Library, a middling stock of clothes, and about four Thousand Napoleons in Money; his money was, with the exception of two hundred napoleons, by orders of Government sent to the Treasury. Thousands of people were anxious to see him, and of course the place was soon crowded with Boats. About twelve o'clock the next day he came on board, accompanied by Lord Keith. General L'Allemand came up the side first to announce him, and Bonaparté followed. He paid his compliments to the Admiral rather handsomely, and immediately requested to be introduced to the Captain. He asked a few commonplace questions, such as where I was born, and how long I had been at sea, but didn't appear to me to care much whether he got an answer or not. I felt very much disappointed, as I believe everybody else did, in his appearance, as I have never seen a picture of him that conveys any likeness to what he really is. He appears by no means that active man he is said to be. He is fat, rather what we call pot-bellied, and altho' his leg is well-shaped, it is rather clumsy, and his walk appears rather affected, something between a waddle and a swagger—but probably not being used to the motion of a ship might have given him that appearance. He is very sallow and quite light *grey Eyes*, rather thin, greasy-looking brown hair, and altogether a very nasty, priestlike-looking fellow. He was dressed in a dark green coat with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings and shoes and buckles, which has been his constant dress. He wears two or three orders, but one of them is a very large Star of the Legion of Honour.

So much for his dress and appearance. I will give you our mode of passing a day, which will suffice for the whole passage, as we had him on board nearly ten weeks, and every day the same. He seldom made his appearance until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he would enter into conversation with anybody upon deck, generally liking to have all the talk to himself. None of his own people ever appeared covered before him—nor do they now; they always style him "Sire" or "Your Majesty"; but John Bull was not quite so civil, as he never got more from us than any other general officer would. Indeed, he was received on board with the same salute—that of a Captain's Guard and three ruffles of the drum—as a General should be. To give you a little better idea of our party, we sat in the following way at dinner :—



Our dinner-hour was about four o'clock, and as soon as he had dined, according to the French custom he got up from the table and with Bertrand and Las Cases went upon deck. In the evening, about seven, we all met again in the cabin and played a round game at cards; sometimes Boney played chess or whist, but he generally preferred the round game. At ten

he made his bow and retired for the night. One thing, he never gave the smallest trouble to anyone, and every day was the same; he was very communicative, and seemed fond of being asked questions; his manners are by no means good, and his voice very harsh and unpleasing. The day after our arrival at St. Helena he went ashore, and upon leaving the ship he returned me his thanks for my attention to him with rather a better grace than I should have given him credit for. He took up his abode at a gentleman's house about a mile from the town until the one appointed for him was ready, and I think it was three months before he got into it. He is now there, where I hope they will keep him; indeed, if the same system is kept up which Sir George Cockburn began with, there is no doubt of it. He is about five miles from the town (the only one in the Island); the house is now very good, and the grounds about it very pretty. The 53rd Regiment are encamped within half a mile of him, and there are sentries all round. However, he has permission to ride out within certain bounds attended by the Captain of the Guard whenever he pleases. Dragoons are always patrolling about, and at night the picquets are drawn up close round the house. On our part, no vessel is permitted to approach the anchorage unless she may be in want of water or provisions; even then a guard is put on board every one that anchors. Every boat upon the island is secured at sunset and put in charge of a guard; no person can be outside the town after nine o'clock without the countersign, and all the bridges and gates locked up at sunset, but one. Our guard boats are constantly out, and one vessel constantly cruising to windward and another to leeward; therefore, as long as the present system is kept up, it will be next to impossible that he can escape, and the strength of the place itself is very great.

His house now is very good, having been very much added to, as there are about forty-four rooms in it; his establishment is numerous as to servants, and he has two carriages and twelve horses; but he comes out little, seldom before four o'clock in the afternoon. He is writing his life, some of which I saw, but as he is obliged to trust almost entirely to memory (which, by-the-bye, is very good), it will take up a very long while; but he has a very able assistant in Count Las Cases and his son. An opportunity offering of sending this in makes me conclude, although I had little more to say than to offer you my kindest and sincerest regards.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

CHARLES B. H. ROSS

III

NAPOLEON
ON BOARD THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*

BEING A PRIVATELY PRINTED PAMPHLET BY THE HON. WILLIAM HENRY LYTTELTON, AFTERWARDS THIRD LORD LYTTELTON, CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF CONVERSATIONS WITH THE EMPEROR PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE FROM PLYMOUTH

PREFATORY

A VERY particular interest attaches to this fragment of "Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers," although it might be urged that the title of my book scarcely justifies its appearance here. Mr. W. H. Lyttelton was not a fellow traveller to St. Helena. He was merely a visitor of a day on the ship that took the Emperor into exile. But his visit was paid on the momentous day that Napoleon exchanged the *Bellerophon* for the *Northumberland*. His story, therefore, has a place in the record of Napoleon's exile, and it has the merit of being entirely unknown to the greater number of students of Napoleon's story. Lyttelton seems to have printed fifty-two copies for his friends. It is improbable that there are half a dozen now extant.* It has never before been reprinted. It is assuredly interesting.

The author of this "Account," the Hon. William Henry Lyttelton, was thirty-three years of age when he thus held converse with Napoleon. He was born in 1782, educated at Oxford, and from 1807 to 1820 was Member of Parliament for Worcestershire and a zealous Whig. His father and brother before him had been successively Baron Lyttelton of Frankley. The title had previously been held by an elder branch, which gave two notable names to the peerage.

The first Baron Lyttelton of the first creation was the statesman-poet, the author of "Dialogues of the Dead," whose biography is included in Johnson's

* One is in the possession of Mr. A. M. Broadley, by whose courtesy I am able to reproduce it here.

" Lives of the Poets." His son, known as the " Wicked Lord Lyttelton," is principally remembered to-day by the remarkable dream that told him, then apparently in the best of health, that he would die in three days —a dream that came true, Dr. Johnson declaring that it was " the most extraordinary thing that had happened in his day." The " Wicked Lord " was succeeded by his nephew, William Henry Lyttelton, who was already Lord Westcote in the peerage of Ireland. Westcote wrote a book on the Constitution of Jamaica, printed for private circulation, also " Trifles in Verse." He was well-known in Dr. Johnson's circle, although there is but one reference to him in " Boswell." He was twice married, and had a son by each wife, who successively succeeded to the title. The father of William Henry died in 1808; on the death of his half-brother, George Fulke, in 1828, he became the fifth Baron Lyttelton, or the third of the second creation; He died in 1837, aged fifty-five, at the house of his brother-in-law, Earl Spencer, in the Green Park; and an eulogist in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year writes as follows :—

" He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was matriculated as a Commoner, October 24th, 1798, and was the contemporary of the late Lord Dudley, Lord Ebrington, the late Lord Blessington, Bishop Heber, Professor Wilson, etc. Among these eminent associates he was distinguished not only by his great natural abilities, but his academical learning and knowledge of Greek were considered to be superior to most of his contemporaries. We remember once asking him how he intended to spend the vacation. ' I shall read Plato,' was the answer, ' under the oaks of Hagley.' "

Until the author was known to be Sydney Smith, it was generally believed that " Peter Plymley's Letters " were by Lyttelton. As member for Worcestershire, he was long the friend and associate of Sir Francis Burdett, but separated from him over the once famous John Gale Jones Case that sent Burdett in 1809 to the Tower

and made him the darling of the people. Lyttelton took a more popular course when in 1812 he declared in the House of Commons that "it was notorious that the Regent was surrounded by favourites, and as it were hemmed in by minions." His career in the Lower House was marked by many other actions on behalf of liberty. He supported an inquiry into the Peterloo Massacre at Manchester, but was in favour of the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill. Two little pieces of social reform had his support—the movement for the suppression of State lotteries and the prevention of the use of climbing boys for cleaning chimneys.

In 1810 he opposed the voting of an annuity to Wellington, "whose merits he considered to be far short of those of Nelson."* In 1831, as a member of the House of Lords, he supported the Reform Bill. After Lyttelton's death his widow, who was a daughter of the second Earl Spencer, became for a time governess to the children of Queen Victoria. One of their daughters, Lavinia, became the wife of Henry Glynne, the rector of Hawarden, and the mother of Mrs. W. E. Gladstone.

In addition to this little pamphlet, Lord Lyttelton also printed for private circulation "A Catalogue of the Pictures of Hagley," and some "Prayers and Religious Meditations for the use of his Sons at College."†

The pamphlet is printed word for word as it stands in the original. The desire of the printers' reader to improve upon his lordship's use of the French language has been withstood. Napoleon also, it may be recalled, frequently spoke in broken French. Madame de Rémusat and others tell us of his "grammatical inaccuracies" of speech.

* "Lord Lyttelton," by G. Le Grys Norgate in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 8.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S

Coming on Board

H.M.S. THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*

August 7, 1815;

With Notes of Two Conversations held with him on that day, by

THE HON. W. H. LYTTELTON.

(Privately Printed.)

LONDON.

MDCCCXXXVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The rough notes from which the following account was drawn up, were taken on the Evening of the 7th, under the correction of Lord Lowther, who witnessed almost all that is described, and leaving the ship at the same time with me, conversed with me on the subject, and compared his recollections with mine, till we reached our Inn for the night, when we sat down, and committed them to paper in the best manner we could.

LYTTELTON.

HAGLEY, *October*, 1836.

[Only Fifty-two Copies Printed.]

WILLIAM NICOL, 51 PALL MALL.

BONAPARTE
ON THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE came on board the *Northumberland*, (74), off Torbay, at about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of August, 1815.

I had the good fortune to be then in that vessel, as a friend of Admiral Sir George Cockburn,* whose flag she bore, and I was therefore at liberty to post myself where I would, in order to see what passed to

* Sir George Cockburn (1772–1853) was appointed by Lord Liverpool's Government to conduct Napoleon to St. Helena. He won promotion in the wars against the French Republic, and was with the fleet at Toulon when Napoleon's gunnery tactics helped to raise the siege. He served between 1803 and 1808 in the East and West Indies. In 1812, as rear-admiral on board the *Marlborough*, he commanded the squadron before Cadiz. In the same year he took part in the Anglo-American war and was with the British force that entered Washington and destroyed the Government stores in 1813. Returning to England K.C.B., his next task was that of sailing with the *Northumberland* to St. Helena. He joined that ship at Plymouth, sailed with Napoleon on August 8th, 1815, and reached St. Helena on October 15th, 1815. His arrival practically superseded Governor Wilks, but both were superseded when Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor and Sir Pulteney Malcolm as Admiral reached St. Helena in June, 1816. Cockburn's after career was comparatively prosaic. He was made G.C.B. in 1818, and Commander-in-chief of the West India Station from 1832 to 1836. He sat in Parliament for Portsmouth, Weobley, Plymouth, and Ripon successively; became a junior lord of the Admiralty and first naval lord 1841-6. In 1852 he succeeded his brother in the baronetcy, but left no son.

Cockburn's services to his country cannot prevent the recognition that he utterly lacked all the finer instincts of chivalry, and that his conduct to Napoleon sadly failed of magnanimity. "General Buonaparte," he says in his diary, "is, I am glad to observe, evidently improving in his spirits and his behaviour, and as I am always ready to meet him half-way, when he appears to conduct himself with due modesty

the greatest advantage. I took my station on the ladder leading up to the poop, so as to look over the starboard bulwark, in which direction Bonaparte was approaching, accompanied by Lord Keith,* in the *Tonnant's* barge. He sat to the left of Lord Keith, and I had therefore a clear view of his profile, which seemed to me to be very like the common portraits of him, with this difference only, that his cheek looked broader, I thought, than I had ever seen it represented. I was too intent upon him, to observe which of his

and consideration of his present situation, after dinner to-day I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with him."

Cockburn's impressions of the fallen Emperor were published in the United States before his death, but it is probable that he never saw the book. A quite distinct version of the same book was published in London more than fifty years later. The two title-pages run as follows :—

> "Buonaparte's Voyage to St. Helena. Comprising the Diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn During his Passage from England to St. Helena in 1815. From the Original Manuscript in the Handwriting of his Private Secretary. Boston: Lillywhite, Colman and Holden, 1833."
>
> "Extract from a Diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn. With Particular Reference to Gen. Napoleon Buonaparte on Passage from England to St. Helena in 1815 on board H.M.S. *Northumberland* Bearing the Rear-Admiral's Flag. Price Two Shillings. London: Simpkin Marshall and Co., 1888."

These two books are nearly exactly alike, and they bear a striking resemblance—sometimes the same wording being used—to a third book. This is the secretary's narrative. This secretary was Mr. J. R. Glover, whose notes have been three times published, first in magazine form in 1893, then by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in 1895, and again in 1906 under the title of "Napoleon's Last Voyages." On the last occasion the book contained an Introduction by Dr. Holland Rose. Glover's narrative is more extensive than Cockburn's in parts. Loyalty to his chief led Glover to forbid the publication of his own version of the "Diary" during his lifetime.

* George Keith Elphinstone (1746–1823) was born at Elphinstone Tower, near Stirling; he entered the Navy, and obtained rapid promotioon. In 1780 he became M.P. for Dumbartonshire, and in 1790 for Stirlingshire. He renewed his association with the Navy after a ten years' interval on the outbreak of the war with France, and he secured much commendation for his military skill in an attack on the French

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Transfer of Napoleon from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland Aug 8th 1815.

The embarkment of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon.
Two contemporary prints of 1815.

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Officers might be with him in the boat; but Bertrand * must have been there, since it was he who first climbed up the *Northumberland's* side, and, standing with his hat off, as upright as a sentinel, to the right of the gangway, as he entered, announced his master. Bonaparte followed very speedily, and presented himself very well, taking off his hat instantly, and with an open air and smiling countenance, said to Sir George Cockburn, who had advanced to receive him, "Monsieur, je suis à vos ordres." He did not halt an instant

before Toulon. It is interesting to recall that Napoleon, Cockburn, and Elphinstone, who met for the first time on the *Northumberland*, all "won their spurs" at Toulon. Elphinstone superintended the embarkation of the troops and their royalist sympathisers after Napoleon's genius had caused the siege to be raised. In 1795 Elphinstone was Commander-in-chief of the squadron which took possession of the Cape of Good Hope, won the Battle of Wynberg against the Dutch, and laid the foundations of the British power in South Africa. In 1797 he was created Baron Keith of Stonehaven in the Irish peerage. After four more years of active service he received a peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Keith, and became Viscount Keith in 1814. In 1808 he married Hester Thrale, a daughter of Dr. Johnson's old friend. His share in the surrender of Napoleon rounded off an interesting career. He died at Tulliallan on the Forth in 1823. One of his daughters married in 1817 the Comte de Flahault, who had been aide-de-camp to Napoleon and was then French Ambassador in London. From her the present Marquis of Lansdowne is descended.

* Henri Gratien, Count Bertrand (1773-1844), born at Châteauroux, where also he died, was an officer in the French army, and as one of the National Guard defended Louis XVI. on the 10th August, 1792, when the Tuileries was attacked by the people. Later he travelled much, and in 1796 he was in Constantinople and Athens, journeying back through Albania. He took part in the Egyptian Expedition, and served in the campaigns against Austria and Russia. He succeeded Duroc as Napoleon's Grand Marshal of the Palace, and went with the Emperor to Elba. In 1815 he accompanied him to St. Helena. After the death of Napoleon in 1821 he returned to France, where he was restored to his rank in the army, and the sentence of death, pronounced against him in 1816, was annulled. After the Revolution of 1830 he was made Governor of the Polytechnic School, and was elected a deputy by the district in which he resided. In 1847 his son published in two volumes "The Campaigns in Egypt and Syria. Memoirs of the History of Napoleon, Dictated by himself to General Bertrand at St. Helena."

at the gangway, but coming forward on the quarter-deck, desired to be introduced to the Captain of the ship, Ross,* which ceremony took place immediately, the marines, who were drawn up on the larboard side of the deck, presenting arms as he was coming up.

Captain Ross not understanding a word of French, it was merely a mutual salute, and Bonaparte passed on towards the poop, under which stood Colonel Sir George Bingham † (of the 53rd Regiment, then going to St. Helena), Lord Lowther,‡ the Honourable Edmund Byng,§ and an officer of Artillery, with whose name I am not acquainted. These persons were successively

* Charles Bayne Hodgson Ross. *See* Prefatory II. (pp. 55-7).

† Sir George Ridout Bingham, K.C.B. (1777-1833), entered the British army in 1793, and had his first experience of service in Corsica; took part in the Kaffir War of 1800; fought through the Peninsular War, taking part in the battles of Talavera, Salamanca (where he was severely wounded), and Vittoria. To him was assigned the task of retaining Napoleon as a prisoner at St. Helena, he holding the rank of Brigadier-General as second in command under Lowe, and commanding the 2nd battalion of the 53rd. He returned home on promotion in 1819. His next important service was in Ireland, where he commanded the Cork district from 1827 to 1832. For his "Reminiscences of the Voyage to St. Helena" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, see Appendix III. of this volume. These were supplemented in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1901, by some additional letters; but the latter treat only of St. Helena, and do not come within the scope of this book. Bingham's wife survived him, and lived until 1873. She left the "Bingham Papers" printed in Appendix III. to her nephew, and their further history is there described.

‡ William (Lowther), second Earl of Lonsdale (but third Earl, reckoning the first creation) (1787-1872). (His father, to whom Wordsworth dedicated the "Excursion," succeeded to the barony of Lowther in 1802, and was created Earl of Lonsdale in 1807.) The earl was on the Treasury Board from 1813 to 1826. He represented Westmorland in Parliament at this time. The "Dictionary of National Biography" describes him as the distinct original of Lord Eskdale in Disraeli's "Tancred"—"a man with every ability except the ability to make his powers useful to mankind."

§ The Hon. Edmund Byng (1774-1854) was the second son of the fifth Viscount Torrington. He was Commissioner of the Colonial Audit Office.

introduced to him by Sir George Cockburn. He asked Sir George Bingham what regiment he belonged to and where he had served; to Lord Lowther and Mr. Byng he put a question or two of no importance —for instance, what county they came from, whether they were going on shore, and if so, whether to London? and to the Artillery officer he said, "Je sors moi-même de ce corps, là," or some such words. I was placed at the foot of the ladder farther on to the left, and being a little behind Bonaparte when he came up to the poop, was not perceived either by him or the admiral, and consequently was not introduced to him. I stood, however, so near as to see and hear distinctly much of what passed, and I saw Bonaparte perfectly in front as he advanced, and often afterwards in profile. During the whole time he maintained the same cheerful—or perhaps I should rather say, gracious air, inclining himself a little towards those to whom he was speaking, and smiling constantly. He had his hat off all the time, and I remarked that the top of his head was almost quite bald, and that his hair, of a reddish-brown colour, was long, rough, and, if the expression may be permitted, dishevelled. As for the expression of his countenance, I thought it rather subtle than noble. His eyes had something of a haggard look, were somewhat dimmed, I thought, and as though they might have been originally very piercing, but that time and anxiety had abated their fire.

This is all that occurred to me on this, my first sight of Bonaparte, except that his complexion appeared to me, not only sallow, but sickly. After conversing for a very few minutes with the people to whom he was introduced upon the quarter-deck, finding himself near the cabin door, he went in, attended by Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, and passed on to the after-cabin, followed by some of his officers, and I lost

sight of him for about an hour and a half. During this period I have no account of his behaviour. Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn remained with him for a few minutes, and I do not remember that I heard a syllable of what passed on that occasion, unless it were that Bonaparte desired that the lieutenants of the ship might be introduced to him, which was done some time afterwards, as I shall mention presently. Bonaparte's train consisted of General Bertrand and his wife, Count and Countess Montholon,* Monsieur Las Cases,†

* Charles Tristan, Marquis de Montholon (1783–1853), was born in Paris of an ancient French family, and died in that city in 1853. He entered the army in 1797, and attracted Bonaparte's attention by the soldierly qualities he displayed in his Italian campaigns, at Austerlitz, at Jena, and at Wagram. It was after this last battle that Napoleon made him Court Chamberlain. He was with the Emperor during the Hundred Days, and was permitted to accompany him into exile. Montholon remained with Napoleon until his death, and was one of his executors. Upon his return to France he published conjointly with Gourgaud

"Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France, sous Napoléon, écrits à Sainte-Hélène sous sa dictée," 1823–25. 8 volumes.

By his will Napoleon bequeathed him two millions of francs, but this he speedily dissipated by unlucky speculations, and in 1828 had to retire to Belgium to escape imprisonment for debt. After the Revolution of 1830 he was restored to his rank as a general in the French army. He allied himself with the projects of Louis Napoleon, including the descent upon Boulogne, and with that Prince was imprisoned for a time in the fortress of Ham. He lived to see the early days of the Second Empire. His "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena" appeared in four volumes in 1846.

† Emmanuel Augustin Dieudonné Marie Joseph, Comte de Las Cases (1766–1842), held a varied career from the time of his studies at the military school in Paris until he accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena. He fought for America in its struggle for freedom, and in 1787 was lieutenant on a man-of-war. At the Revolution Las Cases became an emigrant, and served in the army of Condé. After Quiberon he taught in London, and arranged the scheme of his "Historical Atlas" ("Atlas historique et géographique") which appeared in 1802, he using the pseudonym of Le Sage. At the Consulate he returned to France, and lived in obscurity, but attracted the attention of Napoleon in 1809. He was made Imperial Chamberlain and a Count of the Empire. He returned to England in 1814, reappeared during the Hundred Days, and accompanied his adored master to

and General Gourgaud,* who were to follow him to St. Helena, and all these officers, with the above-mentioned ladies, had arrived on board the *Northumberland* about the same time as their master. As soon as Bonaparte had disappeared, my attention was naturally turned towards them, and I observed them all pretty minutely. Bertrand, the only distinguished man of the four followers of the fallen Emperor, renowned as he had been all over Europe for the constancy of his attachment to Napoleon, was the first object of

St. Helena. There he only remained for eighteen months, when, after a quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe, he was exiled to the Cape of Good Hope. After the death of Napoleon he returned to France, and in the reign of Louis Philippe became Deputy for the Seine. His "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène" (1823–24) was published simultaneously in Paris and England in eight volumes and created a great sensation. Lord Acton declared it to be one of the "hundred best books," and it is undeniably fascinating.

His son, Emmanuel Pons Dieudonné, Comte de Las Cases (1800–1854), did much secretarial work for Napoleon at St. Helena, although only fifteen or sixteen years of age. He shared his father's captivity at the Cape and, on returning with him to Europe, went to London to challenge Sir Hudson Lowe. He took part in the Revolution of 1830, and became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1840 he accompanied the Prince de Joinville to St. Helena to assist in bringing back to France the remains of Napoleon. Under Napoleon III. he was made a Senator.

* Gaspard Gourgaud (1783–1852), born at Versailles, was the son of an organist attached to the private chapel of Louis XVI., and a nephew of Dugazon the actor. He studied at the Polytechnic School, and became an officer of artillery; fought in the Napoleonic wars; was wounded at Austerlitz; took part in the Peninsular War, and assisted at the siege of Saragossa; fought at Eckmühl, Essling and Wagram; was in the Russian Campaign, and was the first to enter the Kremlin. In 1814 he saved the life of the Emperor at Brienne by killing a Cossack whose lance would have pierced him. Gourgaud was with the Emperor at his farewell at Fontainebleau, rejoined him during the Hundred Days, and then followed him to Rochefort. He was to have carried the letter to the Prince Regent in which Napoleon threw himself upon the protection of Great Britain. Gourgaud followed the exiled Emperor to St. Helena, but left in 1818 after a pretended quarrel with Count Bertrand, made to impose upon Sir Hudson Lowe. Forbidden to enter France, Gourgaud went to England, where he protested against the rigorous treatment of the exile. He published a

my curiosity. My expectation was in a great measure disappointed.

To me neither his look nor his manner indicated anything great or extraordinary. In short, I think I should never have remarked him at all, if I had not known the singular history of the man. As to Montholon, Las Cases, and Gourgaud, they are not worth describing. I think, indeed, it would have been

brochure upon the battle of Waterloo which gave offence to Wellington, and under a clause in the Alien Bill Gourgaud was arrested and transferred to Cuxhaven. He was permitted to return to France after the death of Napoleon in 1821. In 1823 he published in collaboration with Montholon the "Mémoires de Napoléon." After the Revolution of 1830 General Gourgaud returned to active service, and held many military appointments under Louis Philippe. He accompanied the Prince de Joinville to St. Helena to bring back the ashes of Napoleon. In 1841 he was made a Peer of France. He died six months after the *coup d'état*.

An interesting episode in the life of Gourgaud occurred in the year 1827. This was the date of the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." In the ninth and last volume of that book is an account of Napoleon at St. Helena. Scott had had the advantage of looking through Colonial Office papers while writing his work, and there he was brought face to face with the statements that Gourgaud admitted having informed the British Government that Napoleon was really very well treated, that he had plenty of money of his own—the sum of £60,000, for example, having been secretly forwarded by his stepson, Prince Eugène—and in fact that Gourgaud had played a double part. Gourgaud vigorously denied all this, and threatened Scott with a duel. The matter fizzled out in certain letters to the newspapers, including a very interesting one addressed by Scott to *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, which is printed in Lockhart's "Life." So far as can be learned the only authorities given for Gourgaud's treachery to his master were Baron Sturmer and Count Balmain, the representatives of Prussia and Russia, both of whom belonged to the enemy, and are not in the least trustworthy witnesses. Scott suggests that Gourgaud's treachery was based upon a desire, when he left St. Helena, to be allowed to go straight to England and not to be confined at the Cape of Good Hope as Las Cases had been a year or two earlier. Scott, of course, was a violent Tory, closely allied with all the forces that had treated Napoleon so badly. His book, therefore, from this point of view is merely a piece of violent partisanship. It is clear that Gourgaud only played a double part at the suggestion of Napoleon in order to get back to Europe. Gourgaud's *Journal Inédit de Sainte-Hélène*, 1815–1818, makes entertaining reading.

impossible to have filled the scene with more inanimate and uninteresting personages.

Bertrand alone seemed sometimes agitated, and often looked haughty and angry—but the rest had no expression at all, and wanted even the lowest tragic interest, that of simple grief.

They all sat round a table in the fore-cabin, writing; and they were soon joined by L'Allemand* and by several other officers who came to take leave of Bonaparte, and who were permitted to remain there as long as they chose, both before and after their last interview with their master. Of these there were but few deserving any particular description. L'Allemand has a very dark, strong, significant countenance; and, I think, rather a noble one. But there were two Poles, one of a pretty advanced age, the other in the prime of his youth, whose air and demeanour were exceedingly striking.

The elder, a venerable old man, of almost gigantic stature, was altogether one of the most singular and picturesque figures I ever beheld. What with his martial air, the sadness but composed gravity of his aspect, and the peculiar effect of his Polish dress, reminding one, as it naturally did, of the afflicting history of his much-injured country, it was impossible to look without emotion on this noble veteran, thus following his adopted sovereign in the last extremities of his fortune,

* Savary had taken leave of Bonaparte in the *Bellerophon*, so that I did not see him.—*Note by Lyttelton.*

Charles François Antoine L'Allemand (1774–1839), an officer in Napoleon's army, and a general in 1811. Upon Napoleon's landing from Elba he sought in vain to assist his cause, but his soldiers were loyal to the Bourbons. L'Allemand was put under arrest, but was released when Napoleon reached Paris in triumph. When the Emperor was overthrown L'Allemand asked to be allowed to accompany him to St. Helena, but this was refused. He was for a time a prisoner at Malta, then long an exile in America. After the Revolution of 1830 L'Allemand finally returned to France, and was restored to his rank and made a Peer by Louis Philippe.

and enduring, as it were, a second exile for his sake. The appearance of the younger man, who either felt more or was less able to control the expression of his feelings, was moving in the extreme. He had nothing remarkable in his figure, or features; but his grief, and the agony he endured at being forced away from Bonaparte, surpassed any suffering I ever witnessed, and were irresistibly affecting. They both went up to Lord Keith, entreating to be allowed to go to St. Helena: the elder with an earnest, but with a manly and settled look. The young man, openly in tears, urging his request over and over again, long after the other had given up his as hopeless, and saying in the most piteous manner, "Si je renonce à mon grade."

He wanted to be allowed to pass as a servant, the number of officers permitted to accompany Bonaparte being complete. When he found that all his entreaties were in vain, he seemed to be plunged into a state of distraction, his eyes were almost overflowing with tears, he clenched his Polish cap convulsively in one hand, and kept perpetually touching his brow with the other, talking to himself, and running from one port-hole to another with such a look of wild despair, that I thought he would have flung himself overboard. His name was Pentowsky* or something like it—not Poniatowsky.

To my great delight I heard soon afterwards, that

* Pentowsky, or more properly Piontkowski, was permitted to come to St. Helena in the ship that brought Sir Hudson Lowe in 1816. Las Cases tells us that he was quite unknown to all Napoleon's circle, and that the English were surprised that they did not give him a warmer greeting on his arrival. It was, indeed, reported in England that he had been received very badly. Piontkowski came to the Isle of Elba and obtained permission to serve as a private in the Guards. On the Emperor's return from Elba he had gained the rank of lieutenant. "When we departed from Paris," says Las Cases, "he received permission to follow us; and we left him at Plymouth, among those who were separated from us by order of the English Ministers. Piontkowski, having more fidelity

our Government had given orders that this faithful and affectionate creature should be allowed to go to St. Helena with Sir Hudson Lowe.

As for the ladies, Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon, never were there two people more completely different in look and manner. Madame Bertrand, who had behaved with great violence in the *Bellerophon*, seemed rather exhausted than pacified, and had a look of great irritation and impatience. She is a tall, thin woman, with an aquiline nose, very like Lord Dillon,* to whom she is, I believe, rather nearly related. Madame Montholon, on the other hand, had all the quiet resignation that so well becomes her sex, and one could not help sympathising with her sufferings so meekly borne. She is a pretty woman, of a sweet and intelligent countenance.

With regard to the rest of the suite of Bonaparte who came to take leave of him on board the *Northumberland*, it consisted chiefly of very young men (*officiers d'ordonnance*, I believe), in gay uniforms, who did not even affect much sorrow, and I suppose had little

or more address, than his comrades, obtained leave to come to St. Helena. The Emperor had never known, and never spoken to him before he came here." Las Cases tells of the Emperor inviting Piontkowski to breakfast. "He always takes pleasure in conversing with him whenever he meets him." Gourgaud, however, admits that Bertrand had met the Pole before. Poor Piontkowski! he did not have much reward for his hero-worship. At first he dined with the Emperor; but Napoleon soon found him out of harmony with the rest of his retinue, and Piontkowski was relegated to a position of less distinction. Piontkowski was one of the four members of Napoleon's suite who were sent back to Europe in October of 1816. The Pole received a small pension from the British Government.

* Henry Augustus (Dillon), thirteenth Viscount Dillon (1777–1832), succeeded to the peerage in 1813. He was in the Army, and raised, in 1807, on his father's Irish estate the 101st Duke of York's Irish Regiment of Foot, which was disbanded 1817. He was succeeded in turn by three sons, and was the grandfather of the seventeenth Lord Dillon, President of the Society of Antiquaries.

reason for much personal attachment to their chief. The surgeon who refused to follow him I did not see; he was not forthcoming when the others were getting into the boat to leave the ship, and it was supposed he had slipped away, and perhaps evaded an interview which must have been peculiarly disagreeable to him.

From obvious reasons of delicacy we were, none of us, present at the parting scene, and I never heard a syllable relating to it. It was not till half an hour after it had closed, a space during which Bonaparte had sufficient time to collect his spirits if they had been agitated, that I was introduced into the cabin in which he was, and conversed with him for the first time. But the circumstances of this introduction ought to be stated.

Everybody knows that Bonaparte was received as an Emperor by Captain Maitland,* who gave up to him the after-cabin, where he was not to be intruded upon by any unbidden guest; on board the *Northumberland* matters were to be placed on a different footing, and although he was allowed a small cabin to himself, the great cabin which had been exclusively his in the *Bellerophon* was now to be shared by the admiral and his friends. In this latter character, I had a right of admission there, and Sir George Cockburn determined

* Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland (1777–1839) was the one British officer who showed any real chivalry to Napoleon after his fall. He was born at Rankeilour in Fife, the son of a captain in the Royal Navy, and a grandson of the sixth Earl of Lauderdale. He was attracted to the Navy when very young, and was present at Lord Howe's famous victory of the First of June (1794). When in command of the *Kingfisher* she grounded on Lisbon bar, and Maitland was tried by court-martial at Gibraltar and acquitted. Maitland served for a time under Lord St. Vincent. He accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition to Egypt in 1800, and his conduct at the Battle of Alexandria was warmly commended. The ensuing years were occupied by many commands and much naval warfare, until in 1815 came the stroke of good fortune that was to make him honourably distinguished for all time. He was at Cork in 1815 collecting a fleet of transports for America, when the news reached him that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He was ordered to the *Bellerophon*,

to assert the new rule by taking me, together with Sir George Bingham and Lord Lowther, into the cabin at the time he introduced his lieutenants, and leaving us there when that ceremony was over. This took place accordingly at the period above mentioned. Lord Lowther, by the bye, was not in the way at the moment, and did not come in till a few minutes later.

The introduction of the lieutenants was sufficiently ridiculous; there were eight of them, not one of whom could speak a word of French, so that on being drawn up in line on one side of the cabin, and having for about a minute gazed and smiled at Bonaparte, who smiled and gazed in his turn, they all bowed and defiled before him, or, in plain English, walked off. Then Cockburn said to Bingham and myself, "Won't you sit down?" and left us there *vis-à-vis* to Bonaparte, who never having seen me before, and not knowing what to make of a man in a brown coat, who, for aught he knew, might be the admiral's servant, said, drawing up a little and looking rather sternly at me, "Qui êtes vous?" I answered, "Monsieur le Général, je m'appelle Lyttelton, je suis parent et ami de l'Amiral." Bonaparte: "Êtes vous du bord?" Lyttelton: "Non, je ne suis pas marin." B.: "Vous êtes donc ici par curiosité?"

a vessel that had fought on the First of June, and at the Nile and Trafalgar. On the *Bellerophon* he sailed from Plymouth with Sir Henry Hotham's squadron on May 24th, 1815. In July he held Napoleon as prisoner or guest—he did not know which. Napoleon, in saying farewell, declared that his conduct had been "that of a man of honour and a gentleman." In October, 1818, Maitland was appointed to the *Vengeur*, in 1820 to the *Genoa*, and in 1827 to the *Wellesley*. In 1830 he was made K.C.B. From 1832 to 1837 he was Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard at Portsmouth. He died at sea off Bombay on November 30th, 1839. There is a monument to his memory in Bombay Cathedral. The best record of Maitland's life is contained in an Introduction by W. K. Dickson to the 1904 edition of Maitland's "Narrative," published by the Blackwoods under the title of "The Surrender of Napoleon." This book was first issued in 1826 by Henry Colburn as "Narrative of the Surrender of Napoleon."

L.: "Oui, Monsieur le Général, je ne connais aucun objet plus digne d'exciter la curiosité que celui qui m'a amené ici." B.: "De quelle comté êtes vous?" L.: "De la comté de Worcester." B.: "Ou est-elle? est-elle loin d'ici?" L.: "Oui, Monsieur le Général, au centre du royaume."* It was at this time, I think, that I said, "Nous espérons de ne pas vous gêner, Monsieur le Général," of which remark he took no notice. After this, if I remember right, there was a short pause, during which Bonaparte looked at us rather bitterly, and showed some signs of uneasiness at our presence. He then addressed himself to Sir George Bingham, and asked him some commonplace questions concerning the number of companies, etc., in his regiment, and how many years he had served in Spain, to which Bingham answered with difficulty in French. Bonaparte turned again to me, and asked me whether the wind was fair for sailing, and some other trifling questions about the anchorage in which we lay, to which I replied as I might. During this time Lord Lowther came in, and Bonaparte soon asked him the usual questions—to what county he belonged, "Ou sont vos terres?" to which Lowther also made answer not fluently, so that the conversation presently returned to me. Bonaparte asked me a great deal about our hunting, especially our fox-hunting, whether we turned out all our hounds at once, or whether we had relays of hounds, etc. He then said, "Vous parlez bien le François." L.: "Je me suis un peu exercé à parler François, ayant beaucoup voyagé." B.: "Avez-vous voyagé en France?" L.: "Très peu,

* I cannot, of course, be quite sure of the very words I used in every instance in the following conversations, nor of those used by Bonaparte; but I am quite sure that the substance is always faithfully given, and the more prominent observations of Bonaparte are all, I believe, quite accurately reported.—*Note by Lyttelton.*

Monsieur le Général; vous savez que pendant maintes années il n'etoit pas permis à un Anglois de traverser la France; nous y étions de contrebande," with a little more not worth stating, since it led to nothing; for I think another pause occurred here, shortly before which Bertrand had come in, and having placed himself behind Bonaparte a little on one side, just as the Lord in waiting stands behind the King, he looked at us *du haut en bas*, with a very significant and rather haughty air, of which the English seemed to be, "What business have you here?" Bertrand then went out again, and Bonaparte turned round, and looked out through his spying glass for a couple of minutes, during which Bingham was extremely uneasy, and, pulling me by the sleeve, said, in a whisper, "For God's sake, say something to him, if it be but about a dog or a cat." I promised him I would, and when Bonaparte turned about again, I asked him if he recollected Lord Ebrington,* a relation of Lord Grenville's,† to which he answered, yes! and said, he was a "brave homme"; then I mentioned Vernon‡ to him. He hesitated and

* Viscount Ebrington, afterwards second Earl Fortescue (1783–1861), had visited Napoleon at Elba. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1839 to 1841, and was made K.G. in 1856. His grandson, Mr. J. W. Fortescue, became librarian to Edward VII. at Windsor, and the author of the best History of the British Army.

† William Wyndham, Lord Grenville (1759–1834), the uncle of Lord Ebrington, was elected M.P. for Buckingham in 1782 and for Buckinghamshire in 1784. In 1790 he became Baron Grenville of Wotton-under-Bernewood. He was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1791. He declared in 1794 that "in the establishment of the French Republic is included the overthrow of all the other Governments of Europe," and hence his iniquitous foreign policy and the war against France. In 1806 Grenville became Prime Minister with Fox in his Cabinet, but the latter died in that year. In 1815 Grenville supported Lord Liverpool's administration as against the view of the other Opposition leader, Lord Grey, that no terms should be made with Napoleon.

‡ I am under the impression that this was George Charles, fourth Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton (1779–1835), who died of dysentery on board his yacht off Gibraltar. But I can find no trace of his having visited

said, "catholique?" I replied, "No, sir; you are thinking of Silvertop,"* on which he said "yes," and laughed a good deal, but made no remark; of Douglas,† whom I named last to him, he said, that he was a clever man. He then inquired whether this name of Douglas was not a great name? to which I assented, and told him briefly who the chief Douglases were.

Next he asked whether there was not a Douglas much distinguished in Parliament? and whether it was the Douglas he had seen? We assured him (for Lord Lowther took a part here) that he was mistaken, and that

Napoleon at Elba, as this Vernon apparently did. Another Vernon who flourished at this time was the Rev. Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York (1757–1847), the grandfather of Sir William Harcourt. His daughter, Miss Caroline Vernon, saw Napoleon in Paris during the Peace.

* George Silvertop (1775–1849), born at Benwell House, Newcastle, of an old Catholic family, was educated at Douay and served for a time as captain of Northumberland volunteers; he was abroad at the peace of 1814. He visited Napoleon at Elba, had a private interview with the Emperor, and published an account of it, which I have not seen. Lord Liverpool's Government afterwards employed Silvertop as an intermediary with the Pope. After the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 he became High Sheriff of the county of Northumberland. It was doubtless to Silvertop that Napoleon referred in a statement to O'Meara:— "When I was at Elba I was visited by an English nobleman, a Catholic, about thirty years old, and from Northumberland, I believe. He had dined a few weeks before with the Duke de Fleury, with whom he had a conversation relative to the sum of money to be allowed me annually by France, according to the agreement that had been signed by the Ministers of the Allied Powers. The Duke laughed at him for supposing for a moment that it would be complied with, and said that they were not such fools. This was one of the reasons which induced me to quit Elba."

† Frederick Douglas (1791–1819) was a son of Baron Glenbervie and of Catherine Anne North, a daughter of Lord North. He was elected M.P. for Banbury in 1812. He published "An Essay on Certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks." Douglas had a courteous reception when he visited Napoleon at Elba. "Why have you come?" he was asked. "To see a great man," Douglas replied. "Rather to see a wild beast," answered the Emperor. Douglas was imposed upon by Napoleon, who, knowing he was going on to Paris, gave him the impression, which was duly reported, that Napoleon could no longer mount a horse, that he had fallen into apathy.

neither Mr. Frederick Douglas nor any other person of that name had made a figure in the House of Commons.* About this time I think Lord Lowther informed Bonaparte that I was a member of Parliament, whereupon he desired to know whether I was "du parti de l'Opposition." L.: "Ma conscience m'oblige souvent de donner mon suffrage contre les ministres du roi, on est libre chez nous, et il faut agir selon ce que l'on croit être de l'intérêt de la patrie." B.: "Avez-vous fait des discours au Parlement?" L.: "Quelques méchantes harangues." B.: "M. Whitbread,† n'est-il pas mort?" L.: "Oui, Monsieur le Général." B.: "Quelle a été la cause de sa mort?" L.: "Il s'est donné la mort." B.: "Com-

* Mr. Heber afterwards suggested to me that Bonaparte had been reading the English newspapers lately, and had perhaps observed that speech of Mr. Douglas in which he recommended the "annihilation of the French army."—*Note by Lyttelton.*

† Samuel Whitbread (1758–1815), the son of a successful brewer, who himself inherited a world-famous brewery. He was born at Cardington in Bedfordshire. His father sent him successively both to Oxford and Cambridge. He married in 1789 a daughter of Sir Charles Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, whose son, the second Earl Grey, had been at school and in close friendship at Eton. He entered Parliament, for Bedford, in 1790 as a Whig. Here he made an honourable mark, by his association with Fox in attacks on the war spirit, by his zeal for negro emancipation, by his advocacy of education and greater religious toleration, and by supporting other reforms. He took a prominent part in the famous impeachment of Lord Melville, a matter that occupied Parliament in 1805 and 1806. In 1807 he brought in a Poor Law Bill, his scheme including free education for the poorer children and several other changes that were to wait many years for practical treatment. Whitbread visited Paris after Napoleon retired to Elba, as did also Brougham and other politicians. His interest, however, for Napoleon consisted in the fact that so late as 1808 he was a peace-at-any-price man, and tried to carry a resolution for peace in the House of Commons in 1808, when 58 votes were brought to his support against 211. He was one of the small minority in the House of Commons who, rightly, as I think, were in favour of acknowledging Napoleon after his return from Elba. While the nominal leaders of the Opposition to the Tory Government of the day were Grenville and Grey, Whitbread was during the later years of Napoleon's power the actual leader of the peace party. He supported the Princess of Wales against her husband, afterwards George IV., championing her

ment ?" L.: "Je veux dire qu'il s'est tué; il étoit derangé." B.: "Derangé d'esprit ?" L.: "Oui." B.: "Etoit-ce que vous appellez le spleen ?" I told him no; that he exaggerated this English complaint, the spleen, as I knew foreigners in general did, and I added: "M. Whitbread étoit fou, à telles enseignes qu'il croyoit que tout le monde lui en vouloit, le regardoit d'un air de mépris, et conspiroit contre lui." B.: "De quelle manière s'est-il tué ?" L.: "Il s'est coupé la gorge d'un rasoir." To this Bonaparte made no answer, nor gave any sign of feeling whatever about it, but very shortly after asked, "qui sera son successeur au Parlement ? Ponsonby ?"* L.: "Non, Monsieur le Général; Mr. Ponsonby est un homme distingué, et dont les talens sont du premier ordre, mais je ne crois pas qu'il soit qualifié pour succéder à M. Whitbread. Vous savez, Monsieur le Général, que ce n'est pas si facile de remplacer les grands hommes." Here Bonaparte seemed to me by his look slightly to acknowledge the compliment.

After an instant's pause, I continued, and told him I thought Brougham† the likeliest man to supply Whit-

cause in the House of Commons very zealously in 1813. He cut his throat at his town house, 35, Dover Street, London, on July 6th, 1815. He appears to have been obsessed with the idea that his Parliamentary career was at an end.

* George Ponsonby (1755–1817), after a successful career in Parliament and at the bar in Ireland, became M.P. for Wicklow after the Union, where, Mr. Robert Dunlop says, "he speedily won the regard of the House by his sincerity, urbanity, and business-like capacity." He held office only for a year as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which post he received from the Fox–Grenville Ministry in 1806. Then he returned to the Parliamentary arena, and was, as M.P. for Tavistock, leader of the Opposition up to the time of his death in 1817.

† Lord Brougham (1778–1868) began his public life on the *Edinburgh Review*, where he had eighty articles in the first twenty numbers. He entered Parliament in 1810 as M.P. for Camelford, and became M.P. for Winchelsea in 1815, when, as the text implies, it seemed as if he would be the leader of the more advanced Whigs. His after career is well known. His defence of Queen Caroline made him the most popular man in England. In 1830 he became Lord Chancellor.

bread's place; but that it must be some time before he could win the same reputation or acquire in the same degree the public confidence. He then asked when and in what manner Mr. Brougham had distinguished himself, and I told him chiefly in the debates on the orders in council; on his enquiring whether then he were very eloquent, I attempted to describe the character of his eloquence.

Bonaparte finished by asking whether Whitbread were not related to Lord Grey,* and I told him he was, and in what degree. We talked of Lord Grey's eloquence, the style of which I had to describe, but not a word was said of his politics.

In the course of this conversation—I cannot remember at what period—Bonaparte asked whether I knew Captain Ussher,† whom he called "très brave

* Charles Grey, second Earl Grey (1764–1845), was Whitbread's brother-in-law, Whitbread having married in 1789 Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles (afterwards first Earl) Grey. Grey was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge. From 1786 to 1807 he was M.P. for Northumberland; was a leading spirit of the Whig minority during the earlier stages of the Napoleonic Wars, and a strong opponent of Pitt. He was First Lord of the Admiralty as Lord Howick—his father had accepted a peerage—in the Grenville-Fox Administration of 1806. His career as leader of the Reform Party after 1830 was the most brilliant episode in his life. He took office in that year, when Brougham, as Lord Chancellor, introduced a Reform Bill after the election of February, 1831, which was carried by a majority of one. An appeal to the country gave Grey a large majority. By means of the threat of creating peers, the Bill was passed in 1832.

† Sir Thomas Ussher (1779–1848), son of Henry Ussher, the astronomer, entered the Navy in 1791, and followed his career with exceptional vigour in exciting times. Twenty boat engagements with the enemy are to his credit while in command of the *Pelican* brig. He was several times wounded in engagements. Yet Ussher's interest for us to-day is contained in the fact that he commanded the *Undaunted* when it conveyed Napoleon to Elba. The Emperor embarked at Fréjus—where, in happier days, he had landed from the Egyptian campaign—on April 28th, 1814, and landed at Porto Ferrajo on May 3rd. Ussher's "Narrative of Events Connected with the First Abdication of Napoleon," first published in Dublin in 1841, has been twice reprinted—in 1895 and 1907.

homme," and Bertrand said something to the same effect. I told him I did, and had very lately seen him in the Isle of Wight. Bertrand put in here that he had read in the English papers that Ussher had been "commissaire d'un bal" at Ryde, at which they both laughed a little, and I said, "Le Capitain est bon pour entrer en danse, comme pour entrer en combat." I concluded by telling him that Ussher always spoke of him with great respect, and valued highly the snuff-box with his portrait on it which he had given him. This is, I think, nearly all that passed, except that he once asked us all three, whether we were married, to which we answered severally according to our cases. But he made no observation whatever on the information he received, rather to our surprise, and I was obliged to make a bad joke or two on Lowther's bachelorship, "that I suspected him to be somewhat of a rake," or some such trash, in order to keep up the ball. When the conversation had lasted half an hour, I felt a scruple about staying any longer in the cabin, into which we had been brought for the purpose stated above of asserting our right to be there, an object which seemed then to be sufficiently attained. It would have been unmanly, I thought, to remain any longer than was necessary for the purpose in question, since our stay was evidently distressing to the dethroned Emperor.

I therefore quitted the cabin, and went to the Admiral, to whom I stated my reasons for wishing to retire; and he agreed with me, upon which I returned and whispered to Lord Lowther and Sir G. Bingham what had passed between me and the Admiral; after which I said, "Monsieur le Général, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer." He made a slight return to my bow, and I quitted him. My companions, however, probably not understanding what I had said to them, remained, and in about five minutes I returned into the cabin by

the Admiral's direction, and brought them away. Lord Lowther told me that during my absence Bonaparte had laid hold rather eagerly of Sir G. Bingham's ribbon at his buttonhole, and asked him what it meant? Bingham told him it was for service in Spain. B.: "For Salamanca?" Sir G.: "It means four medals for four general actions." Bonaparte did not bid him enumerate them, but only said, "so you have seen a good deal of active service," or some such words. I now thought it was all over, as we were to go on shore immediately, as soon as the dispatches were ready, of which Lord Lowther was to be the bearer, so we got some cold meat in the fore-cabin, and as we were at table, behold the door opened, and Bonaparte, followed by Bertrand, made his appearance. On seeing me, who fronted him, he smiled and said, "Allez-vous à terre?" L.: "Oui, Monsieur le Général; nous mangeons un morceau avant de partir." He passed on, and went out upon deck. We then made extreme haste to finish our luncheon, and in a couple of minutes Lowther was after him, and I, in a minute after that. Looking through the window in the meantime, I saw Bonaparte walking briskly up and down, and looking at the rigging, then stopping and bending down courteously to speak to Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon, who were sitting in chairs under the bulwark. When I came upon deck, I went on to the mainmast, and turning round, saw Bonaparte standing close to the poop, talking to Lord Lowther, who had his hat off. Shortly afterwards they advanced, and then Lowther put on his hat, rather slowly and hesitatingly. On coming up to me, Bonaparte spoke to me and made me face about with him, and on arriving within a yard or two of the poop, halted there, and entered into the following conversation with me. B. (looking round at the bulwark, which wanted painting in several places):

"Ce vaisseau paroît avoit été équipé à la hâte." L.: "Monsieur le Général, il est vrai; mais, en revanche, c'est un de nos meilleurs vaisseaux, il est sur tout très bon voilier." B.: "On auroit pú envoyer d'autres vaisseaux qui sont en meilleur état; il y avoit à Plymouth le *Chatham*, par exemple, ou bien le *Tonnant*." To this I answered that I did not know precisely in what condition those ships were, but that they might be in very good condition to float in Plymouth harbour or to cruize in the Channel, and yet not fit for foreign service. Here some officers on the poop whom he had not seen before caught his eyes, and he asked Bingham, abruptly, what those epaulettes were? Bingham answered, the light infantry division of his regiment. I then enquired of him whether there were marines in the French navy, to which he replied in the affirmative; shortly afterwards I took up the subject of his accommodation in the *Northumberland* and said I hoped it was tolerably good, that it would have been better if the ship had not been so hastily fitted out, and added that I was sure the Admiral and his officers were desirous of doing all they could to make his voyage pleasant, or some such words. On this he took occasion to break out into complaints against the conduct of our Government in confining him at all. B.: "Vous avez souillé le pavillon et l'honneur national en m'emprisonnant comme vous faites." L.: "On n'a violé aucun engagement avec vous, et l'intérêt de la nation demande que vous soyez mis hors d'état de rentrer en France, vous n'êtes sujet à aucun degré de contrainte qui ne soit necessaire à l'accomplissement de cet objet." B.: "Peut-être donc ce que vous faites est prudent, mais ce n'est pas généreux." L.: "De particulier à particulier la génerosité est de saison, mais, Monsieur le Général, l'intérêt national doit determiner la conduite de nos Ministres, qui sont comptables à la

nation, et la nation exige d'eux de vous mettre en lieu sûr." B.: "Vous agissez—(or "vous raisonnez")—comme une petite puissance aristocratique, et non comme un grand état libre! je suis venu m'asseoir sur votre sol, je voulois vivre en simple citoyen de l'Angleterre." On this I told him that every account from France proved that his party was exceedingly powerful, that affairs might take such a turn there that he should again be recalled to the throne, and (to put the argument in the least offensive way to him) he might think himself in honour bound to obey the call. B.: "Non, non, ma carrière est terminée." I reminded him of his having used the same words a year ago in Elba, on which he exclaimed, with great animation, "J'étois Souverain alors; j'avois le droit de faire la guerre, le Roi de France ne m'a pas tenu parole"; and then, quite exultingly, laughing and shaking his head significantly, "J'ai fait la guerre au roi de France avec six cens hommes!" Here we all laughed; we * could not help it, his manner was so remarkably dramatic and the thing said, so pointed. After a minute's laughing I said, thinking to get something out of him about Italy, that many people in England wondered, at the moment of his reappearance in France, that he had not rather disembarked in Upper Italy. B.: "J'ai été assez bien réçu en France, n'est-ce-pas?" And then he went on describing his reception: how he advanced without a guard, and how he could have raised four millions of peasants. I said I did not doubt his popularity in France; that, however, I thought it extraordinary the conscription should not make him unpopular with the peasants. B.: "Ce sont vos prejugés; la France n'est pas épuisée." L.: "La loi

* When I say "we," I mean Lord Lowther and Bingham, besides myself. Mr. E. Byng had put himself into the *Tonnant* just after Bonaparte came on board the *Northumberland*.—*Note by Lyttelton.*

de la conscription étoit pourtant trés rigoureuse, vous preniez jusqu'a l'unique fils." B.: "Ah, non! Ces sont vos prejugés, des chimères." He then repeated his charges against the English Government, and said if he had not expected far different usage, he would not have given himself up to us, that he had many resources left, that he might have surrendered to the Emperor of Russia or the Emperor of Austria. L.: "Pour l'Autriche, passe—mais pour le projet de vous rendre à l'Empereur Alexandre, vous me permettrez d'en douter." (I knew that he had said the day before, with a shrug, when Lord Keith told him, he might have been delivered up to the Russians, "Dieu m'en garde!") He defended himself but faintly on this, and only said, to the best of my recollection, that the Emperor Alexander* loved France and Frenchmen, or some such words. Then he asserted that he could have joined the army of the Loire, and should presently have been at the head of 100,000 men. I observed that the Prussians, or perhaps the Duke of Wellington, might have intercepted him. He answered that the garrison of Rochefort was devoted to him, and offered, nay, came and besought him, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to escort him to Bordeaux, where he should have found more troops, and might easily have effected

* Alexander I. (1777–1825), Tsar of Russia, was, in early years, educated by La Harpe, and came under the influence of the doctrines of Rousseau. For a long time certainly he had a love of France and Frenchmen, and his enthusiasm for Napoleon personally found much expression when the two sovereigns met at Erfurt and signed the Treaty of Tilsit. This was after a war in which Napoleon had beaten Russia at Austerlitz, Eylau, and Friedland. After the invasion of Russia in 1812 he was Napoleon's unrelenting enemy, and a surrender to the Tsar, if it had been possible to Napoleon, which it was not, would probably have involved worse consequences for him than St. Helena. In 1814, while Napoleon was in Elba, Alexander visited Paris and London, and he revisited Paris in 1815 after Waterloo. He died heart-broken, chagrined by plots and deeply affected by the death of his only daughter.

his purpose. This I did not dispute, but said it would have been a hazardous step, since, after all, the allies would probably have been too strong for him. He admitted that, but alleged that "il y auroit eu de quoi capituler," an opinion I was not inclined to controvert, and so that rested there, and he renewed his declamation against us for confining him, saying it would increase the irritation in France, and disgrace us in the eyes of all Europe. I repeated the arguments I had used at first in vindication of our conduct, which provoked him to say, after some repetition of his wish to have lived in retirement on his estates, like his brother, "Vous ne connoissez pas mon caractère; vous auriez dû vous fier à ma parole d'honneur." L.: "Oserais-je vous dire—(or, "permettez que je vous dise")—la verité nette?" B.: "Dites." L.: "Il faut donc que je vous dise, que depuis le moment de l'invasion de l'Espagne il n'y a guère de particulier en Angleterre, qui ne se soit defié de vos engagemens." B.: "J'ai été appelé en Espagne par Charles IV.* pour l'aider contre son fils." L.: "Mais pas, à ce que je crois, pour placer le roi Joseph† sur le trône." B.: "J'avais un

*Charles IV. (1749–1819), born in Naples, succeeded his father Charles III. as King of Spain. He ascended the throne in 1788 and was proclaimed at Madrid in the following year; he was married to his cousin Marie Luisa of Parma. The Queen became infatuated with the Minister Manuel Godoy, who made many efforts to save the life of Louis XVI. of France. War was declared with the French Republic in 1793, and in 1796 against England. When Napoleon became First Consul he intervened in Spanish affairs, pitting the quarrelsome son Ferdinand against his father, and encouraging the former in the idea of succession. In 1808 Charles was dethroned—or rather resigned his crown—and his son was declared King of Spain as Fernando VII. Both father and son resigned their rights to Napoleon in this year, and the French Emperor made his brother Joseph King of Spain. Then the struggle known as the Peninsular War began, and Charles for ever disappeared from the scene, dying in Italy.

†Joseph Bonaparte (1768–1844), the eldest brother of Napoleon, was born in Corsica. He was with his brother at the siege of Toulon; he married Julie Clary, the daughter of a rich merchant of Marseilles. He went

grand système politique, il étoit necessaire d'établir un contre-poids à votre énorme puissance sur mer, et d'ailleurs ce n'est que ce qu'ont fait les Bourbons," or some such words. L.: "Mais il faut avouer, Monsieur le Général, que la France sous votre sceptre étoit beaucoup plus à craindre, que la France telle qu'elle étoit pendant les dernières années du regne de Louis XIV. d'ailleurs elle etoit agrandie." B.: "L'Angleterre de son côté était devenu bien plus puissante," and he instanced in our Colonies and in our Indian acquisitions. L.: "Beaucoup de gens éclairés sont d'avis que l'Angleterre perd plus qu'elle ne gagne à la possession de cette puissance démesurée et lontaine." B.: "Je voulois rajeunir l'Espagne, faire beaucoup de ce que les Cortès ont tenté de faire depuis." I then recalled him to the main question, and reminded him of the character of the transaction by which he had obtained possession of Spain, to which he made no answer, but took another line of argument on the subject of his detention, and said at last: "Eh bien, je me suis trompé; replacez moi à Rochefort," or something to that effect. I cannot recollect at what precise period of the discussion Bonaparte said these words: "Je voulois—(or je pensois)—préparer au Prince Regent l'époque la plus glorieuse de son règne"; but the very words I remember distinctly. I am in the same uncertainty as

through the Italian campaign. In 1797 he went as Ambassador to Rome. In 1806 Napoleon sent his brother with an army into Southern Italy, and made him King of Naples. Very unwillingly he obeyed his brother's decree, which made him in 1808 King of Spain. After being defeated at the battle of Vittoria he handed over the command of the army to Soult and resigned his kingship. In 1814 Napoleon made him lieutenant-governor and commander of the forces in Paris. But Joseph had no qualification for the task, and when Napoleon went to Elba he returned to Switzerland. He returned to Paris during the Hundred Days, but after Napoleon's final abdication he retired to America, making several voyages to Europe during the succeeding years. In 1841 he established himself in Florence, where he died three years later.

to the moment when he said, "Si vous n'aviez d'autre dessein que d'agir selon les régles de la prudence—(or some such words)—pourquoi donc ne pas me tuer? Ç'eut été le plus sûr." He once interrupted me. I was going to say, our conduct was regulated by a necessary policy, but when I had uttered the words "une politique," he cut me short and put in "étroite." He filled up the interval of this little debate with repeated assertions, that the English Government and Nation were disgracing themselves. Such expressions as these: "Non, vous avez flétri le pavillon," "Ce n'est pas en user noblement avec moi," "La posterité vous jugera," were, if one may so say, the burden of his song. There are many other remarkable passages of this conversation which I must set down loosely as they occur to my recollection. I could hardly place them in anything like the real order of their succession, and it is not worth while to attempt it, since nothing would be gained by the arrangement. I asked him his opinion of Mr. Fox.*

*Charles James Fox (1749–1806) was by far the most interesting personality, and with the greatest faculty for seeing clearly, of all the British statesmen of the Napoleonic era. During the years following 1793 he fought bravely against the panic spirit that made war with France inevitable. He had democratic ideals in an age when the tyranny of the Crown and of a wealthy minority reigned supreme. His name was erased from the Privy Council for proposing as a toast "Our Sovereign the People," a toast that had been proposed by the then Duke of Norfolk a few months earlier. In 1802, during the interval of peace, he visited Paris, and had several interviews with Napoleon, then First Consul. Too much has been made of a statement in one of his letters, that he found the First Consul "a young man considerably intoxicated with success." In any case, he was persuaded that Napoleon wished for peace, and in spite of much special pleading on the part of English and French writers to the contrary, by M. P. Coquelle in particular, there cannot be a doubt but that England was responsible for the renewal of war. The most interesting glimpse of Fox that we have from Napoleon's point of view is contained in Las Cases's Journal. It runs as follows:—

"Fox came to France immediately after the Peace of Amiens. He was employed in writing a history of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatical archives. I gave orders that everything should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed

He said: "J'ai connu M. Fox; je l'ai vu aux Tuileries, il n'avoit pas vos prejugés." L.: "M. Fox, Monsieur le Général, étoit zelé citoyen de sa propre patrie; de plus, citoyen du monde." B.: "Il étoit sincére, il vouloit la paix sincerement, et moi je le voulois aussi, sa mort empêcha que la paix ne fut faite; les autres n'etoient pas sincéres." He said, abruptly, some time after we had quitted the subject of the Emperor Alexander, "So you have no great opinion in England of this Emperor Alexander," or something to that effect. I answered *we had not:* that he was, indeed, soft-spoken (*doucereux*), and had flattered some women, but that Englishmen in general thought but meanly of him; that, for my part, I did not see how one could admire a prince who, with all his boasted magnanimity, had yet possessed himself so unworthily of Finland and Poland. I did not clearly make out his answer to this. Shortly after, he enquired whether I had been at Petersburg, and when? I told him, yes, the winter before last, on which he asked whether I had been at Moscow, and, finding I had not, he paused, but soon said, with an abruptness and eagerness rather remarkable, "Au reste, ce n'est pas moi qui'ai brulé Moscou." L.: "I never thought that you had committed such an act of folly as to set fire to your own winter quarters." I then returned to the subject of Petersburg, and told

a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. We often conversed together upon various topics without the least prejudice; when I wished to engage in a little controversy, I turned the conversation upon the subject of the *machine infernale*, and told him that his Ministers had attempted to murder me. He would then oppose my opinion with warmth, and invariably ended the conversation by saying in his bad French, '*First Consul, pray take that out of your head.*' But he was not convinced of the truth of the cause he undertook to advocate, and there is every reason to believe that he argued more in defence of his country than of the morality of its Ministers.

"The Emperor ended the conversation by saying: 'Half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation. . . . With such men I should always have agreed; we should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom most worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together.'"

him that when I was there I found several people who spoke well of him, better, indeed, than I, as an Englishman, liked. He answered: "Eh! pourquoi me hairoient-ils? Je leur ai fait la guerre, voilà tout!" To this I replied that the war was somewhat unprovoked, I thought, or something to that effect; he said: "Je voulois rétablir la Pologne." I let that pass, and took occasion to tell him how much attachment the two Polish officers had shown him. He did not affect much feeling on this, and only said, "It is a brave nation." I told him I had heard great praise of Prince Poniatowski.* Bonaparte said of him that he was "Chevalier, celui là c'étoit le vrai Roi de Pologne." ——— being mentioned, he said he was a traitor. L.: "Vous voulez dire, porteur des deux épaules?" He did not at first understand the meaning of the phrase, which I suppose is not a good French one, but soon elucidated his own meaning, thus: "C'est-à-dire, du parti Russe; c'est ce que nous appellons traitres nous autres Polonois." Lowther told him I had made a speech about Saxony; I acknowledged it, and said I would not disguise my sentiments on the subject from him. That I had witnessed the attachment of the Saxons to their king, and thought they were cruelly used by the Allies, especially since, if I was not mistaken, the battle of Leipsic was decided by the Saxon troops. This he assented to, and told us that on a sudden 25,000 men, and sixty or eighty pieces of cannon, were turned against him; that

* Joseph Anthony Poniatowski (1762–1813), a distinguished Polish prince of the reigning family before the first partition. He was trained in the Austrian army. He fought under Kosciusko when he defended Warsaw, and gained victories over the Russians. He joined Napoleon with a contingent of Poles in the invasion of Russia. He particularly distinguished himself at the Battle of Leipzig, where Napoleon made him a Marshal of France, October 16th, 1813. Covering the French retreat, he was drowned in the Elster, October 19th, 1813. A monument to him has been erected on the banks of that river.

though this was not fatal to him at the moment. he found the day after that it had put out all his calculations, and he was obliged to retreat. I do not remember whether he said anything else about Saxony. Soon after he said that there was an end of Bavaria, the States of the Rhine, etc., and that now "L'Autriche et la Prusse écrasent tout." To this I replied that it might be so, or something like it, but that our interest required rather the aggrandisement of those powers, and the reduction of the others, since France would find it easier to maintain an influence among those petty states than at Vienna or Berlin. He readily admitted that we ought to keep down the French interest, and said several times in the course of the conversation that it was our business to try to reduce the power of France. If my memory does not deceive me, he used some expression like this: "You should keep your eye upon France."

He would not give any opinion whatever of Mr. Pitt,* "He had never known him." I returned to the charge, saying, I meant, what did he think of his political principles? but he would not utter a word on the subject. I think he repeated: "I never was acquainted with him." On my mentioning Mr. Windham,† he enquired whether I meant him who had been Minister of War? and on my answering in the affirmative, he described him as a man of great talents, but who had

* William Pitt (1759–1806). It was, perhaps, rather mean to have tried to draw Napoleon upon the character of his arch-enemy, Pitt; for the second son of the great Earl of Chatham, who was Prime Minister before he was twenty-five, was partially responsible for the curt letter that Grenville sent to Napoleon when the First Consul wrote directly to George III. in 1799. From that day to his death—and his death-blow was the receipt of the news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz—he was untiring in his attempts to unite Europe to withstand the Corsican.

† William Windham (1750–1810), whom Napoleon described as an enemy, was greatly under the influence of Burke in all questions affecting the war with France. He lost his seat for Norwich by his opposition to the Peace of 1802. He, however, obtained his nickname of "Weather-

been *very much his enemy*, or nearly these words. I said Mr. Windham was a *Burkite*, to which he assented, and so we dropped the subject. The Flotilla, he said, had been only a feint. He did intend to have attempted an invasion with his great ships, his "Escadres," from Brest and Ferrol. I forget when it was that he said, shaking his head, and swaggering a little, "Je ne dis pas que ce ne me soit pas passé par le tête de conspirer la perte de l'Angleterre. Eh! pendant vingt années de guerre!" Then, suddenly checking himself, as if he had spoken his mind too freely, "C'est-à-dire, votre perte. Non! mais votre abaissement, je voulois vous forcer à être justes, ou, du moins, moins injustes." He defended his continental system, as though it had been provoked by our Orders in Council. I reminded him that the Berlin and Milan decrees were antecedent to those orders: he said, "But Lord Grey's blockade of the Elbe and Weser had preceded them." I was preparing an answer, I believe, to this, when he gave the discussion another turn by saying that, however, it was all our fault for not having made peace when Lord Lauderdale was at Paris. *That* was prior to the battle of Jena, to which the Berlin and Milan decrees were unquestionably subsequent. Had we made peace then, there would have been no war with Prussia, etc. I asked him what he thought of the Russian admiral Tchitchagof? * He replied that he was a clever fellow,

cock Windham" by his fluctuating views. In 1804, for example, he was supporting Fox against Pitt. His views on Irish politics—he was Chief Secretary in 1783—were in advance of his age, he being in favour of giving Irish posts to Irishmen. He withdrew his opposition to the Union with Ireland, being led into acquiescence by the promise by which the Irish nation was tricked, that Catholic disabilities should be removed immediately afterwards. Windham died a martyr to bibliography. In assisting to save the books of a friend from fire, he suffered internal injuries, from which he died.

* Paul Vasilievtich Tchitchagof, (1767–1849) the Russian admiral, was educated in England. He slowly climbed the ladder of success in the

but not a good general. L.: "But at the passage of the Beresina he had not a sufficient force to stop you;—24,000 men, of whom 8,000 were cavalry, and useless in such a position." He began upon this to describe his operations rather technically, which I, not understanding, took the opportunity of preventing his going on in that strain, and observed to him that Koutousof* had undoubtedly not sent a sufficient force to that point, since Tchitchagof might have been overwhelmed by Schwartzenberg's army alone, if, for reasons best known to himself, Schwartzenberg† had not thought fit to abstain from attacking him. B.: "Ah!" shaking his head, and smiling significantly, "ils s'entendoient déja." Speaking of Belgium he admitted that it was our policy to fortify it, etc.; and when I told him I thought we might perhaps have allowed France the

Russian naval service until Alexander I. appointed him Minister of Marine. In 1812 he had the command of the army of Moldavia, destined to bar the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow; but he was unable to prevent Napoleon from crossing the Beresina. He went into exile, and when the Tsar Nicholas I. ordered all his subjects to return to Russia he did not obey. His estates were then confiscated. He afterwards became naturalised as an Englishman. He died in France. His "Memoirs" were published in Paris and Berlin.

* Michael Laurinovich Golenitcheff Koutousof, Prince of Smolensk (1745–1813), the Russian field-marshal, studied the art of war at Strasburg before entering the Russian artillery. He took part in wars against the Poles and the Turks, and was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople in 1793. He became Military Governor of St. Petersburg, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies in 1812 when Napoleon invaded that country. He was defeated at the Battle of Moskowa, but during the famous retreat from Moscow showed great energy and talent. He died at Bunzlau in Silesia in the following year.

† Charles Philip Schwartzenberg (1771–1820), Austrian field-marshal, was born at Vienna. He distinguished himself first in the war against Turkey, and afterwards against France, particularly at Ulm and Austerlitz; he took part in the Battle of Wagram; negotiated the marriage of Marie Louise with Napoleon, and was made Ambassador to Paris. He commanded the Austrian contingent of Napoleon's great army in the invasion of Russia in 1812. After the defection of Austria in 1814 he commanded the allied army that marched upon Paris.

possession of Belgium if we could have prevented Antwerp from falling into her hands, he said that Antwerp was the port which most threatened England. He considered our present position as a very commanding one. It had, however, its disadvantages, if we were "dans la première ligne de guerre," and entitled to take a leading part in whatever was doing in Europe; on the other hand, not a shot could be fired anywhere that might not give us cause of war, and involve us in a quarrel. It was, I think, in one part of his argument against us for our present treatment of him that I introduced cautiously, and with as much delicacy as I could, the battle of Waterloo; of which I said the issue was (as it might truly be stated without offence to him) three or four times doubtful. I then asked him what he thought of the British infantry. B. (looking more grave and serious than usual): "L'Infanterie Angloise est très bonne." L. (in a subdued tone): "relativement à la Francoise?" B.: "L'Infanterie Francoise est aussi bonne." L.: "à la baionette?" B.: "L'Infanterie Francoise est aussi bonne à la baionette. Beaucoup depend de la conduite." L.: "Le corps de Génie? l'Artillerie?" B.: "Tout cela est bon, très bon!" L.: "C'est à vous, Monsieur le Général, que nous devons nos progrès dans l'art de la guerre." B.: "Eh! on ne peut faire la guerre sans devenir soldat, l'histoire de tous les pays prouve cela." Early in the conversation I had said I hoped he was satisfied with the permission given to so many officers to accompany him to St. Helena. He replied, with a slight shrug, "Three or four of them." St. Helena he called "une isle de fer, d'où il ne seroit pas possible de s'evader," and complained of its climate as unwholesome. I denied the unwholesomeness of the climate, and assured him I knew the contrary, not only from books, but from the report of several people who had

been in the island. When first he mentioned St. Helena, there was a great noise upon deck, and I heard him indistinctly, and thought he was speaking of *England*. This occasioned my saying, "Sir, you must recollect that many of your officers have effected their escape ('se sont évadés'); for instance, Lefebvre-Desnouettes";* but when I found my mistake, I pursued that subject no further, and apologised, I think, for having introduced it.

The state of France, he said, was such as might be expected in a country in which you were attempting "imposer un roi par une force étrangére." The Bourbons, in his opinion, would hardly attempt to revive the slave-trade. It was impolitic, and, besides, "chose très inhumaine." I asked him if he had read Sismondi's Essay?† to which I could not collect his answer. His general reasons against the slave-trade, as a measure of policy, were—that supposing it were advisable to import negroes into the colonies (which, however, he denied), it could only be done at a great expense, and that the moment war broke out, we should probably take the French islands, and that French capital was more wanted now in the interior of the

* Count Charles Lefebvre-Desnouettes (1773–1822). It was doubtless a recollection of this escape, and with a sigh over his own lesser good fortune, that led Napoleon when he dictated his will at St. Helena to leave Lefebvre-Desnouettes 150,000 francs. Lefebvre-Desnouettes was the son of a cloth merchant, born in Paris; he was aide-de-camp to Napoleon at Marengo, distinguished himself in the Spanish War, and was for a short time a prisoner of England, as stated in the text. He accompanied Napoleon to Moscow. He endeavoured without success to assist Napoleon after the escape from Elba. He fought at Waterloo, and was condemned to death by the Bourbon Government; he escaped to the United States, but perished in a storm on his way back to Europe.

† Jean Charles de Sismondi (1773–1842), the famous author of the "Italian Republics," welcomed, with his friend Benjamin Constant, Napoleon's return to constitutional ideals during the Hundred Days. The "Essay" would be "L'Examen de la Constitution Française," published in the *Moniteur* of that period.

kingdom, where it was on all accounts better to employ it. We finished by talking of chemistry, to which we were led by his asserting that France was flourishing, not only in agriculture (which was admitted), but in manufactures (from which I dissented, and instanced Lyons without, however, obtaining any concession from him), and, finally, although her commerce had undoubtedly suffered, her internal resources sufficed, and that chemical discoveries had supplied many things that foreign commerce used to furnish. As, for instance, sugar from beet-root, which, he said, was very good, and sold for fifteen-pence a pound, much cheaper than the foreign, on which he laid a heavy tax that would in time of peace yield a tolerable resource, as the rich would, after all, prefer the true sugar, and he should, in the meantime, be encouraging his home manufactures.

He talked eagerly on this subject, said they were making indigo from woad ("*pastel*"), and that there was an old law of Henry IV. forbidding the importation of indigo, which he either had, or intended to revive. In England, he said we had as much chemistry "à la tête de l'Institut," but that it was not so popularly diffused, or so practically useful, as in France: Sir H. Davy he remembered, but gave no opinion of him. All the time that we were thus conversing he remained standing on the spot where he had first halted with me, near the poop, and facing it. It is obvious that it was his wish to continue the conversation, since there were people enough upon deck, among others, people of his own train, to whom he might have turned aside if he had chosen it. He quitted us at last with great abruptness, looking suddenly up to the sky, and saying, "Il me semble qu'il fait un peu frais," after which he tripped straight off into the cabin on tip-toe with a mincing step and a slight shrug. We stared, and had some difficulty in refraining from laughter.

During the whole of these conversations, which lasted altogether not less than two hours, Bonaparte never appeared for a moment to lose his temper, or to be in any degree indecently, if at all, agitated. His expressions were often strong, but were calmly uttered; his voice was scarcely ever elevated; his countenance composed; and he gesticulated very little indeed, much less than Frenchmen or Italians generally do. In short, there was nothing in his manner that indicated passion or dejection; he seemed to be perfectly collected, and talked as freely upon trifles as upon the greater questions of politics connected with his history or the points that peculiarly related to his present condition. Nay, more, his style was remarkably lively. He always made very pleasant play, and I should imagine it impossible not to admire his quickness, adroitness, and originality, and the excellent command of temper that accompanied these spirited and agreeable qualities. He was, as I suppose I have already sufficiently shown, by no means coarse or uncivil, but, on the other hand, neither did he use much form or ceremony; and I observed that he never once said "Monsieur" to me or "Milord" to Lord Lowther. He gave us no appellation of courtesy whatever.

IV

LETTERS WRITTEN ON BOARD H.M.S. *NORTHUMBERLAND*

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM WARDEN, SURGEON ON BOARD THE *NORTHUMBERLAND* DURING NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA

PREFATORY

WILLIAM WARDEN was the first of the many writers, English and French, who placed on record his impressions of Napoleon in exile. He was a surgeon on board the *Northumberland*, on which vessel he returned to England after the object of the journey was accomplished, and he lost no time in turning to account what he had seen and heard. The "Letters" were published in 1816, and went through sixteen editions in that and the following year. As a consequence of this early publication the book had the advantage of the criticism of its hero, and some of Napoleon's comments upon it will be found reprinted here. It was praised in the *Edinburgh Review* and thoroughly mangled in the *Quarterly*. Napoleon had the book translated to him by his young friend, Miss Betsy Balcombe, who, as Mrs. Abell, afterwards wrote an interesting book that had a great vogue in its day.*

* "Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon," during the first three years of his captivity on the island of St. Helena, including the time of his residence at her father's house, "The Briars," by Mrs. Abell (late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe). London, John Murray, MDCCCXLIV. The second edition of Mrs. Abell's book appeared in 1845, a third in 1853, and a fourth, wrongly called the "third" by the editor, was published in 1873, with a new appendix by Mrs. Abell's daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnstone. From this "Appendix to the Third Edition" as it is called, we learn that Balcombe, who went home for a holiday in 1816, was not allowed to return to St. Helena; that, instead, he was sent out to Australia as Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales, a position which he did not long hold, dying at the early age of 47. Mrs. Abell died in 1871, having in the interval held converse with Joseph Bonaparte about his brother and with Louis Napoleon during the years that he was living in King

Warden's volume gave offence to the party in power by its partisanship of the fallen Emperor, and it was admitted by the Emperor and his friends to contain many inaccuracies. These were largely through the surgeon's inability to speak the French language. He had to rely upon the kind offices of Las Cases and Madame Bertrand, neither of whom was a very proficient English scholar. In spite of this fact, however, the book is a very valuable record, and is not in the main disturbed by the many adverse criticisms of it that appeared. Warden's book is a collection of letters, and their good faith is proved from the fact that they were written to the lady who afterwards became his wife. "My dear ———" should in all cases read, "My dear Miss Hutt." Warden married Miss Hutt in 1817, and their son, George Cockburn Warden, placed at my disposal some of the original letters, and a fragment of diary which tells the story less discreetly. This diary was written on the official paper supplied by the Government to any doctor in the Service. A facsimile of one of the pages is printed in this volume. Lord Rosebery's criticism of Warden's book is referred to in my Introduction.

The author of the "Letters," William Warden, was born at Alyth, Forfarshire, on May 1st, 1777. His family were Jacobites, out in the rising of 1745. His

Street, St. James's. Louis Napoleon constantly discoursed with her about Napoleon, and frequently questioned her as to his likeness to the exile of St. Helena. Mrs. Abell was reluctantly compelled to admit that there was no resemblance, which disappointed Louis greatly. Finally she conceded that there was some resemblance in the hair. As it is extremely improbable that Louis Napoleon was in any way related to his supposed uncle, Mrs. Abell may well have been embarrassed. Louis Napoleon, when Emperor, did more than one kindness to the girl-comrade of Napoleon the Great; he gave an appointment to a friend of hers, and granted her land in Algiers. At her death he wrote to her daughter—from Chislehurst—a courteous letter of sympathy.

mother, whose maiden name was Barrow, was born at Kirriemuir just after Prince Charles Edward had passed through the town, and after him she was christened "Charles Edward," changed in later years to Charlotte. Educated at the parish school at Alyth, young Warden received his medical training at Montrose. Here he was a fellow pupil with Joseph Hume, a surgeon in the East India Company's service, to become famous in Parliament as a financial reformer. Warden received the degree of M.A. and M.D. at St. Andrews in 1811,* but then he had long been in the naval service, having entered as surgeon's mate in 1795 at the age of seventeen, when he joined H.M.S. *Melpomene*. He held this office over two years. Later the *Melpomene* took part in the Mutiny of the Nore. Such was the popularity of Warden among the sailors of the *Melpomene*, his son tells us,† that they made it one of their conditions of a return to obedience that the surgeon of the ship should be sent on shore, and the "little doctor," as they called young Warden, made surgeon in his place. His captain advised him not to accept promotion obtained in this way, which would have put a black mark against his name, and he declined. Promotion, however, was not long delayed, and in 1798—before he was twenty-one years old—he was made full surgeon.

Dr. Warden served all through the Great War. He was present at Copenhagen in the *Alcmene* in 1801, and again was surgeon of the *Phœnix* in the memorable action with the French frigate *Didon*, described by one naval historian as "the hardest fought action of the whole French War,"‡ and here, although he was a non-

* Also a degree from the University of Edinburgh in 1827.

† It is to a memorandum by George Cockburn Warden that I am indebted for the above facts.

‡ James's "Naval History," 1860.

combatant, he was severely wounded. He was rewarded for his services by a grant from the Patriotic Fund, and became a pensioner of Greenwich until able to resume active duty.

When war broke out with the United States of America in 1812 Warden accompanied Rear-Admiral Cockburn, and was with the joint naval and military forces which entered Washington in 1813. Upon the return in triumph to England of Admiral Cockburn in 1815, that officer received a K.C.B. and the command of the *Northumberland*, with orders to convey Napoleon to St. Helena. It was natural that Cockburn, who seems to have retained a permanent friendship for Warden, should nominate him as the ship's surgeon. Here I will let his son and daughter, George Cockburn Warden and Catherine Warden, speak for themselves, a memorandum in their handwriting having been placed in my hands :—

Doctor Warden's "Letters from St. Helena" was the outcome of that memorable voyage, and of his nine months' sojourn at St. Helena. The letters were addressed to his future wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Hutt, of Appley, Isle of Wight, and niece of Captain John Hutt, R.N., who was mortally wounded when in command of H.M.S. *Queen*, in Lord Howe's action of the First of June, 1794, and whose services are commemorated by a public monument in Westminster Abbey.

These letters excited great interest in the family, and on Doctor Warden's return he was strongly advised to publish them, which was done through Ackerman, one of the first publishers of the day. The book came out in 1816, and made an extraordinary sensation in the world of literature and politics. The newspapers and reviews abused the author in every possible way, and political feeling ran so high against all and any defenders of Bonaparte, that the Government was actually induced to remove Doctor Warden's name from the Navy List.

The "Letters" ran through a great many editions in an incredibly short time, and everybody read them from the Prince Regent downwards. Later, Doctor Warden was re-instated in the Service, and

was for many years senior surgeon of the Navy. He held long appointments as surgeon, successively at Sheerness, and Chatham Dockyards; he was a recipient of the war medal with ribband and three clasps.

When about to leave St. Helena Doctor Warden received a variety of gifts from Napoleon, and members of his suite, as mementos of personal regard.

Doctor Warden was a very enlightened medical man, far in advance of his time. As an illustration of his professional acumen it may be mentioned that at the first outbreak of cholera in England in 1832, some of the earliest cases came under his official observation as Principal Medical Officer at the Isle of Sheppey, and he then laid it down as an axiom, that, contrary to the then almost universal opinion, cholera was not in the slightest degree infectious, but that it was highly contagious, since proved to be the case.

Doctor Warden would have done far better for himself if, at the time of his official disfavour, he had accepted the position and started as a medical man in London, in private practice; then his social gifts, in addition to his medical skill, would have soon given him both wealth and influence. He was a great favourite at Holland House, and in many other places, and wherever he went afterwards in London he was eagerly sought after by distinguished people.

He was a born raconteur with both humour and pathos, and if persuaded to speak of Napoleon to a few interested listeners, even in a ball-room, the circle would gradually widen till it included half the dancers; and this many years after the death of Napoleon.

Doctor Warden died April 23rd, 1849, at Chatham Dockyard at the age of 72, and was buried in Brompton Churchyard.

Mr. Cockburn Warden, the writer of the above, was named after the Admiral, who, in conjunction with Captain Ross, had the task of conveying Napoleon to St. Helena. It is something in Cockburn's favour that Warden's obvious sympathy with Napoleon, although not shared by him, did not prevent a continuance of kindly feeling towards the doctor. As we have seen, Warden lost his position on account of the publication of his book, so strongly did the Tory Government of the day resent the publication of anything at all favourable to the Emperor. But Cockburn

would seem to have remained his friend. Here, for example, is an interesting letter from the Admiral to "Dear Warden," written from Cavendish Square and dated January 15th, 1817 :—

You will probably have learnt from the newspapers that what I so much dreaded when I last wrote to you, has occurred—I lost my poor suffering baby on *Friday night*. Of course the feeling and obliging offer contained in your letter of the 10th arrived too late, and therefore it now only remains for me to thank you for it, which I assure you I do very sincerely—had you been in town I should certainly most eagerly availed myself of your kindness in an earlier stage of my child's illness, *not* in consequence of my doubting in the slightest degree the very high professional skill of Sir William Knighton, but because in addition to the confidence I have in your medical ability I know the *constant* personal attendance you would have so readily given to my poor child, and I cannot help feeling (and more particularly from what I have recently witnessed) that a medical person of sufficient ability to judge of, and sufficient confidence in himself to act determinedly *at the moment* of every varying symptom, being continually at hand to watch and take advantage of such temporary changes, must certainly afford a patient and particularly a child, a far better chance of being saved from any severe disorder than the *periodical* visits of our physician's between which they are never to be found, being (at least those in vogue) seldom or never in their houses when they are wanted, Sir William latterly came to us *four* times a day, that is in the twenty-four hours, but still this does not come up to my idea of the solicitude and the advantages of a medical friend chancing to be on the spot, not otherwise medically engaged nor forced to be away for long periods, and I think you must agree with me in my ideas upon this subject.

In consequence of what you have mentioned in your letter respecting your wish to visit Scotland I enclose you a letter from Sir E. Thornborough, which you will use or not as may appear to you best.

It was not until 1817 that Warden married the lady to whom his once famous "Letters" were addressed. The enclosed notes from Sir George Cockburn of later dates, which came to me in the hitherto unpublished Warden Papers, speak for themselves :—

LONDON, *October* 23, 1824.
DR. WARDEN, M.D.,
H.M. Ship *Atholl*,
Portsmouth.

ADMIRALTY, October 23, 1824.

DEAR DR. WARDEN,—

I congratulate Mrs. Warden and you on the birth of your son, and I hope both mother and child are doing well.

You have my ready assent to christen him after me in conformity to your wishes, and I feel that I do not run much risk (brought up as I am sure he will be) in offering to answer for his sins till he is of age to answer for himself.

Believe me,
Your very faithful servant,
(*Signed*) G. COCKBURN.

I will do what I can with Lord Melville regarding the acting appointment to the Marines, when his Lordship returns from Scotland.

HIGH BEECH,
WALTHAM ABBEY.
July 22, 1827.

DEAR DR. WARDEN,—

I return herewith the documents you enclosed to me, which it is right you should preserve, they being so truly creditable to you, and I have much pleasure in informing you that I have just received a letter from H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral complying with my request for your being appointed to succeed Mr. Hutchison at Sheerness Dockyard. I shall be in town on Tuesday next, when I shall take the necessary steps regarding your appointment, and if not inconvenient to you I should wish to see you at the Admiralty on Wednesday morning about twelve o'clock.

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Your very faithful servant,
(*Signed*) G. COCKBURN.

DR. WARDEN, M.D.
H.M. Hos. Ship *Argonaut*.

Here is a letter from Warden that has some bearing upon the subject in hand. The first page of the manuscript is lost :—

. . . . sick from the motion of the ship. The innumerable interesting anecdotes which we have so well authenticated here will help to

enliven many an afternoon at Appley. *I mean to talk a great deal when I return*, therefore don't be surprised at the assurance I may be possessed of. It was your wish that Bony would teach me to talk, you said it had that effect on Captain Ussher. We have had all the campaigns talked over, the Russian invasion, the Peninsular War, and what is more his intended invasion of England in 1805. He speaks freely regarding the battle of Waterloo, and heroically pronounces that he ought to have died on the memorable day he entered Moscow. Since then he confesses his sun has been on the decline. I was anxious to know his sentiments respecting Mr. Whitbread, and I asked Bertrand if Napoleon was acquainted with that character. Yes, an enlightened and independent Englishman, the opposer of ministers. How unfortunate (he continued) was it for Napoleon that his destiny should at the moment he threw himself on the mercy of England be deprived of a man who might and would have advocated his cause in the House of Commons.

I set Bertrand to rights by telling him we had no House sitting at the time, and ministers took care to dispose of Bony before they could have assembled. I am half inclined to think Napoleon's mad ambition would have subsided had he become a citizen of England. Bonaparte confesses he knew very little of the English character, and his friends while he was in power took care to keep him ignorant of it. The officers of this ship pay him no more respect than a private gentleman. His own staff approach him still as a monarch, and he stands as *dignifyably stiff* as if he still inhabited St. Cloud. He surprises me on permitting his fellow exiles to stand so long uncovered before him; you would think from that there was a latent spark remaining. He speaks with respect of Captain Ussher, so does Bertrand, and according to the Captain's request I have this day written a short letter to tell him the little I know. We are sad infidels on board the *Northumberland*. We begin to discover or to imagine Bonaparte less clever than the world gives him credit for. Would you not question his courage when you know not a hair of his head was touched, or an individual of his staff was killed or wounded at Waterloo? Bony has been ever famed for fighting his battles on auspicious days. He is certainly superstitious to a degree—on the 15th, his birthday, as is his custom, he played cards and endeavoured by every means in his power to lose his napoleons, but the run was uniformly in his favour, and at the close of the game he was 80 napoleons in pocket.

Madame Bertrand tells me Marie Louise was very fond of Napoleon, and as a proof asserts she was extremely jealous of the Emperor—and I am told not without cause. I cannot say Bony is handsome

although I think him a good-looking man, perhaps in appearance forty-two. We have been egregiously in error regarding his size. There is a taylor who keeps a shop opposite or nearly so of the Beagle Inn, Napoleon is much the size of that man. I need not go farther than our friend Captain Shepherd to give you Bertrand *a propria persona*. Madame is taller and thinner than any of my acquaintance, and Madame Montholon is eternally sick. Their two maids are frightful. Deuce take me if I would reside in the island of St. Helena with this gang if they would make me bishop of St. Asaph. They have got a volunteer, and I heartily rejoice at it. He is not looked upon here so favourably as he deserves, for he has refused every emolument from Bonaparte, desiring a salary from his own government. As I suspected I cannot call to my recollection the likeness on Captain Ussher's box—when I return I shall be able to form a perfect judgment. Young Las Cases sketched the exact dress he wore when he came on board. The face is too old and fixed. Yet Bony has the most inflexible face I ever beheld—He has no grimace in talking—The sound of his voice is not musical. He uses his right forearm when in earnest conversation, an action of the hand in the elucidation of his subject.

He is handled very unceremoniously here. The subject of Captain Wright has been on the carpet, (also) the Duke of Enghien, and I think it was sounding him pretty deeply when he entered on an explanation of his intended invasion of England. You have no idea how determined Bonaparte was, he said he might have failed, in fact he thought it probable he might never return, yet with 200,000 effective men, himself as their head, he proposed passing through Chatham to the city. It was observed: "your transports would have been sunk by tens." "Yes, yes," he replied, "with a ship of this description, but I calculated on leading every English man of war from the Channel."

Villeneuve with the fleets of France and Spain was directed to draw Lord Nelson out to Martinique. The French were then to elude him and dash back into the English Channel—and you know thirty-six ships of the line (are) no trifling armament. God knows what might have been the result. However, Sir R. Calder, as your father will remember, met them returning, and Villeneuve, after that action, retired to Cadiz, positively contrary to Napoleon's peremptory command. Napoleon, when relating this said in a *Pet*, "Why, he might as well have gone to India." This man afterwards fought the battle of Trafalgar, and returned to France either to cut his own throat or have the deed done for him, Napoleon does not tell particulars. The armament on the coast broke up immediately after and went

into Germany. Had this come from any other living being I should have questioned the truth.

The wind is now light and favourable, but the heat is oppressive: I feel miserable in my dreadful den below.

We are all in excellent spirits at the prospect of an early return to England. My myrtles withered before my eyes lost sight of the island—changeable, inconstant, feeble things, I threw them overboard. The everlastings, oh, they are safe, and should I go to Madras I shall carry them there. They must be my companions while I continue in the torrid zone, for there there is a woeful lack of flowers. I am sure I have wearied you out of all patience. I am just going to dress to dine with Bony.

Pray offer my respectful compliments to Captain Hall, and my love to every person else—don't forget Ann, Jenny and Kate—such impudence. George must by this time have got on his legs, don't let him forget me. I think Ben and Will would be unwilling to do so. If I don't get too much champagne to-day I may write a few lines to Mistress Sheppard—I never can be ungrateful.

A vessel must soon leave England with a governor, perhaps Sir H. Lowe, then there will be an opportunity of writing and a fifty-gun ship will soon follow purposely to relieve the *Northumberland*.

May you yourself be as happy as I wish you is the earnest prayer of

My dear Madame,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WARDEN.

11 o'clock.—I cannot avoid opening my letter to say how very marked Napoleon was in his attention to me this afternoon. I know not the reason farther than perhaps some civil things said by Sir George Cockburn.—Napoleon shall not fascinate me.

Then there is this final letter, unhappily the only other letter in the Warden Papers. It is written to Miss Hutt at Appley, Ryde, I.W. This letter has points in common with one in the book, but I should imagine that the repetition is due to that letter having been written to another member of the family:—

Northumberland.

ST. HELENA,

March 17, 1816.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of my dear Miss Hutt's letter of the 13th of November, which reached me on Sunday last

by the *Julia ;* there appeared to me a study'd coldness in the language. The effect of which on my spirits, was such as to require no great show of discernment in judging.

The intercourse with the French personages in this island has of late become extremely difficult, however my professional duty gave me ready access, and I believe I am the only officer who has been honoured with an invitation from Napoleon for the last month. I dined by his particular desire with him on Saturday last. I was received by General Montholon in full dress, ushered into the presence in state. God help me, I took matters very easy, and march'd up to Napoleon without ceremony prior to dinner being announced. Montholon whispered me to take my seat between the *Emperor* and the Grand Marechale. Will you believe it, yes it is true, that I have ten times been more embarrassed in sitting down to a dinner at Appley than in the presence of these *august personages.* We were served first off gold, second silver, and last came his superb and costly set of porcelain. I scarcely think I eat a mouthful so completely and perhaps unkindly did Napoleon tease me with questions. He was in excellent spirits. The subject Physic—and I endeavoured to stand my ground manfully. He has an aversion to medicine, and he asserted mercury in place of being salutary was a poison. From this he got to reason on when life commenced, and at what period it terminated. The certain signs of death. When the soul took its departure, and whether coeval with life it became united, attached or encorporated with our frame. My answer you shall hear when we meet. We play'd whist during the evening, and separated at 11, by Napoleon taking a leave.

The Cossack bully, General Gourgaud, has had a hairbreadth escape from dysentery. My dear Miss Hutt, had you only witnessed this bravo on a bed of sickness. His countenance strongly pourtrayed the working of his soul. On Monday he perfectly resigned himself to despair. At midnight an unfortunate black beetle got inside the bed curtains. He woke with a furious yell, as the divil had come to hasten his departure. The most soothing language could scarce restore him to reason, untill the unhappy black divil was seized and *sabered.* This man was yesterday convalescent. He objected with his master to mercury which by various stratagems we contrived to administer—notwithstanding an accusation of intending to poison him. His gratitude is just as fawning as his fears made him ungovernably insolent. Calomel now stands in as favourable a light as the bleeding system did on our passage out. I had occasion to go up to Longwood about four o'clock on the day the December

letters and papers arrived. Napoleon knew of my intended visit, and he asked several times if I had arrived. He went into Gourgaud's room and desired Warden as he familiar(ly) stiled me to be sent for. I knew the subject was more Continental news than unhappy Gourgaud. If you had read the paper. "Yes," "news from Europe," "Yes," "tell me all." As I was relating events of Ney Bony made an attempt to justify his conduct to the French nation. He got closer and closer till I found it necessary to step back. I minced not the matter. When I finished I said, "This day brought me a letter from Captain Ussher." "And what does he say?" "Oh, Captain Ussher reads the *Morning Chronicle*, and from that paper he has described how little tranquil France appeared to be." Bony smiled. I told him the Captain seem'd to abandon the idea of visiting France. He thinks Ussher under a cloud, but I have endeavoured to disperse that as an idea without foundation.

My friend Bertrand wins on every person's opinion. He certainly is an honest man, the kindest friend and the best of masters. Such a father and such a husband will seldom be found. Napoleon can read an English paper. This he has acquired since he arrived here. He speaks a few words of English, but in his conversation not a syllable escapes him. He will not listen to bad French, but has every sentence translated or interpreted by Las Cases—and that as quick as lightning. Nothing can divert him from his purpose till he has gained the information he requires.

You say I shall become an inmate amongst them. No, no, never! But, indeed and indeed, I have a fair opportunity for I know I am not a little in favour. You are tired of this nonsense. To whose ear would I commit it but yours? I think you have friendship enough to make these little anecdotes less tiresome than they otherwise would be. I see no chance of returning soon.

Adieu,

From Yours,

WILLIAM WARDEN.

Unless the Admiral has permission to return to England I fear I shall have no chance of getting home in the *Northumberland*. Were I to tell you how conspicuous I have become amongst the natives in my professional avocations you would declare it sheer vanity, therefore I must leave it to others. The hospital was to have been mine and the gents of the island flatter me with an additional thousand a year if I would only commence practice.

If any person else than the best of friends were to read this trash I have been uttering I should bite my fingers off.

Finally there is, to round off the correspondence, a letter from Count Bertrand to Dr. Warden :—

To MR. WARDEN, Surgeon, Royal Navy, Gosport, Portsmouth.

LONDRES,

1re *Octobre*, 1821.

Je me veux point quitter Londres, mon-cher Warden, sans vous envoyer un petit bonjour.

La lettre que m'ecrivait M. Duthon et à laquelle etait point un billet de vous m'a été apporté à 9 heures du soir. J'etais deshabillé, ma femme souffrante. Je priais le porteur de la lettre de repasser le lendemain matin; mais il me fit dire qu'il partait à 8 heures du matin. Je regrette de n'avoir pas le voir, si c'etait M. Duthon.

J'éspère que vous vous porter bien, aussi que votre femme et votre petite famille. Je veurrai toujours de vos nouvelles avec plaisir et je désire beaucoup que vos affaires s'arrangent à votre satisfaction.

Ma femme s'est mal trouvée du climat de 'L'Angleterre, peutetre celui de France lui fera du bien. Je vous prie de me rappeler un souvenir du Capt. Ross et de M. Glover, et d'agréer l'assurance de mon sentiment affectueux. CH. BERTRAND.

Las Cases records in his diary under date May 13, 1816, that :—

Dr. Warden and two other medical gentlemen, came to hold a consultation on my son, whose indisposition alarmed me.

The Emperor, at my request, consented to receive Dr. Warden, our old acquaintance of the *Northumberland*. He conversed for upwards of two hours, familiarly taking a review of these acts of his government which had drawn upon him the greatest share of enmity, falsehood, and calumny. As the Doctor afterwards observed to me, nothing could be more correct, clear, curious and satisfactory, than these details.

And on the 19th of May Las Cases informs us that he conversed "for several hours with Doctor Warden, whom I furnished with some explanations on historical facts relating to the Emperor, about which I supposed he intended to write." Here Las Cases has a footnote, in which he says :—

I was sorry to find on perusing the Doctor's work, that he had totally neglected the observations and corrections with which I furnished

him; and has strangely misrepresented the particulars which I communicated to him.

Napoleon's views of the book are thus expressed by Dr. O'Meara in "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena."

5th.—The *Tortoise* store-ship, Captain Cook, arrived direct from England, which she had left on the 18th of December, 1816. Went to town, and learned that Warden had published a book about Napoleon which had excited considerable interest, and was supposed to have produced a favourable impression towards him. Received some newspapers containing extracts from the work.

On my return to Longwood I found Napoleon in quite different spirits from yesterday. He was reclining on his sofa, in a very pensive attitude, his head resting upon one of his hands, and apparently melancholy. His morning gown was on, a madras round his head, and his beard unshaved. In rather a desponding manner, he asked me: "What news?" and if the ship had arrived from England? I replied that she had arrived direct from that country. After having related something of what I heard, and conceived to be most interesting, I mentioned that a book had been published respecting him, by Warden, which had excited great interest. At the name of Warden he raised his head and said: "What, Warden of the *Northumberland?*" I replied in the affirmative. "What is the nature of the work? Is it for or against me? Is it well written? What is the subject?" I replied that it was a description of what had passed on board of the *Northumberland* and here, that it was in his favour, and contained many curious statements, and also refutations of some accusations that had been made against him, an explanation about the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, and that it was well written, etc. "Have you seen it?" I replied "NO." "Then how do you know that it is in my favour, or that it is well written?" I replied that I had seen some extracts from it in the newspapers, which I gave to him. He sat down to read the papers, asked the explanation of a few passages, said they were true, inquired what Warden had said of the affair of the Duke d'Enghien? I replied that he asserted that Talleyrand had detained a letter from the Duke for a considerable time after his execution, and that he had attributed his death to Talleyrand. "Di questo non c'e dubbio" (of this there is no doubt), replied Napoleon.

Napoleon then asked how the work had been received in England? I replied, "I had heard that it had succeeded very well." He asked "Whether the ministers were pleased with it." I answered "that

they had not as yet shown any displeasure, as Warden had been recently appointed to a ship." "I suppose," said Napoleon, "that he has arranged it so as to please the ministers?" I replied that from what I had been able to learn, he had endeavoured to state the truth.

6th.—Some French newspapers sent up to Napoleon by the admiral through the governor. Napoleon very anxious to hear some further intelligence of Marie Louise. The circumstance, he observed yesterday, appeared to have excited some apprehensions for her safety in his mind, which was not much relieved when he perceived that only broken numbers of the newspapers had been sent up by the governor. On coming afterwards to an article in the French papers, which stated that the project for supplying Paris with water by an English company had been abandoned, he called out to me; "Have I not told you so, and that the people would not suffer for it?" Informed him that the governor had sent up Mr. Warden's book to me with instructions to deliver it to him. He looked at the fac-simile of his own handwriting and laughed heartily.

10th.—Napoleon in good spirits. Had some conversation relative to Warden's book. I asked him about that part which treats of the governor's physiognomy; and Warden's reply, that he liked Lady Lowe's better. He laughed and replied, "as well as I recollect, it is true. But I said much worse than what Warden has stated there, which I believe is to be found in Las Cases' Journal, where the governor must have seen my remarks."

I then asked his opinion of Warden's book. He replied, "the foundation of it is true, but he has badly understood what was said to him, as in the work there are many mistakes which must have arisen from bad explanation; Warden does not understand French. He has acted wrong in making me speak in the manner he has done. For, instead of having stated that it had been conveyed through an interpreter, he puts down almost everything, as if I had been speaking to him all the time, and as if he could have understood me; consequently he has put into my mouth expressions unworthy of me, and not in my style. Any person who knows me, will readily see that it is not my style. In fact, most of what he has received through interpretation, and that composes a large portion of the work, is more or less incorrect. He has said that Massena had stormed the village of Esling thirteen times, which, if the work is translated into French, will make every French officer acquainted with the battle laugh, as Massena was not at that particular spot during the whole of the

action. What he says about the prisoners that had been made at Jaffa is also incorrect, as they were marched on twelve leagues in the direction of Bagdad and not to Nazareth. They were Maugrabins from near Algiers, and not natives of the country that he mentions: he is incorrect in stating that I proposed to give the sick opium; I did not propose it. It was first made by one of the medical officers. He is wrong in the explanation which he has given of the reason why I wished Wright to live. My principal reason was, to be able to prove, as I told you before, by Wright's evidence, that . . . . had caused assassins, hired by the Count d' . . . . to be landed in France, to murder me. This I thought I should have effected by Wright's own evidence at a trial in presence of the ambassadors of the powers in friendship with me."

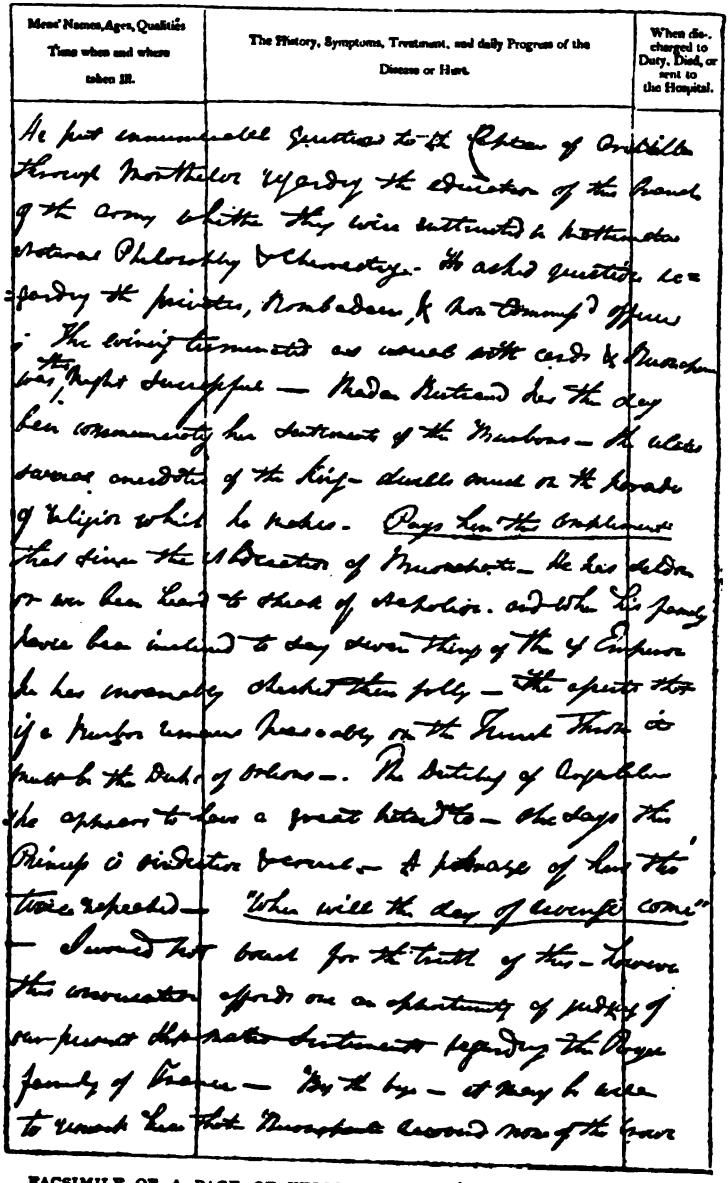
20th.—Saw Napoleon in his bed-room in his morning gown. He spoke at length about some statements in Warden's book. "At one time I had appointed Talleyrand," said he, "to proceed on a mission to Warsaw, in order to arrange and organise the best method of accomplishing the separation of Poland from Russia. He had several conferences with me respecting this mission, which was a great surprise to the ministers, as Talleyrand had no official character at the time. Having married one of his relations to the Duchess of Courland, Talleyrand was very anxious to receive the appointment, that he might revive the claims of the Duchess's family. However, some money transactions of his were discovered at Vienna, which convinced me that he was carrying on his old game of corruption, and determined me not to employ him on the intended mission. I had designed at one time to have made him a cardinal, with which he refused to comply. Madame Grant threw herself twice upon her knees before me, in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the entreaties of Josephine, she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court, when I discovered the Genoa affair, of which I told you before. Latterly," continued he, "Talleyrand sunk into contempt."

"The doctor has given a very imperfect account of the part taken by Captain Wright in the conspiracy against me. On different nights of August, September, and December, 1803, and January, 1804, Wright landed Georges, Pichegru, Rivière, Coster, St. Victor, La Haye, St. Hilaire, and others, at Beville. The four last named had been accomplices in the former attempt to assassinate me by means of the infernal machine, and most of the rest were well known to be

chiefs of the Chouans. They remained during the day in a little farmhouse near to where they had landed, the proprietor of which had been bribed to assist them. They travelled only by night, pretending to be smugglers, concealing themselves in the day-time in lodgings which had been previously procured for them. They had plenty of money, and remained at Paris for some time without being discovered, although the police had some intimation that a plot was going on, through Mehée de la Touche, who although paid as a spy by your ministers, disclosed everything to the French police. He had several conferences with Drake, your chargé d'affaires at Munich, from whom he received large sums of money. Some of the brigands who had been landed were arrested and interrogated. By their answers it appeared that a man named Mussey, who lived at Offenbourg, along with the Duke d'Enghien, was very active in corresponding with and sending money to those who had been secretly landed on the coasts, and most of whom could give no good reason why they had ventured to return to Paris at the imminent hazard of their lives, as they had not been included in the amnesty. The list of the prisoners and their answers on examination were submitted to me. I was very anxious, and on looking over it one night, I remarked that one of the number named Querel, was stated to be a surgeon. It immediately struck me that this man was not actuated by enthusiasm, or by a spirit of party, but by the hope of gain. He will, therefore, be more likely to confess than any of the others, and the fear of death will probably induce him to betray his accomplices. I ordered him to be tried as a Chouan ; and according to the laws, he was condemned to death. It was not a mock trial, as Warden thought: on the contrary, while leading to execution, he demanded to be heard, and promised to make important disclosures. Information of this was brought to me by Lauriston, and Querel was conducted back to prison, where he was interrogated by the grand judge Réal. He confessed that he had come from England, and had been landed in August, 1803, from Wright's ship, along with Georges and several others. That Georges was then in Paris, planning the assassination of the first consul. He also pointed out the houses where the other conspirators and himself had stopped on their way to Paris. Police officers were immediately sent to the place he had designated, and from the result of their inquiries it appeared that he had told the truth, and that since the time he had described, two other landings of similar gentry had been effected by Wright, with the last of whom there had been some person of consequence whose name they could not discover, and that they soon expected another cargo. The Duke

of Rovigo, as I told you once before, was immediately sent to Beville with a party of the police, in the hope of being able to seize them. An emigrant, named Bouvet de Lozier, who has since been employed at the Isle of France, was also arrested. After he had been confined for some weeks he became desperate, and hung himself in the prison one morning. The gaoler, who heard an uncommon noise in his room, went in and cut him down before life had departed. While he was recovering his senses he burst out into incoherent exclamations, that Moreau had brought Pichegru from London. That he was a traitor, and had persuaded them that all the army were for him, and that he would prove the cause of their destruction. Those expressions excited an alarm. The police knew that a brother of Pichegru's who had been once a monk, lived in Paris. He was arrested and examined. He avowed that he had seen his brother a day or two before, and asked if it were a crime? Moreau was immediately arrested, and large rewards were offered by the police for the apprehension of Georges and Pichegru. Pichegru was betrayed by one of his old friends, who came to the police and offered to deliver him into their hands for a hundred thousand francs paid on the spot. Georges still continuéd to elude the vigilance of the police. I proclaimed the city of Paris to be in a state of siege, and no person was allowed to quit it unless by day, and through certain barriers, where were stationed people to whom the persons of the conspirators were familiar. About three weeks afterwards, Georges was betrayed and taken, after having shot one of the men who tried to arrest him. All his accomplices were subsequently taken. Pichegru did not deny having been employed by the Bourbons, and behaved with great audacity. Afterwards finding his case desperate, he strangled himself in the prison. The rest of the conspirators were publicly tried in the month of May, before the tribunal of the department of the Seine, and in the presence of all the foreign ambassadors in Paris. Georges, Polignac, Rivière, Coster, and sixteen or seventeen others were found guilty of having conspired against the life of the chief magistrate of the French nation, and condemned to death. Georges, Coster, and seven or eight more were executed. Rivière was pardoned, partly by the prayers of Murat. I pardoned some of the others also. Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was commuted into banishment to America. Jules de Polignac, confidant of the Count d'Artois, and many others, were also condemned to imprisonment."

23rd.—Napoleon then asked several questions about the governor. I said that Sir Hudson had desired me to say, a few days ago, that



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF WILLIAM WARDEN'S DIARY WRITTEN ON GOVERNMENT PAPER.—(*See* pp. 174–5.)

he had every wish to accommodate, and that he thought that Las Cases, Warden, and Mrs. Skelton, and some others, had been the means of producing much ill-blood, and a great deal of misunderstanding. Napoleon replied: "S'inganna (he is deceived). In the first place, it was the badness of his physiognomy (era sua cattiva faccia); next his wanting to force me to receive the visit of an officer twice in the twenty-four hours, then the letter to Bertrand, his wishing that I should send you away, and to give me a surgeon of his own choice, the manner in which he spoke to me about the wooden house, his letters full of softness, accompanying the train of vexations which followed, and his always leaving something doubtful which he could afterwards interpret as best suited his views. In fact, he wanted, by showing that he could render things disagreeable, to compel us to bend, and submissively demand pardon of him, go to Plantation House, and be his very humble servants."

"It appears that Warden has been informed," added Napoleon, "that I applied some lines of Shakspere to Madame Montholon. You well know that I could not then, nor can I now, quote English verse, nor have I ever intended to convey a reflection on Madame Montholon. On the contrary, I think that she possesses more firmness and caractère than most of her sex."

In 1817 there appeared in London a little volume entitled:—

Letters from the Cape of Good Hope in reply to Mr. William Warden, with extracts from the great work now compiling for publication under the inspection of Napoleon. London: Printed for James Ridgway, Piccadilly.

This book was promptly reviewed, with characteristic savagery, by the *Quarterly Review*, which attributed it to Las Cases. It is assigned to O'Meara by his biographer in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and to Napoleon himself by Lord Rosebery in the "Last Phase." Lord Rosebery bases his assumption of authorship upon the fact that the "Letters from the Cape" is "considered by the official editors of Napoleon's correspondence to be his composition, and they print it among his works." I should imagine that Las Cases was the author, and that Napoleon revised the work.

The "Letters from the Cape" are addressed to "Dear Lady C.," this being Lady Clavering, a Frenchwoman who had married an English baronet. Should "Napoleon's Fellow Travellers" receive sufficient encouragement I hope to reprint the "Letters from the Cape" in another volume.

Warden's book appeared in 1816 with the following title page:—

LETTERS WRITTEN ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE *NORTHUMBERLAND* AND AT ST. HELENA IN WHICH THE CONDUCT AND CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, AND HIS SUITE DURING THE VOYAGE, AND THE FIRST MONTHS OF HIS RESIDENCE IN THAT ISLAND, ARE FAITHFULLY DESCRIBED AND RELATED. BY WILLIAM WARDEN, SURGEON ON BOARD THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*. Non ego, sed Democritus dixit. London: Published for the Author, By R. Ackermann, No. 101, Strand, and to be had of All Booksellers in the United Kingdom. Printed by J. Diggens, St. Ann's Lane. 1816.

It was currently reported at the time that Warden employed Dr. Combe to polish his letters to Miss Hutt. The manuscript of the diary that lies before me, of which one page is given in facsimile, gives the lie to that report, and, indeed, it thoroughly disposes of the contention of the *Quarterly Review* that the letters were not genuine. That they are extremely interesting will scarcely be denied.

INTRODUCTION

HAVING sailed in my professional character on board the ship which carried Napoleon Buonaparte to St. Helena, and having also remained several months on the Island,* the enquiries concerning him on my return to England were so repeated, that I may be said to have been in a state of persecution from the curiosity which prevails respecting that extraordinary character. Circumstances, connected with my profession, gave me frequent opportunities of conversing with him; and with the principal persons of his suite, I may be said, particularly during the voyage, to have lived in rather intimate society.

The subjects of various conversations with him, and with them, I committed to my Journal, from whose pages the following Letters were formed, with such additions as might occur to my recollection at the time they were written. No idea, however, could be more remote from my mind, than that they would extend beyond the circle for whose gratification they were composed. But a wish for their publication seemed to meet me wherever I went; the most minute circumstance respecting the present point of Napoleon's career, appeared to excite an extraordinary interest, and I have yielded, rather reluctantly, to become an Author, from persuasions I scarce knew how to resist; and to which, I had some reasons to suspect, resistance

* The *Northumberland* reached St. Helena on October 15th, 1815, landed Napoleon on October 17th, and set sail again on June 19th, 1816.

might be in vain. Whether these Letters will answer the general expectations of those who have seen, and of a still far greater number of those who have only heard of them, I do not consider myself as qualified to judge. All I have to say in their favour is this :— That every fact related in them is true ; and the purport of every conversation correct. It will not, I trust, be thought necessary for me to say more, and the justice I owe to myself will not allow me to say less.

WILLIAM WARDEN.

PREFACE TO THE SIXTEENTH EDITION

THE sixteenth edition of this volume, which is demanded by the continuing favour of the public, gives me an opportunity of replying to severities which had been let loose against it and its Author. I was indeed cautioned against publishing, forewarned that persons of a certain description and interested, from various causes, in supporting certain political opinions, might consider me as an object of their displeasure; but I did not suppose that a man bred up in a liberal profession, and pursuing it in the service of his country with unimpeachable character, and who gives his name to the work which he offers to the world, I could not, I say, suppose for a moment that such a man would anywhere be treated as the sordid propagator of lies and inventor of falsehoods; but as such, it seems, I have been occasionally misrepresented. To the language and the assertions of the preceding pages I continue to adhere, and I confidently refer my readers to them. That there may be some trivial errors in the following letters will not be denied, and on them malignant criticism and outrageous prejudice may be glad to fasten; but I fear not to repeat the declaration "that every fact related in the Letters from St. Helena is true, and the purport of every conversation correct." Never having before published a work of any kind, doubtful and perplexed at the issue of this, eager for employment (for at this period I had been removed from the *Northumberland*), for I was ignorant of both law and politics, and expecting to be called on distant

duty, I was advised to procure the assistance of a literary gentleman to attend to the progress of this publication through the Press; but I am indebted to him for nothing more than verbal alterations and corrected expressions; not a fact was added or altered by this pen; he faithfully adhered to the mere clerical duties which he undertook to perform. I have, however, no common consolation in the reflection that many persons of superior integrity, understanding, and critical sagacity have decided on the authenticity of this volume, in its various relations, from its own interior evidence. Such is the answer which I give to those who attack my veracity; nor shall I condescend to offer any other to the ungentlemanly, illiberal, sophistical, and anonymous misrepresentations of the *Quarterly Review*.*

* "The fabricated letters of that poor bungler Warden," is the *Quarterly Review's* comment in one issue (February, 1823), and in another number (October, 1816) it declares that the book is "founded in falsehood." It urges such minute points as that the letters were written at sea, and that he could not therefore have been "enjoined" by his correspondent to write, as there was no possibility of a reply. His comparative ignorance of French is pointed out. "No man who understood French could have written the words *la tâche journalière* as he has done." The replies of the *Quarterly* to Warden as to the death of Captain Wright and the massacre of the garrison of Jaffa are now quite out of date.

LETTERS FROM ST. HELENA

LETTER I

At Sea,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

It is, certainly, not the first time that I have been induced to exclaim how strange and unexpected are the occurrences of Life; how frequently is the calm of to-day succeeded by the storm of to-morrow, and the ordinary course of Nature interrupted by Phœnomena, which the Philosopher himself is puzzled to explain! But the world of politics illustrates the Doctrine of Wonders as much as the operations of the Elements. Nothing, I presume, could have been less probable to the view of Captain Maitland's mind when he was ordered on duty off Rochefort, than the voluntary surrender of the ex-Emperor of France and his suite, with bag and baggage, on board the *Bellerophon*.* To have taken the ship on which he might have attempted to make his escape, was a natural expectation as it would have been a probable event; but the manner in which such an extraordinary person submitted himself to his custody, must have taken him, which could not have happened in any other part of his duty, by surprise. Indeed, to compare small things with great, I cannot reconcile to my common notions of probability the subject of my present Epistle, and that the Letters which you would naturally expect to receive from me,

* But Maitland ("Surrender of Napoleon," page 34) tells us that he himself suggested, on July 10th, to the Duke de Rovigo that Napoleon should ask an asylum in England.

instead of the common topics of a sea voyage, should contain an account of the conduct, and information respecting the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, from the personal opportunities which my situation so unexpectedly afforded me.

Such has been the attention which this eminent person has attracted; so great the daily crowd of boats, and other vessels filled with curious spectators (some of whom it is confidently said have come on purpose from remote parts of the country, and even from London), to snatch such a glimpse of him as could be caught at the distance they were obliged to keep from the *Bellerophon*, on whose gangway he occasionally stood*; that I feel myself more than justified in supposing the most trifling particulars, respecting him and his suite, to be welcome to you and those of our common friends, to whom you may chuse to communicate them; and of this you may be assured, that I shall inform you of little that occurred after Napoleon put his foot on the deck of our ship but what I myself saw and heard. My piecemeal narrative, for such it must be, will have the merit of authenticity, if it should be thought to have no other. I have written down everything respecting our distinguished passenger, as it has hitherto happened; and I shall continue to do

* So late as the year 1904 there were three persons living who claimed to have seen Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*—Joseph May, H. B. Adams, and Ann Dickerson. May, who died in April, 1904, thus related his experience: "I have a distinct recollection of the scene at the moment Napoleon presented himself at the gangway and received the respectful homage of thousands of men, women, and children, that stood up in their boats and gave expression to their feelings by a subdued roar, not approaching to a hurrah nor partaking in the least of reproach. I fancy I see him now—short in person, stiff, upright, rather stout. He graciously saluted the assembled crowd, stayed a few minutes, and then retired. This was continued day after day as long as the ship remained in the Sound."

so as circumstances occur, in the way best suited to a Seaman, by adopting the form of a Journal. You must, therefore, expect nothing but a succession of detached articles; a recital of domestic occurrences, if I may use the expression, on board a ship, as they occurred, when the ex-Emperor offered himself to my observation. I shall begin with his short passage from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland.*

On the 3rd of August, 1815, his Majesty's ship *Northumberland,* Captain Ross, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who was selected by Government for this important duty, weighed anchor from Spithead, and, after having contended with adverse winds, came within sight of the Berry-head, a head-land forming the extremity of Torbay, at an early hour of the day. She was there joined by the *Tonnant,* Captain Brenton, bearing the flag of Lord Keith, Admiral of the Channel Fleet, accompanied by the *Bellerophon,* Captain Maitland, the latter ship having on board Napoleon Bonaparte. As soon as signals were exchanged with the approaching ship, a salute was fired from the *Northumberland,* and answered by the *Tonnant.* Lord Keith, having had an interview with Sir George Cockburn, anchored under Berry-head, to avoid, as it was supposed, the eager curiosity of the very numerous visitors in all descriptions of vessels, who constantly surrounded the *Bellerophon.* The remainder of the evening passed without any occurrence that is worthy of notice.

On the following morning, the Count de Las Cases, Chamberlain to the ex-Emperor, came on board to arrange the requisite accommodations for his fallen Master. The baggage followed—nor shall I attempt to describe the universal and anxious curiosity which was displayed on board to see the effects of the extra-

ordinary personage to whom they belonged; the sole remaining possessions of a man who had so lately commanded the art, industry, and produce of so many kingdoms: But it was not calculated to gratify the expectation that awaited its arrival. One mahogany case, indeed, was distinguished by the Imperial Arms, but the rest exhibited no better figure and appearance than the properties of an itinerant theatre.

The Count de Las Cases does not exceed five feet and an inch in height, and appears to be fifty years of age, of a meagre form, and with a wrinkled forehead. His dress was a French naval uniform. His stay on board the *Northumberland* did not exceed an hour; but while he was employed in the hasty discharge of his office, his diminutive appearance did not fail to invite observations from the inquisitive beholders. Some of them I could fancy, expected Herculean figures to be employed in the service of a man who had lately bestrode so large a portion of Europe. If there were any under such impressions, and we never can answer for the impression of the moment, they had certainly forgotten, if they had ever been informed, that Alexander the Great, the mighty Lord of vanquished nations, is represented in history as a man of small stature—and, indeed, they were shortly to be convinced that Bonaparte himself would not gratify any expectations of an athletic figure.

From eleven to twelve we were prepared to receive Napoleon on board—and, Lord Keith, as it may be presumed, from a noble delicacy to his situation and feelings, declined receiving the usual compliments attendant on his rank, that they might, according to their settled form, devolve on the ex-Emperor, whose sounding titles had passed away with the power that bestowed

them. The rank of General is considered as adequate to all his claims on a Government who never acknowledged him under any other. A Captain's guard of marines was arranged on the poop to wait his arrival, with orders to present arms, and the drum to beat the roll thrice: the usual salute to a general officer in the British service.

The barge of the *Tonnant* reached the *Northumberland* in a few minutes after it left the *Bellerophon*.* Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the barge contained Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, Marshal Bertrand, who had shared in all his Imperial Master's fortunes, and the Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, who had been, and still continued to retain the titles of, his aides-de-camp. As the boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished, from his apparent resemblance to the various prints of him which are displayed in the windows of the shops. The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave but anxious aspect in all the spectators which, in the opinion of others as well as in my own, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his

* I have been given to understand that Bonaparte's conduct on board the *Bellerophon* had been such as rather to conciliate the good humour of all on board, so that his departure was not attended with any sign of the slightest mark of disapprobation or disrespect; but with that kind of awful silence which accompanies the fatal close of a public execution.—*Note by Warden.*

Master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more compleat idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his Lordship, high as he is in naval character, Admiral also of the Channel Fleet, to which we belonged, and arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, emblazoned with the decorations of his order, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

With a slow step Bonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness. He then addressed himself to Sir George Cockburn, and hastily asked for the *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, who was immediately introduced; but finding that he did not speak French, he successively spoke to several others, till an officer of artillery replied to him in that language. Lord Lowther, and the Honourable Mr. Lyttelton were then introduced to him; and in a few minutes he intimated a desire, though more by gesture than by words, to enter the cabin, where he continued for about an hour.

His dress was that of a General of French Infantry, when it formed a part of his Army. The coat was green faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe with gold oval buckles. He was decorated with a red ribbon and a star, with three medals suspended from a button-hole. One of them represented the iron crown, and the others different

gradations of the Legion of Honour. His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness: what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I am very minute in my description of this distinguished person, but I fancied you would expect it of me, and that your well-known predominant curiosity on the subject would be gratified by it. Besides, I may be naturally induced, from my studies, my profession, and my habits, to examine the human figure with an anatomical eye; and, on particular occasions and with particular objects, I have sometimes ventured, for I may safely acknowledge it to you, to indulge a reverie as to the conformation of the human frame, and deduce notions, erroneous enough perhaps, from a comparative view of corporal form and structure, with intellectual capacity and leading dispositions. Indeed, I am ready to acknowledge that I actually presumed to play Lavater a little with the late Emperor of France and King of Italy, but I shall not trouble you, at present, with the result of my vagaries.

On returning upon deck, he engaged in conversation with Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttelton, and Sir George Bingham, for an hour before dinner. It is understood

that he complained of the severity with which he was treated, in being consigned to pass his days on the Rock of St. Helena, buffeted by the winds, and amidst the waste of waters; and that he could not comprehend the policy or the apprehensions of England in refusing him an asylum, now that his political career was terminated. He continued to repeat a succession of questions to the same effect, with some degree of impetuosity; but it would be taking a liberty with Mr. Lyttelton, who principally maintained the discourse with him, to repeat that gentleman's replies from the information of others. I shall only observe that they were accompanied with that courteous address which might be expected of him.

In a conversation which I had with Count Bertrand on the following day, he complained in very forcible terms of the needless cruelty of their allotment. That the Emperor—for that title he continued to receive from his attendants—had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a full and consoling confidence that he should there find a place of refuge. He asked, what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape. He reasoned, for some time, on the probability of success in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that he had not risqued it. He then proceeded:—

"Could not my Royal Master, think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the Loire? and can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible—nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the North, the South, and the East? Nor can it be

denied that he might have placed himself in such a position as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Bonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them, and wished for little more than the Heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for such a man to ask? Surely not; nor could such a man imagine, in any moment of depression, if it were possible for such a spirit as his to be so depressed, that the boon would be refused him. It might rather have been a subject of pride to England, that the conqueror of almost all Europe but herself, sought, in his adverse fortune, to pass the remainder of a life, which forms so splendid an epoch in the history of our age, in any retired spot of her domains, which she might have allotted him."

He acknowledged that Napoleon had consulted him as to the probable magnanimity of the English Government, on the measure then in contemplation; "but in this instance," he said, "I refused the opinion which he requested of me. It was not from any pre-conceived opinion to the prejudice of the English nation—no, far from it—that I hesitated for once to obey him. But I could not allow myself to become his counsellor in such a critical moment, and on a matter of so much importance to the comfort of his future life and the honour of his name. I was not afraid of any personal injury being offered to him; of that I entertained not the shadow of an apprehension; but I thought it not impossible that his liberty might be endangered, as

indeed it was, by the resolution of that hour. I was so agitated by my hopes and my fears in alternate succession, that I could only beg of him to accept my loyal and faithful assurance that I would wait upon his fortunes whatever they might be; but it was for him alone to shape the way to them. Nor can I express," he added, "how much I rejoice at my persevering resolution; for had any opinion of mine been accessory, in the slightest degree, to the situation in which I now behold my Emperor, I should never again enjoy a peaceful moment." The terms in which he expressed his thoughts and the tones which animated them, proved the state of his feelings. There was a kind of soldier-like resolution in his manner; but I could perceive that sorrow was in his heart; and firm as I am in my loyalty, as an Englishman, and proud as I am, and as every man born in our glorious Island ought to be, of that distinguished name; and though his enthusiasm betrayed him into sentiments and opinions in which I could not, by any means, acquiesce, I do not hesitate to acknowledge my disposition to admire the emotions of this faithful Frenchman.*

Madame Bertrand's complaints were different in their character as well as language from those of the Count her husband: her air and manner were sometimes even accompanied with a gleam of distraction. "What can you think," she once said to me, "of my situation? Does it not appear to you to be most lamentable? And where are expressions to be found

* Napoleon had really no alternative to complete surrender, unless we assume the truth of the doubtful story that his brother Joseph offered to personate him, in which case he might have escaped to America. This is made quite clear by Las Cases in his conversation with Warden (page 181), and from official sources, English and French. This does not affect the fact that the British Government ought to have treated their prisoner more magnanimously.

that can suit the description of it to the poignancy of my feelings? What a change for a woman who had held a high rank in the gayest and most splendid court in Europe; where her consequence was such that thousands sought her smiles and were proud to bask in them. The wife of Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace of the Emperor of France, is now destined with her three children, to accompany an exiled husband to an insulated rock, where the pride of station, the pomp of life, and the song of pleasure will be exchanged for a scene of captivity; for such, with all its promised attentions and indulgencies, it must appear to us, surrounded as it is by the barrier of a boundless ocean."

She was curious to know what the people of England thought of her husband; when I told her that, as far as I could judge, they entertained an higher opinion of him than of any Marshal of France; and that his faithful attachment to Napoleon had a romantic air which was not without its admirers in England. It was, indeed, in consequence of that determined feeling in opposition to what might be supposed to be his real interest, and the earnest entreaties of his family, that Madame Bertrand had well nigh completed an act of suicide. The agonising attempt to throw herself from the *Bellerophon* into the sea took place, it seems, in the evening of the day when Napoleon was informed of his future allotment, and probably at the moment when the afflicting communication was first made to her.

The little Bertrands are interesting children.* The youngest is between three and four years old; the

* We hear all too little of the Bertrand children in the books on St. Helena. William Walford, who was Senior Lieutenant of the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered, gave up his cabin to the Bertrands, and a glove of the younger Bertrand is still preserved by Walford's granddaughter, Mrs. Haine. Walford died in 1859.—*Communication from Mr. A. M. Broadley.*

eldest is a native of Trieste, and was born when his father was Governor of the Illyrian Provinces; the second is a girl of an animated disposition that betrays occasional symptoms of violence. The military character appears to have almost exclusively seized on the infant minds of these sprightly urchins; from morning till night they are employed in fencing, marching, charging on a half-canter, in imitation of cavalry, etc. etc., in which the girl joins with a true Amazonian spirit, under the direction of a little French boy, who, I presume, was born in a camp.

When I accidentally mentioned to Madame Bertrand that it had been generally supposed she intended to have remained in England for the education of her children, she with a kind of wild but interesting expression of countenance, not unusual with her, vehemently exclaimed: "What, sir, leave my husband at such a moment! That is a degree of heroism which my heart disavows; though in a year, perhaps, I may be induced to return." And on my suggesting that a favourable opportunity would be offered on board the *Northumberland*, she appeared to acquiesce in the probability of such an event.

Neither Count or Madame Montholon can speak English: he is a handsome little man, and she a very elegant woman: they have one common comfort, and they seem to think it so, in a charming little boy. You must perceive, that I am by degrees, though rather in an irregular manner, making you acquainted with the whole of our curious party; but you must be sensible that it is the best mode which I can employ.

Bonaparte, previous to his leaving the *Bellerophon*, was, it seems, recommended to select three of his suite

to accompany him to St. Helena. Bertrand was at that time supposed to be particularly proscribed; but it is understood that Lord Keith took upon himself the responsibility of including such an attached friend in the number of the exiled General's attendants. The others were the Count de Las Cases, who had been a Captain in the French Navy, and is a man of literary attainments; General Count Montholon, and Lieutenant-General Gourgaud, his two aides-de-camp, who were devoted to his fortunes. The latter officers served him in the Russian campaign, and describe the winter which they encountered there in all its horrors. The Russian cavalry they extol, but represent the Cossacks as easily dispersed. They do not appear to hold the Prussians in very high estimation, but consider them, at the same time, as superior to the Austrians. The English Infantry, at the battle of Waterloo, filled them with absolute astonishment; but they represent our Cavalry as much too impetuous: they probably found them so on that glorious day.

In a conversation with Count Bertrand, which happened to glance on that subject, he could not hide his sensations. The little he said was in a plaintive tone, though expressed with candour, and accompanied with expressive shrugs of lamentation. "We fought that day," he said, "for the Crown of France; but you gained the battle, and we are undone." I asked him whether he had read Marshal Ney's letter to the Duke of Otranto, in defence of his conduct on the bloody field. That publication, it appeared, he had not seen; and when I informed him in what manner the Marshal had censured his Master's conduct, and that, in the public opinion, he was thought to have cleared himself from the imputation of erroneous conduct: "Well, well," he replied, "had I been in the command of Marshal

Ney's Division, I might, perhaps, have done worse; but, as I was not, I saw *much to blame.*" But, in comparing Bonaparte with Ney, he cast his eyes upwards to the heavens, and suddenly lowering them to the earth, he exclaimed, with a very significant action, "Indeed, indeed, the difference is equally great."

From the information I received in my conversation with our French guests, it appears that the Emperor's abdication in favour of his son is a matter which, as far at least as my knowledge extends, has been altogether misconceived in England: I mean as referring to the immediate and proximate causes of it. If the communications made to me were correct, and I am not willing to imagine that they were invented merely to impose upon me, a grand political scheme was contrived by Fouché* to outwit his master, and it proved successful. The name of that crafty politician and ready revolutionist is never mentioned by the members of our little cabin Utica without the accompaniment of execrations,

* Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto (1763–1820), was elected to the Convention in 1792, and voted for the death of Louis XVI. He quarrelled with Robespierre, and was expelled from the Jacobin Club. Denounced upon the reaction as a Terrorist, he came to the front again under the Directory by favour of Barras. In 1799 he became Minister of Police, and held that office under the Consulate. He held that office again from 1804 to 1810. In 1809 he was made Duke of Otranto. In 1810 he was replaced by Savary, and appointed Governor of Rome. Afterwards at Naples he was sent to watch Murat. After Napoleon's abdication in 1814 he in vain exhorted Louis XVIII. to a moderate policy. He was again Minister of Police during the Hundred Days, but speedily went over to the Allies. He was for a fourth time Minister of Police in July, 1815, but in 1816 was banished as a regicide. He became naturalised as an Austrian subject in 1818. Fouché's "Memoirs," a book that has been at least twice issued in England, was compiled by de Beauchamp from his papers. Napoleon more than once regretted at St. Helena that he had not ordered Fouché's execution. No man certainly more deserved to be hanged than Fouché unless it were Talleyrand. His treachery to every cause to which he attached himself must always cover his name with infamy. But he died in peace, leaving a fortune of fourteen millions of francs.

which it is not necessary for you to hear, as it would be ridiculous for me to repeat. Not Talleyrand himself is so loaded with them as the arch-betrayer who has been just mentioned. It was, indeed, a decided opinion of the moment, among our exiles, that Fouché would contrive to hang Talleyrand; or that the latter would provide an equal fate for the former; and that if they both were suspended from the same gibbet, it ought to be preserved as an object of public respect for the service it had done to mankind, by punishing and exposing two as consummate offenders as ever disgraced the social world. The *historiette* to which I have alluded was thus related:—

On Napoleon's return to Paris, after his disastrous defeat at Waterloo, and when he may be supposed to have been agitated by doubt and perplexity, as to the conduct he should pursue in that extraordinary crisis, a letter was offered to his attention by the Duke of Otranto, as having been received by the latter from Prince Metternich the Austrian Minister.* It was dated in the *preceding April*, and the diplomatic writer stated the decided object of his Imperial Master to be the final expulsion of Napoleon the First from the throne of France, and that the French nation should be left to their uninterrupted decision, whether they would have a monarchy under Napoleon the Second, or adopt a Republican form of Government. Austria professed to have no right, and consequently felt no intention, to

* Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar Metternich (1773–1859), diplomatist, was born at Coblenz. He became successively Austrian Minister at Dresden, Berlin, and Paris. As Austrian Foreign Minister, he arranged the marriage between Napoleon and Marie Louise. He was made Prince of the Empire in 1813, took a leading part in the Congress of Vienna, and guided the reactionary movement that spread throughout Europe after Napoleon's downfall. His policy led to the upheaval of 1848, when he fell from power. He fled to England, but retired in 1851 to his castle of Johannisberg on the Rhine. He died in Vienna.

dictate to the French nation. The final and ratified expulsion of the Traitor (such was the expression) is all the Austrian Emperor demands of France.

Napoleon seized the bait; and immediately abdicated in favour of his son: but he had no sooner taken this step than he discovered the double game that Fouché was playing.* The letter was a forgery, and it soon appeared that the Emperor of Austria had it not in his power, if he had ever indulged the contemplation, to clothe his grandson with political character.

After he quitted Paris, the ex-Emperor and his suite pursued an uninterrupted progress to the sea-coast, and it is their opinion that they might have continued in an inactive state, and without any reasonable apprehension of disturbance, for a much longer time than Bonaparte's impatience would allow, in the vicinity of Rochefort.

On his first arrival among us, he occasionally expressed a wish to be informed of the contents of the English newspapers; but as it could not be a pleasant circumstance to him, to be made acquainted with the manner in which his character, conduct, and circumstances were necessarily treated and observed upon by our Journals, there was a delicacy maintained in the avoiding a communication of their contents. That truth is not to be spoken, or in any way imparted at all times, is a proverb which was now faithfully adhered to on board the *Northumberland*. The Count de Las Cases had indeed offered to qualify his General in the course of a month, to read an English newspaper, with

* In a discussion that took place some months past, Napoleon, on being informed that a similar assertion had been made to that of Mr. Warden relative to his having been induced to abdicate, in consequence of Fouché's having presented to him a counterfeit letter from Prince Metternich, regarding the intention of Austria with respect to his son, declared that such an assertion was *unfounded* and *ridiculous*.—*Letters from the Cape of Good Hope in Reply to Mr. Warden*, 1817.

the requisite intelligence of the language; an undertaking which it is not very probable he would have been able to accomplish; but he could not induce his Master to become his scholar, for the matter was cut short by the following reply: "I well know that you think me a very clever fellow; but be that as it may—I cannot do everything; and among those things which I should find impracticable, is the making myself master of the English language in a few weeks."*

Here I shall conclude my first letter; or, as it may prove, the first division of my epistolary narrative. At all events, it will be ready for the first opportunity which occurs for its transmission to you. If it tends to your amusement, or in any degree to the satisfaction of your curiosity, *tant mieux:* but be that as it may, it will give me the opportunity of saying—how do you do?—God bless you! as well as of offering my sincere regards, and kind remembrances to our common friends.

Adieu, etc. etc.

W. W.

* Napoleon did, however, acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language in a year or so to read it by himself, although he never had any but the most elementary command of the spoken tongue. Las Cases tells us that he had a very bad memory so far as the grammar was concerned. The Emperor, indeed, seems to have constructed "a new language," understood only by teacher and pupil. (Las Cases's "Journal," Vol. II., p. 157.) The Emperor read much in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" apparently without assistance. The article on the Nile in that work seems specially to have interested him.

LETTER II

At Sea,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

I renew my desultory occupation—*la tache journaliere, telle que vous la voulez.* On the first day of his arrival on board, our distinguished passenger displayed rather an eager appetite; I observed that he made a very hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the 53rd regiment; when he personally required them to give the airs of "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in the French language. I remarked, that on these occasions he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Tuileries when giving audience to his marshals or officers of State. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff-box; and it struck me as a particular circumstance, to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity—that he never offered a pinch to anyone with whom he was conversing.

On the subsequent day he breakfasted at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee.—At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship than would be shown to a private gentleman, nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives. He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who always appear before him uncovered, so that if a line were drawn round them, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the Palace of St. Cloud.

He played at cards in the evening; the game was whist, and he was a loser. It was not played in the same way as is practised at our card-tables in England; but I am not qualified to explain the varieties.

The whole of the next day Napoleon passed in his cabin. It was generally perceived by his attendants that he was sea-sick; but he was either so little of a sailor, if that can be supposed, as not to know the ordinary effects of a ship's motion on persons unused to the sea, or he suspected that his megrim arose from some other cause; for it seems he would by no means allow the salt-water origin of it. None of his people, I presume, would venture on the occasion, to repeat to him his brother Canute's practical Lecture to his Courtiers on the unmannerly power of the ocean.

Among his baggage were two camp-beds, which had accompanied him in most of his campaigns. One of them, a very improbable destination when it was first constructed, was now an essential article of his cabin; the other was now no longer to give repose to some military hero, in the hurry of a campaign, but is pressed by such a marine heroine as Madame Bertrand, amidst the dashing of waters. They are, however, altogether as comfortable as the combined skill of the upholsterer and the machinist could make them. They are about six feet long and three feet wide, with strong, green

silk furniture: the frames are of steel, and so worked and shaped as to surprise by their lightness and the consequent ease with which they are moved. When I happened to be seated on one of them, I could not but reflect on the battles of Wagram, Austerlitz, Friedland, etc. etc.

This was a situation where the politician and the sage might be inspired, as it were, to contemplate the changes and the chances of the world; but as I do not presume to possess enough of those characters, either distinctly or collectively, to justify my engaging in a train of reflection on these affecting subjects, I shall leave such employment to your better thoughts, and the exercise of your enthusiastic propensity.

Notwithstanding it blew fresh, and there was considerable motion, Bonaparte made his appearance upon deck between three and four p.m., when he amused himself with asking questions of the Lieutenant of the Watch: such as, how many leagues the ship went in an hour? whether the sea was likely to go down? what the strange vessel was on the bow of the *Northumberland?* In short, enough to prove that nothing escaped his notice. But I could not help smiling when I beheld the man who had stalked so proudly, and with so firm a step over submissive countries, tottering on the deck of a ship, and catching at any arm to save himself from falling; for he has not yet found his sea-legs. Among other objects of his attention, he observed Mr. Smith, who was taking the usual to-and-fro walk with his brother midshipmen, to be much older than the rest; and, on this account, he appears to have asked him how long he had been in the service; and being answered nine years, he observed: "That surely is a long time." "It is indeed," said Mr. Smith; "but part of it was passed in a French prison; and I was, sir, at Verdun, when you set out on your Russian campaign." Napoleon immediately shrugged up his

shoulders with a very significant smile, and closed the conversation.

I must here tell you, once for all, if I have not already made the observation, that he seldom or ever omitted an opportunity of asking a question; and it was about this time that he made a most unexpected enquiry of our orthodox Chaplain—whether he was not a Puritan? I need not tell you what would be the reply; and you may conjecture, probably, what might be the feelings of a gentleman clothed in canonical orders, and firm in canonical principles, when he was saluted with such an interrogatory.

He wished also to have his curiosity gratified respecting a religious community in Scotland called Johnsonians,* who, he understood, were a very active sect in that part of Britain. His conversation at all times consisted of questions, which never fail to be put in such a way as to prohibit a return of them. To answer one question by another, which frequently happens in common discourse, was not admissible with him. I can conceive that he was habituated to this kind of colloquy, when he sat upon such a throne as that which supported him, and before which no one spoke but when he commanded utterance; nor does he seem disposed to lay it aside when he sits in the cabin, stands in the gangway, or patrols the deck of a ship, where he is subject to the controul of its commander. The founda-

* The Johnsonians. These were followers of one John Johnson, who was for some years a Baptist minister at Liverpool in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The sect would not seem to have had any special Scots origin. It denied the pre-existence of Christ. Although its followers believed in God, they denied that God was divided into three distinct persons. They believed that God had "elected" Christ to represent Him. They also believed that the language of the Bible respecting the future punishment of the wicked was merely figurative, and that all future torment was mental. Johnson once had a large following, but it is doubtful if the sect still exists. A full account of its tenets will be found in Williams's "Dictionary of All Religions," published in London while Napoleon was at St. Helena.

tion of this singular question, therefore, was not attainable. As in the various plans he had laid for invading our tight little Island, as the song has it, it is not improbable that he might have looked towards the Hebrides, as capable of favouring his design; and, if so, Doctor Johnson's tour thither might have been curiously consulted, and may I not deduce these Johnsonians from such a combination of circumstances? Many a doubt has been reconciled by more vague conjectures; that eminent writer's opinions, however, as you will probably suggest, are not altogether calculated to form a sect on the other side of the Tweed. But, badinage apart, I should be glad to know the origin of these Johnsonians; and if we should be tossed and tumbled in the course of our voyage, into a sufficient degree of familiarity for me to ask a question of the ex-Emperor, I will endeavour to be satisfied.

He appeared to be very much struck by two long-boats (gigs) placed with their bottom upwards on our launch on the booms; their singular length attracted his notice, while their particular use and application produced such a succession of enquiries on his part as almost to suggest an opinion that he entertained a suspicion of their being a part of the naval apparatus, peculiarly provided to prevent his escape from the Island to which he was destined. The answer he received was a quiet remark as to their general employment in the British Fleets; to which he made no reply.

The name of Talleyrand happening to occur in the course of conversation, with our French shipmates, the high opinion entertained of his talents by the Bonapartists was acknowledged without reserve. On my asking at what period he was separated from the councils and confidence of Napoleon, it was replied, "At the invasion of Spain." I then observed that the reports in England, respecting that circumstance, were correct

as to time, and I presumed were equally so as to the cause; his unreserved disapprobation of that bold and adventurous enterprise. This met with an instant contradiction; which was followed by a most decisive assertion that the Prince of Benevento approved of the Spanish War, and founded his recommendation of that measure on his unalterable opinion, which he boldly communicated to the Emperor, that his life was not secure while a Bourbon reigned in Europe.*

* Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord, Prince of Benevento (1754–1838). An attempt to vindicate Talleyrand from the charge of being the most utterly unscrupulous man of his age has recently been essayed by Joseph M'Cabe ("Life of Talleyrand"), but without success. He was born in Paris, destined for the Church, and was made Bishop of Autun in 1788; he threw himself into the Revolutionary arena, and supported the annexation of the goods of the clergy by the State. During the early stages of the Revolution he was the French Ambassador to London, and escaped the later stages by fleeing to America. In 1796 he returned to France, and by the influence of Barras was made a Minister. He assisted in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and became the most prominent figure in the Court of the Consul and Emperor. The Pope released him from his ecclesiastical vows, and he married his mistress, Madame Grand, in 1802. He negotiated the Treaty of Amiens, and seems to have desired that France should continue in harmony with Great Britain. In 1806 he was made Prince of Benevento. He had the custody of Charles IV. of Spain and his son in the Castle of Valençay. He opposed the Peninsular War, and his hostility to the Emperor lost him the position of Grand Chamberlain in 1809. In 1814 he contributed more than any other man to the restoration of the Bourbons and, although Louis XVIII. was far from friendly, had the cunning to resist Napoleon's overtures during the Hundred Days. He was Grand Chamberlain to Louis XVIII. at the second restoration. In 1830 he became Ambassador to London. His "Mémoires," edited by the Duke de Broglie, appeared in 1891, but their authenticity is contested, and they are certainly dull, which Talleyrand never was in life. All the brightest *mots* of his age are attributed to him. Some he doubtless made, others he adopted. But the best known of all, "It was worse than a crime: it was a blunder," wrongly attributed also to Fouché, referred to an event in which Talleyrand was a participator with Napoleon — the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. "Mr. Warden," says Napoleon or one of his friends in "Letters from the Cape," "is correct in stating that Talleyrand was the first who proposed the measures which were afterwards adopted in Spain."

I entered further on this subject with Madame Bertrand, and she actually and most unequivocally asserted that Talleyrand was in secret communication with Napoleon when they were last at Paris, and that he would have joined them in a month. His proposed departure from Vienna to take the Waters at Aix la Chapelle was under the cloak of indisposition, to conceal his duplicity. "Can you persuade yourself, Madame," I said, "that Talleyrand, if he had the inclination, possessed the power to influence the Court of Vienna in favour of the son-in-law?" "The Court of Vienna!" she exclaimed; "O yes, yes; he has the capacity to influence all the courts of Europe! If he had but joined the Emperor, we should at this instant have been in Paris, and France would never more have changed its master." Of this man's virtues I heard no eulogium; but you will now be a competent judge how his political talents were appreciated in the French circle on board the *Northumberland*.

On my asking Count Bertrand which of the French Generals had amassed the greatest portion of wealth, he without the least hesitation mentioned Masséna;* though, he added, they have all made very considerable fortunes. Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum,† he appeared to think had made less than any other. Of Davoût,

* André Masséna, Marshal of France (1758–1817), was born near Nice, and served for many years in the army before he attracted attention and obtained promotion. He was the principal lieutenant of Napoleon in the first Italian campaign. During the Consulate Napoleon placed him at the head of the Army of Italy, and made him a Marshal in 1804, Duke of Rivoli in 1807, and Prince of Essling in 1809.

† Étienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald, Marshal of France (1765–1840), born at Sancerre of a noble Scots family, of which Flora Macdonald was a member. He was first a lieutenant in Dillon's Irish Brigade, and became a general in the French Army in 1793. He was Governor of Rome in 1798. He supported Napoleon in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. In 1809, after the battle of Wagram, Napoleon made him Duke of Taranto. His later years were devoted to the Bourbons, who rewarded him with many distinctions.

Duke d'Eckmühl,* he spoke, to our extreme astonishment, in an animated strain of panegyric, which was instantly met with an outcry from all who heard it, respecting the conduct of that officer at Hamburg, which we represented as atrocious beyond example. This he would not allow; on the contrary, he described him as a zealous, correct, and faithful commander, and far from being destitute of humanity; as notwithstanding his notions of military obedience, which were known to be of the most rigid kind, he did not act up to the severity of his instructions. As for his taking a bribe, Bertrand declared him to be incapable of such baseness; and asserted, from his own knowledge, that a very large sum had been offered him to connive at the sailing of some ships from Hamburg in the night, which he refused with the disdain of a faithful soldier and an honourable man.

Count de Las Cases also took up the subject of the Marshals of France, and spoke of them with very little reserve. He described Masséna as having been originally a fencing master; but that previous to his campaign in the Peninsula, he was considered by the French nation as equal, if not superior to, Bonaparte in his military capacity. From that period the Count represented him as having dwindled into absolute insignificance. He is avaritious, he said, in the extreme, though he has only one child—a daughter—to inherit his enormous wealth. He then proceeded to relate the following circumstance of the Marshal, as the accidental topic of the moment.

* Louis Nicolas Davoût, Marshal of France (1770–1823), was educated at the Military School at Brienne. He was with Napoleon in Egypt and fought at Austerlitz and Wagram. He gained the victory of Auerstadt at the moment that Napoleon was conquering at Jena. The Emperor gave him the title of Duke of Auerstadt and Prince of Eckmühl after the battle of that name. He accompanied the army to Russia. He was Minister for War during the Hundred Days, and improvised an army in three months.

The preservation of the Army, on crossing the Danube, was boldly attributed by the soldiers who composed it, and consequently re-echoed as the opinion of the nation, to the superior skill and persevering courage of Masséna. It appears that a sudden and impetuous inundation of the river had destroyed all possible communication between its right and left bank when half the French force had passed it. The remaining half were without ammunition, when Masséna threw himself into the village of Essling, where he withstood fifteen repeated attacks of the Austrians, and effected the escape of that part of the French Army from the destruction which threatened it. The eulogiums which the army and the nation lavished on Masséna for his conduct and the success which crowned it, partook of that clamorous character which implied no inconsiderable degree of blame and censure on Bonaparte himself. This he was supposed to have felt. But he contrived, nevertheless, to dissipate it, by conferring the title of Prince of Essling on Masséna, as the merited reward, and magnanimous acknowledgment of a service on which depended, for the moment, the success and honourable issue of the campaign. Soult,* he said,

* Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult, Duke of Dalmatia and Marshal of France (1769–1851). The son of a notary, he fought in the wars of the French Republic and rose rapidly. He was made a Marshal in 1804. He contributed to the successes of Austerlitz and Jena, and was made Duke of Dalmatia after the Peace of Tilsit. He took a leading part in the Peninsular War. Upon the first Bourbon restoration in 1814 he joined the winning side, but went over to Napoleon upon his return from Elba, and fought at Waterloo. On the return of Louis XVIII. he published a defence of his conduct. He was banished but recalled in 1819, when the King returned to him the Marshal's baton which had been withdrawn. In 1827 he was made a peer. In 1830 he became Minister of War, and in 1838 was sent by the French Government as special ambassador to the Coronation of Queen Victoria, when he received a wonderful ovation from the crowd of spectators. He served afterwards in several Ministries. A portion of his "Mémoires," was published after his death—in 1854.

is an excellent officer, and Ney,* brave to a fault; but Suchet† possesses a more powerful intellect, with more enlarged information, and political sagacity, as well as more conciliatory manners, than any of the Marshals of France.

He then mentioned Admiral Ganteaume,‡ and asked what character was assigned in the English newspapers to that naval officer. I replied that they gave him no small credit for his spirit in advancing out of port, and his success in getting back again. "Yes,"

* Michel Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Marshal of France (1769–1815), entered the army in 1788, served under Hoche in 1797, and had many brave achievements to his credit before the Consulate began. He was not in favour of Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, but was gained over by his marriage with Mlle. de Lascans, a friend of Napoleon's step-daughter, Hortense. He contributed considerably to the victories of Eylau and Friedland. From 1808 to 1811 he served in the Peninsular War. His greatest achievements were in the Russian Expedition, where alike in the invasion and the retreat he distinguished himself. After Napoleon's abdication he made his peace with Louis XVIII., who loaded him with honours. When Napoleon came back from Elba Ney promised Louis that he would bring his rival back to Paris in a cage. He, however, went over to his old master. After Waterloo he returned to Paris and voted for the recall of Louis. At the return of Louis Ney was put under arrest. He unfortunately declined to be tried by the Council of War, which was favourable to him, preferring to be put on trial by his peers. These condemned him to death by 128 votes to 17. His statue in bronze now marks the place where he was shot.

† Louis Gabriel Suchet, Duke of Albufera (1770–1826), was born at Lyons, the son of a silk manufacturer. He joined the army in 1792, was at the siege of Toulon, and distinguished himself in the first of Napoleon's Italian campaigns. He was made a general in 1799, enhanced his reputation at Marengo, and fought in many succeeding battles, including Jena. He fought with distinction in the Peninsular War, and obtained the title of Duke of Albufera in 1812. Louis XVIII. made him a peer. His "Memoirs of the War in Spain" was published in 1829.

‡ Honoré Joseph Antoine Ganteaume (1755–1818), Admiral, went to sea at fourteen years of age and became captain in 1794. He was in the expedition to Egypt, and, escaping the destruction of the French fleet, was able to bring Bonaparte back to Europe. During the Consulate he held several offices, and was to have co-operated with Villeneuve in the descent upon England. He raised the white flag at Toulon after Waterloo and was made a peer by Louis XVIII.

he answered, with a significant look and tone, "good at hide and seek. He was the friend of Louis, and then of Napoleon, and then of Louis again; he is, in fact, what you call the Vicar of ——." I assisted him in completing the proverbial expression, by adding the word "Bray," which he immediately caught and exclaimed, "Aye, aye. He is the Vicar of Bray. He is an old man," the Count added, "but his indiscretions," which, however, he did not particularise, "were rather of a juvenile character."

In the afternoon our chief passenger continued longer on deck than he had done before, and his countenance denoted a feeling of disquietude. His questions all related to the state of our progress, and marked an impatience to arrive at the termination of his voyage. He probably experienced some degree of inconvenience from his confined situation, having been long accustomed to exercise that bordered upon violence. His appearance, I understand, was rather meagre, till about the time that he became First Consul. If he had been otherwise, his campaigns in Egypt were sufficient to have reduced him; but though his exertions, both mental and corporeal, have since been such as to destroy any constitution but his own, which must have been of an extraordinary, internal texture, to have enabled him to sustain them, his health has rather been improved than impaired; and, during the last ten years, he has gradually advanced into corpulence.*

* Another extract from Warden's "Diary" which, it will be seen, is less generally favourable to the exiles than the letters, has place here:—

"How insufferably vain the French character appears, for, notwithstanding the state of degradation these generals, etc., are placed on a British man-of-war, they talk with an impudent and brazen face of their prowess in the field. Their language is perfectly of a piece with the officers' bulletins. At the battle of Leipsic they had only 120,000 French opposed to 200,000 of the Allies. Their force at Waterloo did not exceed

It is a singular circumstance that Count Montholon, whom I have already mentioned as one of the Imperial *Aides de Camps*, is the son of a General Officer of that name, whom Bonaparte served in the same capacity during the Revolutionary War.* All the family, except his father and himself, have been decided Royalists, and are possessed of large property: but the General is dead, while the son has sacrificed fortune and abandoned his family, to share, with his wife and child, the exiled state of his former Sovereign; whom it is his pride still to love and serve under that title, and with all the feelings of duty and loyalty which his enthusiastic fidelity attaches to it.

I give you Madame Bertrand's description of young Napoleon as very beautiful, in order to introduce his father's laconic English account of him. The boy, he says, resembles him only in the upper part of his form. "He has one grand, big head." The same Lady, speaking of the Bonaparte family, represents the

71,000—that Wellington made several false manœuvres—that had the French gained the victory under such advantages as the English did the remains of the fugitives or discomfited foe would have been annihilated. Their Gasconadry is a tissue of arrogance and falsehoods, but I really think they talk so much in this childish manner that they actually, after a time, believe their story to be truth. Bonaparte continued upon deck until half after seven, when he retired and finished the evening at cards.

"*Tuesday, August 15th.*—Weather extremely sultry. Temperature below 74, on deck 72. Wind easterly, swell heavy, ship rolls much and rather uneasy. Squadron pretty well collected with light winds propelling the ship about three miles to the hour. Until yesterday I did not observe that Bonaparte had ever put on a silk stocking a second time. His supply of stockings must be considerable, and they are plain but extremely handsome. He is accustomed to wear boots; however, these he has laid aside since he arrived here. He still continues to talk of horse exercise, and I find on his voyage in the *Bellerophon* he indulged greatly in his anticipation of field sports in England. I am surprised that this disappointment is borne with so much fortitude as he appears to encounter it with."

* This is an error as to the father. Montholon was, however, *aide-de-camp* to Napoleon during the Hundred Days.

female part in terms of no common admiration. With the exception of the Princess Piombino* she describes the sisters as possessed of extraordinary beauty: with these charming women, therefore, and to use the expression of the grand, big head of them all, I shall conclude my second *grand, big* Letter.

&c. &c. &c.,

W. W.

* Marie Anne Élise Bonaparte, Princess of Lucca and Piombino (1777–1820), the eldest sister of Napoleon, born in Ajaccio and died at the Castle of St. Andrea, near Trieste. She married at Marseilles in 1797 Felix Baciocchi, captain of infantry. In 1805 her brother gave her the principalities of Lucca and Piombino, and in 1809 the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. She displayed great administrative talent.

LETTER III

At Sea,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

I have already, I believe, mentioned to you that it was thought a becoming attention to the feelings of the French party to withhold from them the sight of the newspapers, which were sent off to us before we sailed.

Count Bertrand took an opportunity to ask me if I had perused them; and, on my replying, as you may suppose, in the affirmative, he proceeded to question me as to their contents. I accordingly informed him that they had observed on the secret visit he was believed to have made to Paris, previous to Napoleon's return to France. His countenance on my communicating this circumstance, instantly indicated a strong feeling of resentment; and it was evidently disclosed by the manner in which he replied. "I well know," he said, "that the English newspapers have accused me of visiting Paris in disguise, some months before the Emperor's departure from Elba. But I solemnly declare that I never set my foot in France in the way that has been attributed to me. I might have gone to Italy, if I had pleased, but I did not quit Elba for a moment till *my* Emperor quitted it. It has also been asserted on similar authority that I had taken an oath of fidelity to the King—an assertion that is equally groundless, for I never once beheld a single individual of the Bourbon Family of France."

I give you the account of Bonaparte's return to France, as it was casually and briefly related to me.

"The Duke de Bassano* was the chief actor. Individuals had gone from several departments in France to Elba, and the then Emperor had been induced to suspect that the Allies determined to send him to the Island to which he is now destined. On what authority this apprehension was grounded, not the most distant idea was communicated. It is certain, however, that he entertained it with such seriousness, as to induce him to make the resolute attempt in meditation before the connecting plot was ripe for overt measures in France. Even after his little army was embarked a dispatch arrived from his friends, which contained the most earnest entreaties to postpone his enterprise if it were only for one month. Whether, if he had received them before he had quitted the island, they would have been sufficient to check his impatience and quiet his alarms, was not a subject of conjecture; but be that as it may, whatever the counsels were, they arrived too late to be followed—the die was cast."†

A circumstance occurred to-day which, as you may well imagine, created no small degree of interest among our passengers, as well as a busy scene of interrogation: a French brig, with the white flag flying, bore us company.

Gen. Gourgaud amused us with a variety of details

* Hugues Bernard Maret, Duke de Bassano (1763–1839), born in Dijon, came to Paris in 1788, and entered into affairs as a publicist, contributing to the *Moniteur*. In 1792 he was sent to England to ask for her neutrality. He was sent as Ambassador to Naples in 1793, and was captured by the Austrians on the way, but exchanged with other prisoners for Madame Royale, the daughter of Louis XVI. Upon Bonaparte's return from Egypt he assisted in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and under the Consulate was principal Secretary of State. He was loyal to Napoleon until the end. He was banished in 1815, but in 1820 was permitted to return to his own country. In 1831 he was made a peer of France.

† If Napoleon had waited till the Congress of Vienna had dissolved, his later history might have been quite different. He told Gourgaud at St. Helena that he had come back a month too soon, believing the Congress had actually dissolved.

respecting the campaigns in Russia and the Peninsula, which he himself witnessed. Of these I shall only select two or three: for recitals which will enliven the monotony of a quarter-deck may not be worth communicating to those who are surrounded with the varieties that are to be hourly found in the large circle of social life. He described the intenseness of the frost in Russia with a degree of astonishment that afforded us some amusement. You may easily guess the wonderful contrast of situation, when a Frenchman, the native of so fine a climate, and who had been serving in Spain, found himself transferred to a part of the globe where the tears became globules of ice on his cheeks; and where the soldiers, stupefied, as it were, by the cold, in the act of shaking themselves, to recover their feeling, would frequently fall down and instantly expire.

He also mentioned the following curious circumstance at the siege of Saragossa.* The French had mined a Convent where a body of Spaniards had taken refuge. The besiegers had no intention to destroy the building, but merely to blow up a wall, in order

* There were two sieges of Saragossa during the Peninsular War, the first in which the Aragonese under Palafox y Melzi held the town of 60,000 souls against Generals Lefebvre and Verdier in June and July, 1808, the siege being raised on August 17th of that year. The incident of the Maid of Saragossa occurred at this siege. One Agostena Zaragoza, whose lover, an artillery sergeant, had just fallen, rushing forward, snatched the lighted match from his dying hand, and fired the undischarged twenty-four pounder into the head of the storming column (Oman's "Peninsular War," Vol. I., p. 154). The other dramatic incident of this siege was when Verdier sent a laconic note to the city: "Head Quarters, Santa Engracia. Capitulation?" To which Palafox returned the answer: "Head Quarters, Saragossa. War to the knife!" The second siege of Saragossa began in November, 1808, when Marshal Moncey invested the city. Palafox had now 34,000 men under his command and fortifications much strengthened. In December Moncey was superseded by Junot, and in January Lannes was in command. It was on February 1st, 1809, that the explosion took place under the Convent Church of San Augustin that is mentioned in the text. Saragossa capitulated on February 20th.

to frighten the besieged into a surrender. The explosion, however, extended further than was expected, and a considerable destruction of the Spaniards took place, but sixteen of them were described to escape, as you will acknowledge, in a most extraordinary manner. They, it seems, ascended the spire of the church, taking with them an ample supply of arms and ammunition, with which, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the French, they defended themselves with admirable gallantry and resolution for three days. But this is not all: at the end of that period it was discovered that they had made their escape from the perilous situation, to the extreme astonishment of the besieging party; who, as pious Catholics, might be justified in attributing it to the saving interposition of the Guardian Saint of the Convent. The means, however, which they employed were of mortal contrivance. By the aid of packthread which had been conveyed to them from an adjoining building, they contrived to draw up a sufficient quantity of ropes, with which they let themselves down from the elevated fortress, and effected their preservation. This, I think, may be added to the numerous histories of Castles in the Air; or, if I dare venture anything like a pun to you, of *Chateaux en Espagne.*

During the evening Napoleon addressed his inquiries to Captain Beatty of the Marines, who speaks French with great fluency. They related to the regulations and discipline of the Marine troops, &c. &c. Nor could he have chosen an officer who was better qualified to gratify his military curiosity on the subject which at this time employed it. Captain Beatty had served with Sir Sydney Smith in the East, and was at the Siege of Acre; an event that is not among Bonaparte's most pleasing recollections. When, however, he was informed of this circumstance, he treated it with great good humour, and seizing the captain

by the ear, exclaimed in a jocular tone, "Ah, you rogue, you rogue! were you there?" He then asked what was become of Sir Sydney Smith:* when he was told that the gallant Knight was at this time on the Continent, and had submitted a proposition to the Congress at Vienna to destroy the Corsairs on the Coast of Barbary, an instant reply was given, "That it was, as it had long been, most disgraceful to the European powers, to permit the existence of such a nest of miscreants." This opinion confirms, in some degree, what has been suggested respecting a proposition that Andréossi† is

* Sir Sydney Smith, or, more correctly, Sir William Sidney Smith (1764–1840), entered the British Navy in 1777, and had much naval experience before, in 1785, he retired to Caen to devote two years to the study of French life and language. After this he had a somewhat dramatic experience at Stockholm. Later he was with Lord Hood off Toulon, when it was said that "he talked too much to be of any great use," and Mr. J. K. Laughton ("D.N.B.") comments on his "habitual and excessive self-assertion." In 1796 Smith was captured by the French, taken to Paris, and was retained as a prisoner for two years. He escaped, returned to England, and was soon again on active service. In 1799 he took over the command of Alexandria, and finding that Bonaparte had stormed Jaffa, undertook to defend Acre, and a long siege with mines and countermines terminated in the siege being raised. Smith returned to England covered with glory. In 1802 he was elected M.P. for Rochester. After long service his work in the Navy came to an end in 1814. In 1815 he was in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, and rode with Wellington after his victory without having had "any of the fun." He lived much in Paris in later life, amusing himself, his biographer tells us, with a fictitious Order of "Knights Liberators," which he had formed with himself as president. The object of this Order was as mentioned in the text—the liberation of Christian slaves from Barbary pirates; but its achievements were said to be only on paper. Smith died in Paris, and was buried at Père-Lachaise.

† Count Antoine François Andréossy (1761–1828), French general and diplomatist, entered the artillery in 1781 and served during the Revolutionary Wars. He accompanied Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, and afterwards assisted in helping him to the Consulate. Under the Empire he was Ambassador at London, Vienna, and Constantinople. After Waterloo he was one of the Commissioners sent to Wellington to negotiate. He served under the Bourbons as a deputy, and published at least three treatises of a geographical and geological character.

said to have been instructed to make to our Government during the short peace with Consular France. In this interval of hostilities a notion is entertained that the First Consul proposed a co-operating expedition between the two powers to destroy, root and branch, the piratical States of Barbary; on which occasion, as the story goes, he offered to supply the military force, if England would engage to furnish all the naval implements necessary to give effect to an enterprise so honourable to them both. If such propositions were actually made, there can be no doubt that sufficient reasons then predominated for hesitating in the acceptance of them; and the hasty renewal of the war put an end to all further deliberations, if any had ever existed, on the subject.

The next inquiries which Napoleon made were respecting the British Artillery service: they were addressed to the Captain of Artillery on board, whom he found completely qualified to answer the numerous questions which he addressed to him. I understand that his first entrance into the Army was in the Artillery Corps, and the subject was consequently the more interesting; and a very few weeks only had passed away since he had fully experienced our field tactics in that branch of warfare. He descended into all the minutiæ of the service, and inquired into the state and discipline of the non-commissioned officers, bombardiers, miners, and privates of every character. The education of the cadets was also scrutinised, and he particularly asked if they were instructed by Professors in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., and in order that there might be a clear understanding as to the specific terms of art, he called the Count de Las Cases to assist in this scientific conversation. The only observations he made were those of surprise at our bringing twelve-pounders into the field, and the strength as well as perfection of this

branch of the British military force, of which he seemed not to have entertained an adequate comprehension.

I premised, at the outset of my Epistolary Narrative, that you were to expect sudden transitions to very unconnected objects; and I now give you an almost laughable example, by passing from the artillery of England to the crown jewels of France, of which Bonaparte recovered, as I understand, but one article, which was a Diamond Cross,* whose value was estimated at twelve thousand pounds sterling. I am also informed that when Grouchy† telegraphed the capture of the Duke D'Angoulême‡ in the South of

* The Diamond Cross story, as told (presumably by Croker) in the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XVI., p. 217, declares that Napoleon "stole" this piece of jewellery from his sister before leaving Paris. This is an interesting example of the malice with which high-class English publications pursued Napoleon in those days. It seems humorous to read of Napoleon "stealing" from a family every member of which he had enriched in so extraordinary a fashion.

† Emmanuel, Marquis de Grouchy (1766–1847), Marshal of France, entered the French Army in 1779. Although of noble family, he embraced the cause of the Revolution, and contributed, as General of Brigade, to the conquest of Savoy. In spite of his services and the wishes of his soldiers he was recalled under a decree of the Convention that none of the nobility should lead the troops. He opposed Napoleon over the establishment of the Consulate, but served bravely in many succeeding wars. His too pedantic conduct in awaiting fresh orders from Napoleon at Waterloo has been made the subject of endless controversy, in which Grouchy himself took part ("Fragments historiques," 1840), but it is clear that a more resourceful soldier would have helped his leader to victory. After Waterloo Grouchy left France and retired to Philadelphia, returning in 1821. The Revolution of 1830 restored to him his title of Marshal, and in 1832 he was made a peer.

‡ Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Angoulême (1775–1844), the eldest son of Charles X., married his cousin, Madame Royale, the daughter of Louis XVI. He accompanied his father, then Comte d'Artois, to England, along with the emigrants of 1789. When Napoleon returned from Elba in 1815 the Duke was at Bordeaux. He made great efforts against the influence of Napoleon, but was captured by Grouchy and put on board ship at Cette. He was in Spain when his uncle, Louis XVIII., returned to Paris. At the Revolution of 1830 he signed with his father, Charles X., their united abdication of the crown. In exile he called himself the Count de Marne.

France, an order was instantly returned that whatever property was found in his possession should be instantly restored to him.*

You may probably have observed that our chief passenger does not make his inquiries at random. Indeed, he always addresses them to such persons as, from their official characters, are particularly qualified to give explanatory answers; or, which may be the most probable circumstance, the official appearance of persons whom he accidentally encounters suggests the subject of his interrogations; as his curiosity directs itself to the apparent departments of those with whom he at any time converses. He might therefore be induced to take me in my own way, when I was an object of his notice; and Physic seems to be no unpalatable subject with him. He thinks very highly of exercise on horseback as more conducive than any other

* We have here the opportunity of comparing the Warden "Letters" with the fragment of the Warden "Diary" in my possession. Here the facts given above are stated as follows:—

"*Monday, August 15th.*—Napoleon has continued longer on deck this day than any one since he joined the *Northumberland.*

"The wind has been from the southward and eastward very light—swell of the sea considerable—delayed during the day by two vessels of the squadron lagging astern.

"The countenance of Bonaparte appears less pleasant than it usually has been; he spoke little at dinner. During the evening he called Captain Beatty of the Marines, who speaks French fluently, and made enquiry respecting the Marines—when they paraded the guard, etc. The Captain had been in Egypt, and had served with Sir Sidney Smith at the siege of Acre. On Bonaparte's hearing this he seized hold of Beatty by the ear, and jocosely said: 'Ah, you rogue! Were you there?' He asked where Sir Sidney was. Captain Beatty replied that the Knight was on the Continent and that he had submitted a proposition to the congress at Vienna to destroy the horde of depredators in the Mediterranean, the Barbary Corsairs. To which Bonaparte replied that it was a disgrace to the European Powers to permit such a nest of miscreants to exist. It appears he highly approved of the proposition of the gallant admiral. He was this day extremely inquisitive respecting our artillery, and expressed surprise when told that we carried 12-pound guns into the field. He was also surprised when told the strength of that part of our army.

to the preservation of health; and I have been informed that, during his passage in the *Bellerophon*, and confident in the expectation that he should be received by our Government, he frequently anticipated his enjoyment of the field sports in England.

Everyone remembers the threatened invasion of England in 1805, and the various conjectures which were formed on this momentous subject. It was not, according to my recollection, by any means generally considered as practicable; nor did any very great apprehensions prevail that it would be attempted. I will, however, give you my authority for the actual intention of carrying it into execution. Bonaparte positively avers it. He says that he had two hundred thousand men on the coast of France opposite to England; and that it was his determination to head them in person. The attempt he acknowledged to

He put innumerable questions to the Captain of Artillery through Montholon, regarding the education of this branch of the army, whether they were instructed in mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. He asked questions regarding the privates, bombardiers, and non-commissioned officers. The evening terminated as usual with cards, and Bonaparte was this night successful. Madame Bertrand had this day been communicating her sentiments of the Bourbons. She relates several anecdotes of the King; dwells much on the parade of religion which he makes. *Pays him this compliment* — that since the abdication of Bonaparte, he has seldom or ever been heard to speak of Napoleon, and when his family have been inclined to say severe things of the ex-Emperor, he has invariably checked their folly. She asserts that if a Bourbon remains peaceably on the French throne it must be the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess of Angoulême she appears to have a great hatred to; she says this Princess is vindictive and cruel. A phrase of hers she twice repeated: *'When will the day of revenge come?'* I would not vouch for the truth of this, however. This conversation affords one an opportunity of judging of our present shipmates' sentiments regarding the Royal family of France. By the bye, it may be well to remark here that Bonaparte recovered none of the Crown jewels with the exception of, I think, a cross valued at twelve thousand pounds sterling. When telegraphed by General Grouchy, who had seized the Duke of Angoulême in the South of France, the property he had in his possession he desired the whole to be given up to him, the Duke.'

be very hazardous, and the issue equally doubtful. His mind, however, was bent on the enterprise, and every possible arrangement was made to give effect to its operations. It was hinted to him, however, that his flotilla was altogether insufficient; and that such a ship as the *Northumberland* would run down fifty of them. This he readily admitted; but he stated that his plan was to rid the Channel of English men of war; and for that purpose he had directed Admiral Villeneuve * with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to sail apparently for Martinique, for the express purpose of distracting our naval force, by drawing after him a large portion, if not all, of our best ships. Other Squadrons of Observation would follow; and England might, by these manœuvres, be left sufficiently defenceless for his purpose. Admiral Villeneuve was directed, on gaining a certain latitude, to take a baffling course back to Europe, and, having eluded the vigilance of Nelson, to enter the English Channel. The Flotilla would then have sallied forth from Ostend, Dunkirk, Boulogne, and the adjoining ports. The intention was to have dashed at the Capital by the way of Chatham. He well knew, he added, that he should have had to encounter many difficulties; the object, however, was so great as to justify him in making the attempt. But Villeneuve was met on his return by Sir Robert Calder;† and having suffered a defeat, took

* Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Silvestre de Villeneuve (1763–1806), French Admiral, distinguished himself first in America, and was a captain at twenty years of age. In 1804 he was made Vice-admiral, and was selected by Napoleon to prepare for the descent on England. The blunder in tactics mentioned in the text led him to attempt to retrieve his fortune by giving battle to Nelson at Trafalgar (October 21st, 1805). He was made prisoner, but liberated. On his way back to Paris he committed suicide at Rennes, fearing to face the Emperor.

† Sir Robert Calder (1745–1818), British Admiral, entered the navy in 1759; he was appointed Captain of the Fleet in 1796, was knighted in 1797, and made a baronet in 1798. The event of his career was in

refuge in Ferrol. From that harbour he was peremptorily ordered to sea according to his original instructions; but, contrary to their most imperative and explicit intent, he steered his course for Cadiz. "He might as well," exclaimed Napoleon, raising his voice and increasing his impetuosity, "he might as well have gone to the East Indies." Two days after Villeneuve had quitted his anchorage before Cadiz, a Naval Officer arrived there to supersede him. The glorious Victory of Trafalgar soon followed, and the French Admiral died a few days after his arrival in France; Report says, by his own hand.

Having given such a specimen of his active spirit, I am about to surprise you, perhaps, by the information that this man who, in the course of his career, seems scarcely to have allowed himself time to sleep, while he for so many years kept the world awake, is now become the most decided sleeper on board the *Northumberland*. During the greater part of the day he reclines on a sofa, quits the card table at an early hour in the evening, is seldom visible before eleven in the morning, and not unfrequently takes his breakfast in bed. But he has nothing to do, and a novel will sometimes amuse him.

It had been a favourite conjecture in several of the newspapers that Bonaparte, who had risked death in so many forms in the field of battle, and whose courage cannot, I should suppose, be liable to suspicion, would, nevertheless, play the Coward at last, and put an end to his life, rather than suffer the dis-

1805, when off Ferrol he had to keep watch over the Franco-Spanish squadron, under Villeneuve. He captured two of the Spanish ships and then sailed away. Villeneuve, instead of carrying out instructions and making for the English Channel, was misled by false intelligence of a larger British fleet in front of him to sail for Cadiz. For his action in not fighting Villeneuve, Calder was tried by court-martial and reprimanded. He never served again, but was made K.C.B. in 1815.

grace of being sent, a banished man and a captive, to St. Helena. The prevalence of such an opinion reached the ear of the object of it, who calmly replied, "No, no, I have not enough of the Roman in me to destroy myself."

The subject was continued in consequence of the incidental mention of Mr. Whitbread's name and the unhappy termination of his life. That circumstance, as well as the political character of Mr. Whitbread, was not altogether unknown to Napoleon.* After having described him as a faithful and active friend to his country, but who never betrayed any illiberal or local prejudices against the enemies of it, he seemed disposed to attribute the lamentable event to the moisture of our climate. He was not ignorant of the effects ascribed to our gloomy month of November, and multiplied his questions as to the prevalence of fogs in our Island and their supposed effects on the physical system of its inhabitants, so as to produce those hypochondriac disorders and the *tædium vitæ*, to which self-destruction is frequently imputed. He reasoned for some time with no common ingenuity on this unexpected topic, and concluded with this decisive opinion: "Suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason present itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate cowardice. (*Poltronerie.*) For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of Fortune? True heroism consists in becoming superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat."

General Montholon is of a very cheerful, lively disposition; but Madame, *sa tres chere femme*, is in continual application to medical assistance. Her Emperor, on inquiring of Mr. O'Meara the state of her

* *See* the conversation with Lyttelton, *ante*, page 89.

health, repeated the question of Macbeth, in the following manner:

> "Can a physician minister to a mind diseased,
> Or pluck from memory a rooted evil?"*

"Madame Montholon," he continued, "is alarmed at the idea of St. Helena. She is destitute of that firmness so necessary to her situation; and irresolution is a weakness that is unpardonable even in a woman."† It is, indeed, very evident that we are indebted for the company of the ladies in our voyage to the romantic devotion of the gentlemen their husbands to the object for which it was undertaken. Madame Bertrand could not even persuade her *femme de chambre* to quit Paris, till she had obtained permission for the woman's husband and son to accompany the suite.

I shall now proceed to give the account of an interesting conversation which I had with the Count de Las Cases on the final resolution of Napoleon to throw himself on the generosity of the English Government. He prefaced his narrative with this assurance: "No page of Ancient History will give you a more faithful detail of any extraordinary event than I am about to offer of our departure from France, and the circumstances connected with it. The future Historian will certainly attempt to describe it; and you will then

* The *Quarterly Review* (Vol. XVI.) makes fun of the probability of Napoleon being able to quote Shakspere. Warden heard the story from O'Meara, as he states in the unpublished "Diary" before me, and misunderstood what occurred. Napoleon, in any case, denied ability to quote Shakspere in the original. Warden's story is repeated also in a letter from an officer of the *Northumberland*, entitled "Authentic Particulars of Bonaparte," that appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* for October 18, 1815, but this letter must have been sent by Warden.

† Mr. O'Meara was Surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*; and, when Bonaparte's medical attendant declined a continuance of his professional duties, he volunteered his services; a circumstance highly approved of by the Commander of the Channel Fleet.——Nor should I be satisfied with myself if I did not bear testimony to his superior skill in his profession, to the honour of his character, and the virtues of his heart.—*Note by Warden*

be able to judge of the authenticity of his materials and the correctness of his narration.

"From the time the Emperor quitted the Capital, it was his fixed determination to proceed to America, and establish himself on the banks of one of its great rivers, where he had no doubt a number of his friends from France would gather round him; and, as he had been finally baffled in the career of his ambition, he determined to retire from the world, and, beneath the branches of his own fig-tree in that sequestered spot, tranquilly and philosophically observe the agitations of Europe." On my observing that the good people of Washington might entertain very different notions of his philosophy, and rather contemplate with apprehension such a colony as he would establish, Las Cases replied, "Oh, no; the career of Napoleon's ambition is terminated." He then proceeded:

"On our arrival at Rochefort, the difficulty of reaching the Land of Promise appeared to be much greater than had been conjectured. Every inquiry was made, and various projects proposed; but, after all, no very practicable scheme offered itself to our acceptance. At length, as a *dernier ressort*, two chasse-marées [small one-masted vessels] were procured; and it was in actual contemplation to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic in them. Sixteen midshipmen engaged most willingly to direct their course; and, during the night, it was thought that they might effect the meditated escape. We met," continued Las Cases, "in a small room, to discuss and come to a final determination on this momentous subject; nor shall I attempt to describe the anxiety visible on the countenances of our small assembly. The Emperor alone retained an unembarrassed look, when he calmly demanded the opinions of his chosen band of followers as to his future conduct. The majority were in favour of his return-

ing to the Army, as in the South of France his cause still appeared to wear a favourable aspect. This proposition the Emperor instantly rejected, with a declaration, delivered in a most decided tone and with a peremptory gesture, that he never would be the instrument of a *Civil War* in France. He declared, in the words which he had for some time frequently repeated, that his political career was terminated; and he only wished for the secure asylum which he had promised himself in America, and, till that hour, had no doubt of attaining. He then asked me, as a Naval Officer, whether I thought that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable in the small vessels, in which alone it then appeared that the attempt could be made. I had my doubts," added Las Cases, "and I had my wishes: the latter urged me to encourage the enterprise, and the former made me hesitate in engaging for the probability of its being crowned with success. My reply implicated the influence of them both. I answered that I had long quitted the maritime profession, and was altogether unacquainted with the kind of vessels in question, as to their strength and capacity for such a navigation as was proposed to be undertaken in them; but as the young midshipmen who had volunteered their services must be competent judges of the subject, and had offered to risk their lives in navigating these vessels, no small confidence, I thought, might be placed in their probable security. This project, however, was soon abandoned, and no alternative appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England.*

"In the midst of this midnight Council, but without the least appearance of dejection at the varying

* It is worth while printing the following extract from the *Moniteur* concerning this matter:—

Measures have been taken to prevent the escape of Napoleon Buonaparte, and it will be seen by the following extract of a letter from the

and rather irresolute opinions of his friends, Napoleon ordered one of them to act as Secretary, and a Letter to the Prince Regent of England was dictated. On the following day I was employed in making the necessary arrangements with Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. That officer conducted himself with the utmost politeness and gentlemanly courtesy, but would not enter into any engagements on the part of his Government; and, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Planat,* every person in the suite of Bonaparte

Maritime Prefect of Rochefort to the Minister of the Marine that the result has been such as we had reason to expect.

"*Rochefort*,

"*July* 15, 10 *in the evening*.

"Under execution of your Excellency's orders I embarked in my boat, accompanied by Baron Ricard, Prefect of the Lower Charente. The Reports from the roads for the 14th had not then reached me, but I was informed by Captain Philibert commanding the *Amphitrite* frigate that Buonaparte had embarked on board the *Épervier* brig with a flag of truce determined to proceed to the English cruising station.

"Accordingly at daybreak we saw him manœuvring to make the English ship *Bellerophon*, commanded by Captain Maitland, who on perceiving that Buonaparte was steering towards him hoisted the white flag at the mizen.

"Buonaparte and the persons in his suite were received on board the English ship. The officer whom I had left to make observations communicated to me this important news, and General Becker, who arrived soon after, confirmed it. "BONNEFOUX,

"Naval Captain and Maritime Prefect."

* Lieut.-Colonel de Planat was at first included in the list of those who were to accompany Napoleon to St. Helena (Maitland's "Narrative," p. 190). General Gourgaud's name was omitted, and de Planat was to have been Secretary to the Emperor. Gourgaud was very angry, and persuaded Napoleon to substitute his name. Maitland remarks, in reference to the first breakfast on board the *Bellerophon* ("Narrative," p. 92), "I observed during the whole time that Colonel Planat, who was much attached to him, and of whom Bonaparte always expressed himself in terms of affection, had tears running down his cheeks, and seemed greatly distressed at the situation of his master. And from the opportunities I afterwards had of observing this young man's character, I feel convinced he had a strong personal attachment to Bonaparte." De Planat was ready about the time of Napoleon's death to go to St. Helena in place of Montholon.

buoyed themselves up with the hopes that they should receive at least the same treatment which had been manifested to Lucien Bonaparte* in your country; and with that consolatory expectation we arrived off the coast of England."

The performance of Divine Service, as is usual on board his Majesty's ships, to distinguish and offer due honour to the Sabbath Day, happened to introduce a discourse on the subject of religion with the principal persons of the suite, when we were generally informed that their chief had thought proper, after dinner, to speak on the subject of religious faith. His opinions it was not deemed necessary to communicate any further than that they were generally of the most liberal and tolerating character. One circumstance, however, it was thought proper to assert, as from his own instant

* Lucien Bonaparte (1775–1840), one of the brothers of Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio. In 1793 he tried at Marseilles to excite the sympathy of the Republic for Corsica against Paoli and the British Alliance. In 1798 he became a member of the Council of 500. He played a great part in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, which placed his brother in power. Later he was Ambassador to Spain, but fell into disgrace with Napoleon over his marriage, and lived in various parts of Europe, engaged in literary work and making friends in Rome and in London. Dr. Samuel Butler (*Life*, 1896) supervised an English version of Lucien Bonaparte's poem, *Charlemagne*, in 1811. The translation was begun by his curate, Mr. Maunde, but the translation was practically made by Butler and the Rev. Francis Hodgson, afterwards Provost of Eton. "Both translators believed *Charlemagne* to be a great poem, and thought they were covering themselves with glory by connecting their names with a work which they were confident would be immortal." In the opinion of the author of *Erewhon*, the failure of *Charlemagne* in England was due "not to its dreariness—that would not have mattered—but to the fact of Lucien Bonaparte's reconciliation with his brother Napoleon after his escape from Elba." Byron's enthusiastic verdict on *Charlemagne*, not more wrong-headed than the critical verdicts of most poets, may be quoted: "The little that I have seen by stealth and accident of *Charlemagne* quite electrified me. It must be a stupendous work—it seems to be of another age. . . . M. Lucien will occupy the same space in the annals of poetry which his imperial brother has secured in those of history—except that with posterity the verdict must be in his favour." Sir Walter Scott, however,

authority: that his profession of the faith of Mahomet and avowed devotion to the Crescent in Egypt, was a mere act of policy to serve the purpose of the moment. This fact appeared to be asserted with particular energy from the knowledge possessed by the party communicating it, of the abhorrence which Bonaparte's having declared himself a Mussulman excited in England. But the zeal of the moment was not calculated to throw any new light upon the manœuvre, or to soften the original opinion entertained of it. Indeed, I ought to have told you before, in order to account for any apparent knowledge of the opinions generally prevailing in England respecting the French Revolution and the leading characters in it, previous to the Peace of Amiens, if allusions should have been made to them, that the

who was pretty wrong-headed in his views of brother poets, declined the author's offer to translate *Charlemagne* into English. Lucien seems to have played fast and loose with principles when in England, for he said, according to Butler, that if the Government would but make his own and their situation comfortable, he would engage to detach all his brothers from Napoleon and get them to England. Lucien did, however, join his brother during the Hundred Days and strove to make him a really democratic ruler. On his brother's failure he became a prisoner at Turin, but was released at the demand of the Pope, and retired to his villa in the Roman States, where he died. Of his *Memoirs* only one volume appeared in 1836. Of this the *Quarterly Review* (December, 1836), which makes astonishing reading during the first half of the nineteenth century where the Bonapartes are concerned, declared that it was "inconceivably trivial and intolerably dull." One passage from the *Quarterly* is worth quoting:—

> "We rise from the perusal wearied to death, and without having acquired the slightest addition to our previous knowledge either of events or men, or even of Lucien Bonaparte himself, unless indeed it may appear something of a novelty to have at once such undisputed evidence and such a striking example of *what blockheads a revolution may raise to eminence*. It is certainly the greatest of revolutionary miracles that such a set of boobies as this whole tribe have always shown themselves whenever they were beyond the immediate influence of Napoleon, should have been actually ministers, ambassadors, princes, kings—what not?—and it now appears that Lucien is little better than the rest of the puppets."

Count de Las Cases had resided among us as an emigrant till that event.

I shall here observe that whenever an opportunity offered, the zealous attendants of Napoleon never failed to represent him in a manner that might lessen any unfavourable impressions, which they supposed the English entertained respecting him, whether personal or political. The impetuosity of his temper being mentioned, it was not denied; but his frequent and even habitual correction of it was illustrated by these two anecdotes, which de Las Cases stated as facts, among many others, known to himself. He related them in the following manner.

"I was at St. Cloud, when Captain Mieulieuse waited upon the Emperor on his return from England. He had been taken in the *Didon*, by an English frigate, the *Phœnix*, commanded by Captain Baker.* On my introducing him, his Majesty said, in a very harsh tone of voice, "So, Sir, you surrendered your colours to an enemy of inferior force: how can you answer for your conduct?" "Sire," replied Mieulieuse, "I did my utmost; my men would fight no longer." "If so," answered the Emperor, "when an officer is disobeyed by his men, he should cease to command. Therefore, begone." About six months after this mortifying recep-

* A short time previous to the battle of Trafalgar, the *Didon* was sent from Ferrol by Admiral Villeneuve to ascertain what English ships were off the Coast. This Frigate, carrying 44 guns, and 330 men, had instructions to avoid fighting; but falling in with the *Phœnix* of 36 guns and 254 men, commanded by Captain Baker, her inferior size seemed to justify the French Captain in disobeying his orders; he backed his main-top-sail and lay-to till the *Phœnix* ranged up alongside, and commenced the action; when, after a most determined conflict of three hours, part of which time they were on board each other, the *Didon* struck, being a complete wreck. I was at that time Surgeon of the *Phœnix*, and can therefore bear testimony to the admirable conduct and bravery of Captain Baker, his Officers and Crew, on this memorable occasion.—*Note by Warden.*

tion, and when his conduct had been inquired into, he was appointed to the command of a squadron at Venice.

"The Emperor had a confidential secretary, a man of superior talents, who was blessed with a disposition so mild, and a temper so smooth, that it was almost impossible to trouble the one or to ruffle the other. The impetuosity of his Imperial Master, with the uncertain and unreasonable hours when he was frequently summoned to his duty, and the calm preparation in which he was ever found to perform it, sufficiently proves the character that has been given of him. Napoleon seldom took a pen into his hand; his general practice was to dictate to others, which he did with the rapidity of thought; and if an idea struck him in the middle of the night, the secretary in waiting was instantly summoned to transmit it to paper. This officer had happened, on one of these hasty occasions, to have mistaken an expression as it was dictated to him, and for this accidental mistake was dismissed from the presence in terms of the severest displeasure. The next morning the Emperor sent for his secretary; and when the latter entered the saloon with his usual placid and undisturbed countenance, the Emperor, with rather a look of displeasure, demanded of him if he had slept the preceding night, and on being informed that he had enjoyed his usual hours of comfortable repose, this reply was given: 'Then you have been more fortunate than me, so take your pen,' and a decree for a very liberal pension to the secretary was instantly dictated."

It was wished, also, to counteract a notion which the party imagined to prevail among us, that Napoleon did not possess the active spirit of gallantry towards the ladies without which a Frenchman does not believe that any generous, noble, or heroic virtue can exist.

Such an opinion, if it prevailed, was considered by his zealous champions as a most foul and groundless assertion. Among other proofs of his more tender nature, it was said that he was sincerely attached to Marie Louise, and it was added a fond look from her eye would command anything from his heart. (Remember, it is a Frenchman who speaks.) At the same time it was avowed that though she might possess his more permanent affection, her Majesty was known to suspect the possibility of his straying into an occasional infidelity.

It is, indeed, very well known that the English ladies whom he saw from the gangway of the *Bellerophon* drew from him very animated expressions of admiration. Miss Brown, a daughter of General Brown, is said to have fixed his exclusive attention, while she was in a situation to remain an object whose features could be distinguished.

You may remember, perhaps, that some years since, when the Marquis of Wellesley was Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, that Sir George, then Captain Cockburn, who commanded the *Implacable*, was particularly chosen to conduct a secret enterprise with Baron de Colli, a Pole,* to rescue and secure the escape of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, who was at that time confined in the Castle of Valençay. I have now the means of throwing some light upon that interesting transaction, by the communications of those who were well acquainted with what I must consider as the unfortunate conclusion of it.

* Baron de Colli was an Austrian officer who "entered France amid a thousand dangers, with a scheme for delivering the prince. He hoped to get him to the coast, and to an English frigate, by means of false passports and relays of swift horses. The unfortunate adventurer was caught and thrown into a dungeon at Vincennes" (*Oman*, Vol. I., p. 18). The *Quarterly Review*, in its review of Warden, corrects his statement as to de Colli's origin by making a greater error.

All that could be done by the active, patient, and unremitting vigilance of Captain Cockburn, to whom so important a part of this secret design had been entrusted, was accomplished; and it need not be added, that the officers under his command shared his persevering spirit. They, in due time, arrived at the spot where the Baron was to enter upon the part assigned him in the bold and dangerous stratagem; and, as an essential accompaniment of it, money and jewels were artfully concealed in different parts of his dress. He hoped to return in about a month, and all the necessary signals were arranged in order to secure his retreat with his royal prize to the ship. Nothing more, however, was heard of the Baron; and the *Implacable*, after a long-continued, tedious, and ever-watchful cruise, returned to port.

The enterprising Pole now became the subject of various conjectures. He was successively considered as having betrayed his trust, or seized as a spy and put to death; or that the weak, infatuated Prince, for whose deliverance the enterprising Baron had devoted himself to so much danger, had betrayed the plot, and involved his romantic adherent in the fatal consequences of such a discovery. But the mystery of the poor Baron's fate was now to be unfolded. The necessary witnesses for the purpose were in Court. Savary, who was Minister of the Police of Paris at the time of this secret expedition, was in the suite of Napoleon, and could have no objection to tell all that he knew of the business, while his master was on the spot to confirm or correct the statement. There was no difficulty, therefore, for Sir George Cockburn, in his present high official character, to become acquainted with the finale of the bold Baron's adventure, concerning which, it may be presumed, his generous nature felt something more than curiosity.

The Baron, it seems, had arrived in safety at the point to which he was destined, but Almighty Love appears to have demanded his first attentions. A lady, to whom he was ardently attached in Paris, was an irresistible object of attraction, and to that city he bent his first steps; but he had not been two hours within its walls before some of Savary's myrmidons seized the unfortunate and imprudent Pole, stripped off his clothes, with their valuable concealments, and consigned him to a prison. So far the stratagem failed of success; but Bonaparte wished to know whether the imprisoned monarch was privy to it. A proper person was therefore selected to personate the Baron, and with all his false passports and rich clothes, introduced himself to Ferdinand; but though the guards were purposely withdrawn, to give all possible facility for his escape, the imprisoned King dared not encounter the danger of the attempt.

On our approach to Madeira, the hazy state of the atmosphere precluded the possibility of seeing the island until we got close between Puerto Santo and the Deserts. The latter rocky island is almost perpendicular; and has some slight resemblance to St. Helena. This circumstance I mentioned to de Las Cases, and he instantly communicated it to Napoleon, who had quitted the dinner-table sooner than usual, and joined a few of us on the poop; but the comparison of what he now saw with his gloomy notions of the place where he was shortly to abide, produced not a single word. He gave an energetic shrug, and a kind of contemptuous smile; and that was all. The sloping front and luxuriant aspect of the island of Madeira could not but excite an unpleasant sensation, when contrasted with the idea he had entertained of the huge black rock of St. Helena. I had presented Johnson's Work on the "Influence of

Tropical Climates on European Constitutions "* to his perusal. That writer has been very lavish of his encomiums on St. Helena; but he acknowledges that he only lay at anchor off it for three days, and its acute reader ridiculed the glowing descriptions which were founded on such a transient and imperfect view of the place.

A Sirocco wind had blown for forty-eight hours previous to our arrival at the Madeiras, and had done considerable damage to the vines of the Island. This circumstance will be indubitably attributed by the superstitious inhabitants to the malign appearance of Bonaparte on their coast; and all the saints were probably invoked to hasten our departure.

With the fine landscape of the rich and fruitful spot before us, I conclude this Letter. My next may, perhaps, inform you of our arrival at the barren and rocky scene of St. Helena; but, wherever I may be, you well know, I trust, with what truth

I am, &c. &c.,

W. W.†

* James Johnson (1777–1845), the author of "The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions," published in 1812, was a physician born at Ballinderry, Co. Derry, Ireland, and was at first a surgeon in the navy. This, the most popular of his many books, reached a sixth edition nearly thirty years after it first appeared. Johnson was a surgeon in the *Impregnable* when, in 1814, the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) conveyed the Tsar Alexander and the King of Prussia to England, and, having attended the Duke for an attack of fever, was appointed his surgeon. He settled as a surgeon in Portsmouth in 1814, and began a Medical Review called *The Medico-Chirurgical Journal*.

† Warden in his "Diary" tells Baron de Colli's adventures much as in the text. He continues as follows, writing on Napoleon's birthday, August 15th, 1815:—

"When some of our officers the other day were ridiculing the imbecility of the present family of Spain—representing a number of recent edicts, and concluding with the opinion that they were unfit to reign—the

Frenchman readily replied, 'Well, why did you assist them to their throne?'

"Napoleon has been more communicative this day than usual. He talked with freedom at dinner, but retired early. He drinks little wine, and amongst his other observations he remarked the length of time the English people dedicated to their dinner—for his part he seldom exceeded a quarter of an hour. On Bonaparte's quitting the table, Sir George Cockburn filled a bumper and gave the health of the General, being the return of his natal day. This unexpected sally of the admiral appeared to give great satisfaction to the suite of Napoleon. A second bumper was given to the ladies, who were still present at the table.

"*Wednesday, August 16th.*—Nothing interesting has occurred during this day. Napoleon was on deck during the forenoon and appeared with his usual gravity. He ate a very hearty dinner, drank very moderately of wine, which is his custom, and returned to the quarter-deck three-quarters of an hour before the party broke up. There is a prevailing idea in England that Bonaparte's conscience does not permit him to sleep, that he is tormented with frightful dreams, etc. I firmly believe this to be a mistake. It is my opinion that Napoleon sleeps more than most men on board the *Northumberland*. He indulges on the sofa during the day, and he quits the card table early in the evening. He is seldom visible before 11 the following day. It would appear singular—however, it is true that this celebrated character is fond of reading novels. There was a report in England some days prior to our receiving Bonaparte on board the *Northumberland* that, rather than be conveyed to St. Helena, he would put a period to his existence. This principal conjecture was paragraphed in every newspaper of the day, consequently it reached the ear of Napoleon, who coolly observed he was not yet such a Roman as to destroy himself. We learn from the companions of Napoleon—men who voluntarily sacrificed fortune, friends, and personal liberty, consequently the avowed admirers of this man's character—that during his exalted career they have only two accusations to place to his charge. One was extravagant ambition; the other, the death of the Duke of Enghien. Bonaparte himself accuses the Prince of being a traitor to France, consequently he reconciled the execution of the Duke to the forfeiture of his life by the laws of France; and perhaps the necessity of the times was the chief inducement for carrying his vengeance to the extent he did. What the execution of this and the many other crimes he stands accused of may produce on his mind, I know not. But this much I know, that there is no belief here that either ghosts or goblins visit his pillow on board the *Northumberland*. Winning and losing considerably at cards last night, Sir George Cockburn contrived to get rid of 120 napoleons, many he had won the preceding night. The whole of this day has been sultry and hot. The thermometer below 74, on deck 72. A light breeze sprang up in the evening, which has increased during the night."

LETTER IV

At Sea,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

Our great man seldom suffered a day to pass without making particular inquiries respecting the health of the crew, and the nature of such diseases as then prevailed among them, with the particular mode of treatment. The complaints at this time prevalent on board the *Northumberland* required a free use of the lancet.* We had a young, healthy, florid crew on our quitting England, with constitutions liable to be influenced with increase of temperature. He seemed to

* Judging by a study of the Master's Log of the *Northumberland* in 1815, which may be seen in the Rolls Office, a free use of the cat was all too common under Captain Ross's *régime*. I have extracted the only salient passages from that log during the period in question :—

"*August 2nd.*—Hoisted the red flag of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn.

"*August 6th.*—*Bellerophon*, a frigate, and two troopships in company.

"*August 7th.*—At 11 General Buonaparte came on board from H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, accompanied by Lord Keith and the following French officers, *viz.*, Count Bertrand, his wife, three children, a servant and her child ; General de Montholon, his wife and child and a female servant ; General Gourgaud ; Count de Las Cases and his son, nine servants and a surgeon.

"*August 18th.*—Read the Articles of War and punished James Taylor with 36 lashes, Peter Morris ditto 24, David Parker ditto 24, Thomas Harrison ditto 24, James Cooper ditto 36, James Caster 12, John Brandon 24, Thomas Sexton 36, W. Lemming 24, for drunkenness, contempt, neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders.

"*October 14th.*—Saw the Island of St. Helena bearing N.N.W. 13 leagues.

"*October 17th.*—Landed General Buonaparte and suite.

"*October 21st.*—Read the Articles of War and punished Thomas Johnson with 36 lashes for drunkenness and contempt, John Belton 24 for theft.

"*November 19th.*—Sent working party on shore to carry planks from

entertain a very strong prejudice against bleeding, which he called the Sangrado practice, nor did he fail to treat our first conversations on the subject with a degree of humour and pleasantry which proved that the great events of his life had not driven from his recollection the solemn satire of Le Sage. He urged the propriety of sparing the precious fluid, under an apprehension of its deficiency, when, as he conceived, the food on board a ship was not sufficiently nutritious to restore it. A Frenchman, he exclaimed, would never submit to the discipline of the Spanish doctor. And on my observing that the French did not eat quite so much beef as Englishmen, he peremptorily denied the fact. "To the full as much," he said, "but they cook it differently." He was, however, open to conviction; and when he had been made to understand the general health of our fleet, and had witnessed the good effects of the practice which he had so forcibly reprobated and ridiculed, he no longer argued against it; but always mentioned it with some facetious observation. On meeting me, he would apply his fingers to the bend of the opposite arm, and ask, "Well, how many have you bled to-day?" Nor did he fail to exclaim, when any of his own people were indisposed, "O, bleed him, bleed him! To the powerful lancet with him; that's the infallible remedy." He had, however, seen the

St. Helena to Longwood to build apartments for the reception of Buonaparte.

"*February 12th*, 1816.—Sent 200 seamen to carry stores from James's Valley to Longwood as before.

"*June 17th*, 1816.—Arrived H.M.S. *Newcastle*, bearing the flag of Sir Pulteney Malcolm.

"*June* 19th, 1816.—Made sail."

The fact is that the crew of the *Northumberland* were in a state of suppressed mutiny throughout the voyage, and floggings were very frequent. When the ship arrived at Torbay the crew had expected to be paid off, and finding they were not even permitted to land, discontent was rife during the unexpected voyage to St. Helena.

good effects on Madame Bertrand. That lady was attacked with an inflammatory fever, when she submitted to lose two pounds of blood, as well as to abstain from wine and all animal food; but the Sangrado system effected her cure, and confirmed the proselytism of her Emperor to the practice.*

Of his own state of health he has good reason to boast, and when it is considered to how many various climates he has exposed himself, and what a succession of toil he has undergone during the last twenty-five years, the state of health he has enjoyed, and still enjoys, is altogether astonishing. He declares that he has been but twice throughout his life in such a state

* Irresolution appears an egregious fault. Bonaparte is apt to despise even a woman when he finds her unequal to encounter difficulties. It appears very clear to me that Bonaparte is indebted for the company of ladies entirely to the devotion of their husbands. Madame Bertrand, before she could persuade her female attendant to quit Paris, was obliged to permit the husband and son to accompany the suite. A report has been propagated in England declaring Bonaparte a woman-hater. This is a foul aspersion. He was extremely fond of Maria Louisa, and from indubitable authority I am told a tear from that woman's eye would have commanded anything from Napoleon. She was very jealous of him, and not without cause—he is very amorous.

"According to the received opinion of that easy, obliging manner which is said to be necessary in forming a gentleman, Bonaparte is deficient. He is less gallant to the ladies here than one might expect under their misfortune. Madame Bertrand slyly got hold of his snuff-box this day at table while his head was turned from her in conversation. Bonaparte turned round sooner than she expected, seized the box, and clapped it into his pocket. The lady looked confused. No apology took place on either side."

* * * * * * *

"When the *Bellerophon* remained at Plymouth, an incalculable number of well-dressed people were in the habit of rowing round the ship. He asked if they were shopkeepers. It may be remembered he often called us a nation of shopkeepers, and it appears the idea still was uppermost in his mind. The dress and beauty of the women drew from him the warmest encomiums. The Duke of Rovigo declared that the sight of so much beauty was capable of making an old man young.

"Bony remarked one young lady in a most particular manner—

as to demand medical aid. He took a dose of physic for the first complaint; and the second, being a pulmonic affection, required a blister. Mr. O'Meara,* his own surgeon, speaks with admiration of his temperament, and says that his pulse never exceeds sixty-two. His own spontaneous account of himself is that he is very passionate; but that the violence of his disposition soon subsides, not only into tranquillity, but into coldness and indifference. I have never heard that, in speaking of his constitution and uncommon state of health, he ever hinted at the advances of age, or calculated the probabilities of his enjoying length of life. He has indeed been known to say, and to repeat the

a daughter of General Brown's. He kept his eyes fixed on her for half an hour. When told that the assemblage of people he witnessed were of every rank in society—from nobles to people much inferior to shopkeepers, he expressed himself gratified by the information. Bony remarked that he never beheld women with such beautiful bosoms. This he most particularly admired, and I firmly believe he would gladly have kissed many who were there. He is very anxious to know every particular respecting the females inhabiting the island of St. Helena. Upon my word, I scarcely think Bonaparte can live without a wife. His predilection in favour of the ladies is disputed in England; that this opinion is wrong I have great reason to believe. I verily believe no woman will fall in love with Napoleon while his hat is off. He has very little the appearance of a gentleman when uncovered."—*Warden's Unpublished "Diary."*

* Barry Edward O'Meara (1786–1836) was born in Dublin. He made an enormous reputation by a single book, "Napoleon in Exile, or A Voice from St. Helena." O'Meara entered the army in 1804 as assistant surgeon to the 62nd Regiment, and was with it in Sicily, Calabria, and Egypt. He was compelled to leave the service in consequence of being second in a duel, and the *Quarterly Review* of a later date made much of that "disgrace." O'Meara turned to the navy, and was assistant-surgeon successively on several ships before he joined the *Bellerophon*. Napoleon was pleased with him doubtless because among so many who knew only English he found one who could talk to him in Italian. Maitland thought well of him, and when Napoleon's own surgeon Maingaud declined to follow him to St. Helena, O'Meara received the appointment. He found himself in a hotbed of jealousies. Sir Hudson Lowe appeared to take it for granted that he should be a spy upon the ex-Emperor for

opinion, that he ought to have died on the day when he entered Moscow, as he then had arrived at the summit of his military glory. It has been even said by some of his few surrounding friends that he should himself have determined not to survive it.

I must beg leave to return to the subject of blood-letting, as a conversation took place which had escaped me, and is an additional proof of his curiosity or anxiety, or perhaps both of them, respecting it. He called me to him on the quarter-deck, and asked the following professional questions: "Can a person, labouring under a tropical disease, requiring what you call the free use of the lancet, promise himself an equal share of health, eighteen months after, as he had before the system of depletion?" "How long are the vessels filling after being partially emptied of blood; and what quantity

the benefit of the British Government. O'Meara grew tired of the *rôle*, and quarrelled with Lowe. After constant bickerings, Lowe requested his recall. He carried with him an autograph note from Napoleon asking that his friends and relatives should accept O'Meara's account of his situation. When he arrived in England he addressed a letter to the Government, suggesting that Napoleon's life was not safe in Lowe's hands. As the life of the exile was precisely what the Government of the day did not overmuch wish to preserve, O'Meara received instant dismissal. Thereupon he began a literary war on the Government with an "Exposition of Some of the Transactions that have taken place at St. Helena since the Appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor." In 1822 he expanded this into his "Napoleon in Exile," which took the world by storm, and made him the hero of the Whigs for a season. In spite of many attempts to minimise it, O'Meara's narrative is substantially accurate, and is in any case thoroughly readable. The suggestion that O'Meara was all along a Government spy is untenable. Not more than half of O'Meara's manuscript was used by him in his famous book. Nineteen manuscript volumes were left by him to Louis Mailliard, the private secretary of Joseph Bonaparte. They remained in the family of his descendants until 1900, when they were purchased by the proprietors of the *Century Magazine*. Fragments appeared in that periodical (March, April, and May, 1900), but they were very disappointing, and added nothing of material value to our knowledge except to make it clearer that the Government and Sir Hudson Lowe considered that the sooner Napoleon was dead the better for everyone.

can the human body lose without producing death?" After reasoning for some time on the subject of these questions, I surprised him with the account of a very extraordinary case then subject to my treatment. A seaman was put on the sick list; the disease an inflammation of the stomach. On the second day the pulse beat 150 in the minute, and not a particle of food or of medicine was retained by the stomach for two minutes. In the course of three days the patient lost fifteen pounds of blood, when the pulse, though still full, was reduced to 87 beats. Nothing solid remained on his stomach for three months; nevertheless, the man recovered. This you will say was a case in point, and enough to make anyone a convert to the application of the lancet. He described to me a pulmonic complaint with which he was affected on his return from Egypt, and asked me what treatment I should have adopted in his case. "Would you have done as Corvisart * did? He blistered me twice." I replied that, most probably, I should have bled previous to the application of a blister, as in the commencement of pectoral affections, they are generally attended with inflammation. The conversation afforded me, as I thought, rather a fair opportunity of asking him if his sleep was generally sound. I felt at the time that it was an adventurous question; nor would it have surprised me, if he had turned away without giving me an answer; but, with a look more expressive of sorrow than displeasure, he replied, "No; from my cradle I have been an indifferent sleeper."

Adieu, &c. &c.

W. W.

* Jean Nicolas, Baron Corvisart des Marets (1755–1821), born at Vouziers, became a doctor in 1782, and founded a clinical school, which grew celebrated. Joséphine introduced him to Napoleon, who made him his physician. Napoleon mentioned him in his will.

LETTER V

At Sea,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

I shall begin this letter by introducing a very interesting person to your attention; and who, in our various quarter-deck conversations, had not been hitherto mentioned. It was the Empress Josephine.* Her name happening to occur, she became the spontaneous subject of very animated eulogiums, when she was represented as possessing a sweetness of dis-

* The Empress Joséphine—whose name was Marie Joséphine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie—was born in the Isle of Martinique, where she was known as Yeyette, on June 23rd, 1763. She came to France in 1779, in which year she married Alexandre de Beauharnais. In 1784 de Beauharnais obtained a separation. In 1788 Joséphine returned to Martinique, but joined de Beauharnais again in France in 1790. De Beauharnais was executed during the Terror, and his wife, who also was imprisoned, but escaped death, had a period of considerable poverty before she became the mistress of Barras. The stories told of Joséphine's "lightness" by Barras in his "Memoirs" are well-nigh incredible. In any case, Bonaparte, with a considerable knowledge of her weakness, fell violently in love with her, and his published letters of the earlier days of courtship and marriage rank with those of Keats and other persons of ardent temperament. The civil marriage took place in March, 1796, Napoleon being twenty-seven years of age and his wife thirty-three. Doubtless to please her, Bonaparte made himself out a year older than he actually was. While Napoleon was in Egypt Joséphine was frequently unfaithful. The pair were reconciled upon Bonaparte's return to France, and she shared with the First Consul and Emperor all his greater triumphs, being crowned with him in December, 1804, by Pius VII. In 1809 a divorce was decreed, and Joséphine retired to Malmaison. Then Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria. When the Allies occupied Paris in 1814 and Napoleon had gone to Elba, Joséphine was visited by the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia. She died at Malmaison after a six days' illness on the 29th of May, 1814.

position, an elegance of manners, and a certain melody of voice that irresistibly charmed every one, without any exception as to situation or capacity, who were admitted to her presence. The sudden death of this excellent lady was very generally lamented; and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance and a very exalted personage. I will relate the event to you in the words, as far as my memory serves, in which the Count de Las Cases conveyed it as an undeniable fact to me. Josephine, it seems, had so far won the admiration and high esteem of the Emperor Alexander, that his Imperial Majesty used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent but continual during his stay at Paris. Her state of health was but indifferent, and on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, as well as an absolute confinement to her chamber. At this time, the Emperor paid one of his visits, when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the Imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked, during the time of his stay, in the gardens of Mal-Maison, and the consequence of this promenade was fatal: she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and in a few days she was no more.

From the same authority I give you an account of her marriage with Napoleon, which certainly differs, as far as my recollection serves, from the credited histories of that event. It is not, however, for me to attempt a reconciliation of opposing narratives; but to relate, for your amusement, what I have heard, and the author of my information. It is as follows:

An order which was issued by the Convention to

disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Bonaparte, then a General, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband was said to have suffered eighteen months before the circumstance about to be mentioned. He had left a son, Eugene Beauharnais,* at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity to address the General on the Parade, and solicit his father's sword, which, according to the late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Bonaparte, charmed by the request, and the animated modesty with which it was made, instantly granted it. The mother wrote a letter the following day to thank the General for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit on his part, and the lady not being at home, she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An interview, of course, followed. He was instantly captivated, and in six weeks they were married. It has been generally thought, I believe, that the second marriage did not obliterate his regard for her ; and it is here asserted, by those who were qualified to form a correct opinion of the matter, that he would have given more evident proofs of his regard, if the jealousy of the second Empress had not interposed to prevent them.

Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce Madame Bertrand to persuade you that he is not without a capacity for friendship. She related, in a very

* Eugène de Beauharnais (1781–1824) was the son of Joséphine by her first husband, Alexandre de Beauharnais (1760–1794), who was guillotined. Napoleon carried Eugène to success, and he had much more capable material to work upon than with his own brothers. He made Eugène Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince of Eichstadt, and Vice-King of Italy. He served with Bonaparte in Egypt and in Italy. In 1806 he married the Princess Amelia Augusta, daughter of the King of Bavaria. He took part in the Russian campaign, but retired to Bavaria at the fall of Napoleon. His six children all made great marriages.

impressive manner, the last interview with Duroc, Duke of Friuli,* and his afflicted Sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground, when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands, on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours. A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state the Emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the Imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection. She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated, as a fact, that he lay—for it is not to be supposed that he slept—a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

She also mentioned that he possessed an equal attachment to Lannes, Duke of Montebello,† who was

* Géraud Christophe Michel Duroc, Duke de Friuli (1772–1813), a French general who was aide-de-camp to Napoleon in Italy and in Egypt, supported him in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and was made Governor of the Tuileries in 1800. In 1804 Duroc became Grand Marshal of the Palace; he played a considerable part at Austerlitz. He was created Duke of Friuli in 1808. Duroc was mortally wounded at the end of the battle of Bautzen, and died two days afterwards.

† Jean Lannes, Duke of Montebello (1769–1809), joined the Republican Army in 1792, and was later a volunteer for Napoleon's Army of Italy, where he distinguished himself, particularly at Lodi, at Arcola, and at Rivoli. He accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, and was severely

killed at the battle of Essling, when a similar scene of affection and regard took place. That brave officer had been obliged to submit to the amputation of one leg just below the knee, and the other just above the ankle. Bonaparte and Bertrand visited him in this unhappy condition, on the left bank of the Danube. Bertrand was endeavouring to console him by comparing his situation to that of the brave Caffarelli,* when he, with a rapid eagerness of expression, thus interrupted him: "The attachment of Caffarelli to the Emperor was cold, when compared with the affection which I feel."

It was on a Sunday at the Admiral's table that Bonaparte catechised the chaplain of the *Northumberland* in the following curious and unexpected manner, though the learned divine is well qualified to have answered a far more profound inquiry respecting the faith which he teaches and the things that belong to it.

"How many Sacraments does the Church of England acknowledge?"

"Two: Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

"Does not the Church of England consider Marriage as a Sacrament?"

wounded at the siege of Saint-Jean d'Acre. He left Egypt with Bonaparte, and supported him in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. In the following year he was made a Marshal, and then Duke of Montebello. He fought in most of the Napoleonic campaigns, and brought to a close the memorable siege of Saragossa in 1809. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Essling, and died some days later at Vienna. His remains were taken to Paris, where the Emperor decreed a magnificent funeral.

*Louis Marie Joseph Maximilien Caffarelli du Falga (1756–1799), born at the castle of Falga, in Languedoc, of an Italian family domiciled in France in the reign of Louis XIII., held office in the Republican Army, but, protesting against the execution of Louis XVI., was imprisoned for more than a year. He served later under Kléber, and lost his left arm. He became a member of the Institute, and Bonaparte appointed him to the headship of the savants whom he took with him to Egypt, and his popularity extended even to the Arabs. He died of a wound received at the siege of Saint-Jean d'Acre.

"No."

"What are the tenets of the Church of England?"

"The tenets of the Church of England are Lutheran, or Episcopal Protestant."

"How often is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered?"

"In the churches of the metropolis, and other cities and large towns, the Eucharist is observed *monthly*; but in the country churches, where the population is not so large, *quarterly*. The Festivals of the Nativity of Our Saviour, or Christmas Day; of the Resurrection, or Easter Sunday; the Descent of the Holy Ghost, or Whit Sunday; and the Feast of St. Michael, are the quarterly observations of the Eucharist."

"Do all the communicants drink out of the same cup?"

"Yes."

"Is the bread made use of in the Sacrament common bread?"

"The bread is of wheat, and the best that can be conveniently procured."

"Supposing that wine could not be procured in the administration of the Sacrament, would any other liquid be allowed as its substitute?"

"It is not at all probable that a case of this kind ever occurred, wine being procurable in every part of the kingdom."

"Do the bishops frequently preach?"

"Seldom but on extraordinary occasions."

"Do they wear the mitre?"

"I believe I may venture to say never, though I cannot affirm whether the arch-bishops do or do not wear the mitre when they crown the King."

"Have not the bishops a seat in the House of Peers?"

"They have."

"How long is it requisite for persons who are candi-

dates for Holy Orders at the University to have resided there ?"

"Four years; but previous to their becoming members of the University, they are generally seven or eight years at a classical school."

"Of how long standing must a person be in the University before he can receive the degree of Doctor in Divinity ?"

"Nineteen years from the time of his matriculation."

"Which are the most approved places of education for the candidates for Holy Orders ?"

"The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

"Are there many Puritans (meaning Presbyterians) in England ?"

"There are a great many."

"What are the religious tenets of the Church of Scotland ?"

"The tenets of that Church are Calvinistic. They do not allow Episcopacy or the government by bishops. They are Presbyterians, because they hold the government of priests, and presbyters, or elders."

"To whose custody are the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, committed ?"

"They are generally entrusted to the care of the minister; but it is a more regular proceeding to keep them in a strong chest which remains in the vestry-room of the parish church. This chest is guarded by three locks of different construction, so that it cannot —or, at least, ought not to be opened without the concurrence of three persons—the minister and the two church-wardens; who, each of them, possess their official and separate key." The idea of keys and locking up might not excite sensations altogether pleasing to the extraordinary captive, for here he closed his enquiries.

It may be said that everything is possible, if it

should please God, as was observed, according to the story, by a Dutch burgomaster, when a man was brought before him who was accused of having bit off his own nose. But at all events, it may be considered as a very striking article of the chapter of improbabilities, in any preceding part of Bonaparte's life, that he should ever be found catechising the chaplain on board an English man-of-war bound for St. Helena, respecting the forms, ceremonies, tenets, etc., of the Anglican Church.

The ceremony of crossing the Line, a day of jubilee to the voyagers of every maritime nation, is so well known that it would be superfluous to give a minute description of it; though more than usual ceremony was displayed on the present occasion; and it must be acknowledged that the French party submitted with the best grace—that is to say, with the most perfect good humour—to the novel freedoms of the marine Saturnalia. Nor had the Neptune and Amphitrite of the day any cause of complaint. They were seated in a boat filled with water, the throne a match-tub, and the sceptre a painter's brush. They were surrounded by their Tritons, consisting of fifty or sixty of the most athletic men in the ship, naked to the waist, and bedaubed with various colours, each bearing a pail of salt water, to drench, more or less, the subjects of the briny god. The licence of the pastime may be imagined when Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, received the contents of one of them with perfect pleasantry.

Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and de Las Cases, with all the domestics, presented themselves to the temporary but potent Neptune, and received with the necessary cheerfulness their share of his ablutions. The two former led their children forward, each of them presenting, from their extended little hands, a double

Napoleon as their offering to the presiding deity of the deep. A sea-boy sung the song of "The Snug Little Island," some of whose lines were not very complimentary to the enemies of Great Britain, but not an unpleasant look was produced by them. The ladies viewed the scene from an elevated position, and appeared to be equally amused and astonished at the festivities of it. Neptune was rather disappointed that Napoleon did not make his appearance, though he acknowledged the sovereign dignity by sending his tribute. In short, harmony prevailed to the close of this festal medley.

You, my dear friend, who have afforded a vigilant attention to every part of Napoleon's extraordinary career, and to satisfy whose prevailing curiosity concerning him, I have become a writer of biography, such as it may prove; you, I say, may remember, though it does not occur to me, that a rumour prevailed after the Treaty of Tilsit,* of a projected marriage between the Emperor of France and a Russian princess.† This circumstance seems to be acknowledged here; and it is said, moreover, that the failure of this negotiation arose from the bigotry of the lady's royal mother, who insisted on the establishment of a Greek church in the palace of the Tuileries. I merely state it as a little article of our political chit-chat, for your political amusement.

I recur once more to the person of this object of your inquisitive spirit, as it leads to circumstances (I know they will not be thought trifling by you) which are connected with this additional description of it. He

* The Treaty of Tilsit was signed in 1807 between Napoleon and the Tsar Alexander, the latter accepting Napoleon's scheme for a Continental blockade against England and subscribing to the dismemberment of Prussia.

† This was Anne, the youngest sister of Tsar Alexander. The Dowager Empress of Russia was strongly opposed, and an excuse was made that Anne was too young, although she was then twenty years of age.

has an uncommon face: large, full, and pale, but not sickly. In conversation, the muscles suffer little or no exertion, with the exception of those in the immediate vicinity of the mouth; the whole seem fixed, and the forehead perfectly smooth. That of a Frenchman is generally wrinkled, from the habitual muscular exertion of the countenance, which we denominate grimace; but however earnest Napoleon may be in conversation, he discovers no distortion of feature. When he wishes to enforce a question, he sometimes employs his hand but that alone; and were I describing a *petit mâitre*, I might attribute the display to its uncommon handsomeness. He sometimes smiles, but I believe he seldom laughs. I have never observed, when laughter has prevailed around him, that he has caught the pleasing infection. The interesting children on board, who amuse everybody, do not attract his attention. There is a large, good-tempered Newfoundland dog who is a frequent and rather a rude play-fellow of these urchins; and in a situation where no active entertainments are exhibited, the interludes of these performers afford no small degree of amusement to those around them. But they have never won a smile, that I have observed, from the ex-Imperial spectator. Once, indeed, when Bertrand was in conversation with his Master, the Count's little girl intruded upon it, with a story which all her father's prohibitions could not silence. On this occasion Napoleon took her by the hand, heard out her little tale, and at the conclusion kissed her. But this very uncommon attention was probably paid to the child as the only mode of getting rid of her, which might not have been painful to the feelings of the father.

You will say, perhaps, when you have read a little further, that we are very much in want of amusements on board a ship, which we certainly know as well as you, and that we are pleased with little things; however,

I will tell you something which I think will amuse *you*. Frequent attempts are made on the loyalty of the little Bertrands by courting them, in very seducing ways, to say "*Vive le Roi*," and "*Vive Louis dix huit*." But the two eldest are loyal children and true, and never failed to reply with "*Vive l'Empereur*." The youngest of the three was, however, at length bribed by irresistible sweetmeats to say "*Vive Louis dix huit*," for he, like other cautious politicians, could not be persuaded to go all lengths, and add "*Vive le Roi*." But this daring defection never failed to be followed by the reproaches of his incorruptible brother and sister. This charming boy is said to bear a strong resemblance to the young Napoleon, and has acquired the title among us of John Bull, which he triumphantly retains; and if asked who he is, appears pleased to exclaim, "Jean Booll!"

You have known me long, and have been acquainted with my general views in life; but who can foresee what he may come to? And could you suppose that I should ever be a teacher of the English language, and to the late Grand Marshal of the Palace of the Tuileries; though I have reason to be proud of my scholar for his amiable disposition, soldier-like frankness, and cultivated mind. He speaks English intelligibly, but with a very French accent. This he wished to improve, and I undertook to read with him. Such has been my task for an hour or two every day during the last fortnight. We have got through the "Vicar of Wakefield" with great success; "Roderick Random," the never-failing novel of a seaman, now occupies us. The sea terms and the seaman's language are rather perplexing, as my persevering scholar will not suffer a single sentence to pass by without the best explanation that I can find. The "Tour of Dr. Syntax" yet remains, and will probably last us to St. Helena.

As you have desired me to omit nothing, however trifling, that relates to, or is authentically related of, our chief passenger, I shall just mention that Count Bertrand, in the history which he gave of the German campaign in 1807, took occasion to observe that Bonaparte had very seldom employed spies. He appeared, in the course of his warfare, to know but one instance of a person being engaged by his Master in that capacity, which was in Italy; at the same time he acknowledged that the services performed by him were of considerable importance. In speaking also of Napoleon's talents, for which he uniformly avows the most profound admiration, he expressed himself to the following effect: "When I was first admitted to the Emperor's confidence, he employed me on a particular service, and no zeal was wanting, on my part, to execute it; but I found it, as I thought, to be impracticable, and I did not hesitate to submit my opinion to him that it was so. 'It may be so to you,' he replied, 'but in what manner did you proceed?' I accordingly explained the means I had pursued. 'You have failed,' he said, 'in following your own plans; now see what success you will have in pursuing mine.' These he explained. I adhered to them, of course, and succeeded. I then determined never again to suppose that any commands of his could fail of being fulfilled; and in any future operations which he entrusted to me, the idea of impossibility never occurred to my thoughts in the performance of my duty, or was forced upon me by my experience, in the failure of it."

I have observed that at cards our extraordinary man plays rather a careless game, and loses his money with great good humour. Nay, he is frequently inaccurate in reckoning his points, etc.; but as often, most assuredly, to his loss as his gain. At chess, indeed, which is a scientific game, independent of Fortune, and considered

as being connected with a leading branch of military tactics, he may not possess, perhaps, the same indifference. However that may be, I shrewdly suspect that Montholon, when he plays with him, takes care to be the loser. I have read, though I know not where, that some great commander on being beat at chess by one of his officers, was so infuriated by the jealousy of the moment, that he drew forth a pistol and dispatched his conqueror. I wonder whether the aide-de-camp has ever heard this story.

Having crossed the Line, the south-west winds occasioned our making a sweep off the Gulf of Guinea, before we were enabled to shape a course for our destined port. The declining sun of the 14th of October, 1815, shot out a parting ray e'er it sunk beneath the horizon. Under this small illumined space, was obscurely perceived the lofty peak of St. Helena. The memorable morning soon dawned which was to usher in the commencement of Napoleon's exile. This new feature in his history will be the subject of my next letters.

&c. &c. &c.,

W. W.

LETTER VI

St. Helena,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

The sensation excited in the little interesting colony of St. Helena on the arrival of this extraordinary guest may be more easily imagined than described. Curiosity, astonishment, and interest combined to rouse the inhabitants from their habitual tranquillity, into a state of busy activity and inquisitive solicitude.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin for a full hour after the ship had anchored in the bay; however, when the deck became clear, he made his appearance, and ascended the poop ladder, from which he could examine every gun that bristles at the mouth of James Valley; in the centre of which the town of that name, and the only one in the island, is situate. While he stood there I watched his countenance with the most observant attention, and it betrayed no particular sensation. He looked as any other man would look at a place which he beheld for the first time. I shall also take this opportunity to mention that during the whole voyage, from the moment the *Northumberland* set sail from England, to its arrival at St. Helena, I never saw any change in the placid countenance and unassuming manners of our distinguished shipmate; nor did I hear of a discontented look, or a peevish expression, being remarked by any other person in the ship. The ladies, indeed, discovered some distress on the first view of their rocky cage; but their general conduct

on the occasion displayed a degree of self-possession which was not expected of them.

The first object of the Admiral was to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of Napoleon and his suite; and the Lieutenant-Governor's house was appropriated for that purpose, till a proper place could be prepared for his fixed residence. It was not, therefore, till the 17th that they disembarked. After sunset, on that day, when the inhabitants of the town, wearied out in waiting for the spectacle of Bonaparte's landing, had retired to their homes, he, according to the wish he had expressed, passed unobserved to the house where he was to pass the first night as an inhabitant of St. Helena.*

At an early hour of the following morning the General was on horseback, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn. They ascended the mountain to Longwood, which was to be the tranquil residence of a man on an insulated

* Napoleon's first night at St. Helena was spent at the house of a Mr. Porteus in the town. Warden seems to be much astray as to the "unobserved" entry and the absence of the inhabitants. All other accounts testify to the accuracy of Elizabeth Balcombe's narrative ("Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon"). That writer says:—

> "It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing place, and shortly after a boat from the *Northumberland* approached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the Emperor, but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the Admiral and General Bertrand, and, enveloped as he was in his surtout, I could see little but the occasional gleam of a diamond star, which he wore on his heart. The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to behold him, and one could hardly have believed that it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and the sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the lines to the town, to prevent the multitude from pouring in. Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence, though with respect. I heard him afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at *comme une bête feroçe*."

rock in Africa, who had possessed gorgeous palaces in so many of the splendid cities of Europe.

About a mile from the town, and mid-way up the mountain, stands the country house of a most respectable man and a merchant of the island, Mr. Balcombe. It is named The Briars, and is situated on a level spot which might almost be imagined to have been formed by art in the steep ascent. It occupies about two acres and is bountifully supplied with water, by whose irrigating influence a pleasing and contrasted scene of vegetation, enriched by fruit trees, has been produced; and seems, as it were, suspended between the heights above and the depths below. Here Napoleon, on his descent from Longwood, was induced to call; and such was the hospitable importunity of the amiable master of the mansion, that he relinquished his intention of returning to the valley, and thereby avoided the public gaze that was waiting his appearance.

On an elevated mound, about fifty yards from the house, is a Gothic building, having one room below and two small apartments above. This maisonette Napoleon chose for his residence till Longwood could be completed. There was no choice in the arrangement of this confined abode; the ground floor was, of course, occupied by him, while de Las Cases, with his son, who was a page, and the valet in waiting, were to possess the upper storey.

A few days after he had fixed his residence at The Briars, I called to pay him a complimentary visit, when I found him reclining upon a sofa, apparently incommoded by the heat. He had been, he said, amusing himself with a walk in the garden, but that towards noon he found it necessary to shelter himself from the sun, beneath his little roof. He appeared to be in very good spirits, and expressed himself with great civility to me, as well as in his inquiry after the officers

of the *Northumberland*. After some general questions respecting the restrictions on visiting him, he said, "I find there is a considerable force on the island; full as many as the produce of the place is capable of maintaining. What could induce your government to send out the fifty-third regiment? There was surely a sufficient force before for my security; but this is the way that you English people get rid of your money." To this observation I did not hesitate to reply: "When a measure is once resolved upon, you, General, will surely acknowledge it to be the best policy to employ all the means that may secure its being carried into effect." You, my friend, may think that I hazarded his displeasure by my answer; but the manner in which he received it convinced me that he was better pleased with my frankness than if I had hammered out a compliment, in which manufactory you well know that I am but an unskilful workman. I now took my leave, and strolled down with Count Bertrand to dinner.

It was not till some time in November, that I paid a second visit to The Briars, whither an invitation to dine with Mr. Balcombe had called me. As I reached the spot some time before the dinner-hour, I proposed to amuse myself in examining the cultivated spots attached to the domain. I accidentally took the path which leads to the gardens, and at the gate where it terminates there is a narrow goats' passage leading onwards, whose sides are lined with prickly pear bushes. At the angle formed by the two paths, I met Napoleon clattering down from among the rocks in his heavy military boots. He accosted me with an apparent mixture of satisfaction and surprise; and reproached me in terms of great civility for my long absence. There was a rough deal board placed as a seat between two stones, on which, after having brushed away the dust with his hand, he sat himself down, and desired me to

take my place by him. Las Cases soon joined us, for in scrambling through these rocky paths his Master, badly as he walks, had got the start of him. On all sides of the spot where we were seated, rocks were piled on rocks to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while there was an abyss of equal depth at our feet. Nature seems in a sportive mood to have afforded this level space for a semi-aerial dwelling; and while I was gazing with some astonishment on the barren wonders of the scene around me, "Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "what say you to it? And can you think that your countrymen have treated me kindly?" I had but one answer to such a question, and that was by not giving any answer at all. His conversation then turned upon the state and character of the island, of which, he observed, all the books he read respecting it, during the voyage, had given a very partial representation, unless there were parts of a more pleasing aspect than any he had seen in his rides to Longwood, which comprehended the utmost extent of his observation. His conversation was, on this occasion, as on all others, when I have been with him, easy, good-humoured and familiar, without the least taint of his former greatness; and whenever the topic would admit of it, he never failed to give an air of cheerfulness to his remarks. On my mentioning the activity of the Admiral in superintending the repairs at Longwood, and that it would probably be ready to receive him in the course of a month, he replied "Your Admiral knows, I doubt not, to a moment in what time a ship may be got ready, but as an architect I think his calculations will fail." I maintained, however, that whether it was upon land or sea, Sir George Cockburn was of a character that would ensure success in whatever he might be called upon to undertake. I added that the officers were actually employed in accompanying the seamen to

Longwood, with the materials necessary for its completion. He then enquired after those gentlemen whose names he endeavoured to recollect, and expressed a wish to see them as they passed, "if," said he, "they will be contented to visit me as you now do, in the fields; as my present habitation, which serves me for breakfast, dinner, and bedroom, is not precisely calculated to receive company."

The Briars had derived, and will ever retain, a certain degree of celebrity from its having been the unexpected residence of Napoleon; and this circumstance will, I doubt not, bring to your recollection the various instances where remote and obscure situations, which never formed the smallest speck on a map, have by accidental events become important points in the geography of the historian. Napoleon frequently makes one of Mr. Balcombe's family parties, where he is neither troublesome nor intrusive, but conducts himself with the manners of a gentleman, and a lively demeanour that promotes the general vivacity of the domestic circle.* I have not heard of any instance of his discontent but on the following occasion. Since he has been at The Briars, an officer of captain's rank is constantly in attendance there, and becomes answerable for his person. This, I understand, has occasioned remonstrances to the Admiral, who has not thought proper to answer them with any relaxation of this duty.

Napoleon having complained of the intrusion of visitors during his stay at The Briars, it afforded the Admiral an opportunity of executing the orders transmitted from England with a degree of delicacy, which, whoever has the pleasure of knowing him, must be

* I have since seen in the English newspapers, accounts of his playing at cards for sugar-plums, being impetuous with a child, and engaging in something like monkey tricks; for which there is not the least foundation of any kind.—*Note by Warden.*

satisfied that he would prefer. It was accordingly ordered that no one should be permitted to visit Longwood without a passport from the Admiral or the Governor.

On his removal thither, certain limits were assigned him for exercise, around which a cordon of sentinels were stationed. While he continues within the circle he experiences no additional vigilance; but when he ventures beyond, an officer is on duty to attend him. The latter circumstance, which he considers as irksome, disposes him to limit his excursions to the grounds of his mansion.

The indisposition of General Gourgaud occasioned my passing much of my time at Longwood. The disease from its commencement had assumed very unfavourable appearances; and my friend Mr. O'Meara, whom I have already introduced to you as the ex-Imperial surgeon, was desirous that we should be together during the treatment.

My first visit on this occasion was attended with some particulars, which, I presume, from your rivetted attention to the principal character in the scene, you will not think unworthy of being related. About six in the evening I reached Hutsgate, a small house on the Longwood Road, about a mile from the principal residence, and the habitation of Count Bertrand. It consists of two small apartments below, and the same number above. But in this cottage, health reigns, the children are charming, and care seems to be banished from it. A volume might be filled with all I know of this family. Most of my spare hours during the voyage were dedicated to reading English with the Marshal; and, in return, he gave an history of some of the campaigns in which he had served. He would often say, "You are de bad master: you will hear all, and speak to me none." Napoleon, when enquiring after me

during our passage, would distinguish me by the title of "Bertrand's friend." On my arrival at Hutsgate, Madame bid me dismount and accompany her in the carriage to Longwood, as her husband had gone on before. It was now growing dusk, and as we approached the house we saw her Emperor, as she always called him, and Bertrand in conversation close to the roadside. "Now," said the lady, "let us surprise them. Show yourself at the carriage window as we pass, when they will fancy a gallant, and it will remind them of Paris tricks." We passed them at a quick pace; I obeyed my instructions, and, having handed the Countess from the carriage, she left me to go and explain who the stranger was. In a few minutes I received a message from Napoleon himself with an invitation to dinner. I very readily accepted it, as you may imagine; and was rather pleasingly surprised at it; as he had for some time confined his guests to his own suite. I had no means of presenting myself but in my riding equipments, and in such guise I made my entré. General Montholon, in full dress, received me in the ante-chamber, and introduced me to an adjoining room, where Bonaparte was engaged at chess with the Count Bertrand. He received me with the common salutations, very civilly expressed, and on my taking a position behind his chair, as if to observe the game, he continued the contest. There was little conversation among the party in the room, and that was carried on in a kind of respectful whisper, which, as I knew not how to adopt, was interrupted at times by the thorough bass of my answers to the questions which were addressed to me.

A very short time before dinner was announced, General Montholon whispered in my ear that I was to take my seat at table between the Emperor and the Grand Marshal. Here are honours for you, and I will

give you leave to figure your plain, humble, unassuming friend in his elevated station. I cannot say that my situation resembled that of Sancho Pancha, because every dish was at my service; but a piece of roast beef, or a leg of mutton with caper sauce, would have afforded a relief to my appetite, which has never been familiarised with ragouts and fricassees. I had Napoleon on my right and the Marshal on my left; and there was a vacant chair, that had the air of ceremonious emptiness, as a reserved seat for Maria Louisa. A bottle of claret and a decanter of water was placed by each plate; but there was no drinking to each other at dinner; and if you did not help yourself during the time it lasted, the opportunity would be lost, as the wine vanished with the eatables. The service of porcelain far exceeds in beauty whatever of that kind I had beheld. The silver plate is massive and decorated with eagles in curious abundance; the gold service appeared in the dessert. The entertainment lasted about an hour, and so frequent were the questions of my host that from the perplexity I suffered in conjuring up answers to them, I scarce knew what I eat, or what I drank. I will endeavour, however, to give you a general specimen of his convivial inquiries.

"Have you visited General Gourgaud?" "Yes, General, I came to Longwood for that purpose." "How have you found him?" "Extremely ill." "What is his disorder?" "Dysentery." "Where is its seat?" "In the intestines." "What has been the cause?" "Heat of climate on a constitution peculiarly predisposed; but remove the cause, and the effect will cease. Had he been bled in the first instance, it is probable that the disease would have been less violent." "What remedy is now proposed?" "The functions of the liver and other viscera are deranged. To restore them, therefore, to a healthy action, it will be necessary

to have recourse to mercury." "That is a bad medicine." "Experience has taught me the contrary." "Did Hippocrates use it?" "I believe not—he had great faith in simples." "Yet he is considered as among the first physicians." "He might, nevertheless, have derived great advantages from modern discoveries." "Does not Nature endeavour to expel morbific matter, and may not the present painful struggles be an effort of Nature to rid herself of what is obnoxious?" "I have been taught to assist Nature." "And could not you do so without having recourse to this dangerous mineral?" "Experience has convinced me that mercury, provided it produces salivation, is infallible." "Then go on with your mercury."

"Have you lost many men on board the *Northumberland?*" "We have had the misfortune to lose several." "Of what disease?" "Dysentery and inflammation of the liver." "Have you examined them after death?" "Invariably." "What was the appearance?" "Extensive suppurations of the liver in the one disease, and gangrene of the intestines in the other." "What is death—or how do you define death?" "A suspension of the vital functions, the organs of respiration, and the action of the heart." "When does the soul quit the body?" "That is a question I do not presume to answer with a precision which would satisfy you; for in cases of suspended animation and in syncope, man is, to all appearance, dead; yet, by artificial means, resuscitation is produced and life preserved." "When do you suppose that the soul enters the body?" "I am not sufficiently skilled in metaphysics to give a satisfactory reply. The faculty of thought appears to be the dawning of the soul, and to whatever perfection reason attains, then the soul is most perfect—at least, then man becomes the most responsible for his actions." Here the conversation ended, to my great satisfaction,

as it seemed to be taking a turn too profound for my philosophy; you will say, perhaps, that part of it was not calculated to whet the stomach of anyone at dinner but a medical man. I fancy, however, that to your appetite it will prove a savoury dish.

Napoleon now arose, and was followed by his party into a card-room, when whist succeeded. He appears to be master of the game, but plays with a kind of carelessness and good humour, as if he preferred losing his money. He stayed half an hour longer this evening than was usual with him, and during that time he walked up and down the room, continuing his prevailing habit of asking questions. On his taking leave, Las Cases, in his good-humoured way, said, "Well, this has been a day of questions—indeed, I fear it must be a punishment for you to dine with us, it is so like undergoing an examination; but you may be assured that your answers afford satisfaction, or you would not be troubled with so many questions."

In a few days after, the arrival of a ship from England induced me to take a ride to the valley; and on my return in the evening I was informed that Napoleon desired to see me in General Gourgaud's apartment as soon as I returned; and there I found him waiting for me. On my entrance, the first question related to the progress of the General's disorder, when he suddenly changed the subject. "You have been at the town; and is the ship just arrived from England? If so, I suppose she brings letters and newspapers." "Certainly; and I have looked over a file of the *Courier*."*

* The *Courier* was established in 1792, and was for some years a Whig journal with strong predisposition towards sympathy with the French Revolution. It changed hands in 1799 and became a Tory journal. It was a bitter opponent of Napoleon during the years of his power, and in common with the *Quarterly Review* followed him with savage vituperation during the years of his exile. The most popular newspaper of these years, it nevertheless rarely exceeded a circulation of 12,000 copies.

"Is there no *Morning Chronicle?*"* "I have not yet seen it. The other papers, which I just had a glimpse of, were the *Times* and a provincial paper." "What is the news from France?" "I did but slightly glance over the French news." "Be that as it may, you remember, I suppose, something of what you read; so let me hear it." "I saw some articles respecting you; but the principal part of the French news which I had the opportunity of examining related to the trial and sentence of Marshal Ney."

Napoleon now advanced a step nearer to me, but without the least change of countenance. "What," said he, "Marshal Ney has been sentenced to be shot?" I replied, "It was even so: he addressed the ministers of the allied sovereigns, but in vain. He urged in his defence the Twelfth Article of the Convention; he pleaded on his trial that he was deceived by you; that the proclamation of which he was accused, and made a part of the charges against him, was written by Major General Bertrand; and that he was deceived by your report of Austria and England." Count Bertrand, who was in the room, quietly observed that Marshal Ney had a right to save himself if he could; and if fabricated stories would answer his purpose, he could not be blamed for employing them. But he added, "Respecting the proclamation, it was an assertion equally false and ridiculous. Marshal Ney could write himself, and wanted not my assistance." Napoleon made no comments on the account which had been given him. One solitary expression, indeed, broke from him, and that was "Marshal Ney was a brave man."

I mentioned a report, as stated in one of the London

* No wonder that Napoleon would have preferred to see the *Morning Chronicle*. That journal, which started in 1769, was a Whig organ. It had such writers as Sir James Mackintosh and William Hazlitt on its staff. Napoleon could expect fair treatment there.

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Bonaparte on the 17th of June. Bonaparte on the 9th of July.

Two Caricatures of the Year 1815.

A scene on board, or Boney receiving good advice.

A caricature of Napoleon on board the Northumberland

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papers, that an apprehension was entertained of an insurrection in Paris, on the event of Marshal Ney's sentence being carried into execution. "An insurrection!" said Napoleon, with a kind of contemptuous calmness. "Pugh! get the troops under arms. Has the Duke of Wellington left Paris?" "I really do not know." "Are the English and allied forces still in the vicinity of the Capital?" "The English, I believe, are still in its neighbourhood; but it appears from the papers that the Russians and Prussians have retired upon the Rhine." "That disposition of them," he replied, "is altogether the most proper. But how is it," he continued, "that among the papers which are sent for my perusal, I so seldom see the *Morning Chronicle?*" That was a question which I did not pretend to answer. I thought proper, however, to inform him, with some little curiosity to see how he would receive the intelligence, trifling as it may appear, that, according to the papers, a Parisian had been sentenced to pay a fine for publishing a caricature in which he was represented. He permitted me to describe it, which I did in the language of the paragraph. "On one side of the print appeared the figure of Louis XVIII. surrounded by his family, with the inscription, 'This is well'; and on the other side that of Napoleon, attended by his family, with the motto, 'This is better.'" "Pugh!" said he. "What nonsense! But such trash will be propagated, from some idle motive or other"; and with this observation he retired to his apartment.

General Gourgaud's disorder assumed a very dangerous appearance, and the symptoms seemed to announce a fatal termination. His spirits, indeed, were so sunk, that he refused to take the only medicine that promised the least chance of relief; and even though it continued to be administered by contrivance and subterfuge, he must have become the prey of his melancholy appre-

hensions if that voice, which he dare not disobey, had not urged a sharp and, as it proved, a saving remonstrance. "What ridiculous behaviour is this?" said Napoleon to him. "And what are these silly fears of your own creation, and which you appear to be fond of indulging, by refusing the means of dissipating them? How often have you faced death in the field of battle without the least sensation of fear; and now you are resolved to yield to his power, as if you were afraid to resist him. What a childish obstinacy! Play the fool no longer, I beg of you, but submit to the remedies with cheerfulness which can alone promote your restoration to health." This reproach softened the patient's obstinacy; be became submissive to the regimen prescribed, and recovered. Some short time after, Napoleon said to me, "Well, you doctors have performed wonders with Gourgaud. If, however, there had been a priest on the island, he would have discharged you both, and trusted alone to his treatment; but, fortunately for him, such a thing as a confessor was not to be found."

I am about to vary the scene, but I follow the track of the distinguished exile whenever I have the opportunity; and I now call you to attend him among the Arcadians of St. Helena. When he takes his exercise on horseback, he generally bends his way through a deep ravine, luxuriantly covered with vegetation and used for pasture. The road is narrow, the place lonely; and he, in a sentimental or poetical moment, had named it "The Valley of Silence." On ascending this contracted pass, the eye is greeted, and on the first occasion might probably be surprised, by the residence of a farmer. Here the confined tourist, on his first excursion, determined to snatch a probable amusement, by paying a visit. Fortunately for him, the family were taken by surprise, for the apprehension of such a guest would have emptied the house of its inhabitants. Master

Legg, the tenant of the mansion, a plain honest countryman, met him at the door, when the extraordinary visitor, on the invitation which he received, dismounted from his horse, and accompanied by the Count de Las Cases, entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and, as usual, began his interrogatories.

"Have you a wife?" "Yes, and please you, Sir Emperor." "Have you any children?" "Six." "How much land have you got?" "A hundred acres." "All capable of being cultivated?" "No, not one half." "What profit does it bring you?" "Not a great deal; but it is much improved since you, Mr. Emperor, came amongst us." "Aye, how do you make that out?" "Why, you must know, Sir Emperor, we do not grow corn in this here island, and our green vegetables require a ready market. We have generally had to wait for the arrival of a fleet; and then, rat 'em, they would sometimes all spoil; but now, Sir General, we have a prime sale for every article." "Where is your wife?" "Dang it, and please you, I believe she is scared, for I see my children have all run out." "Send for them, and let me be introduced. Pray have you any good water?" "Yes, sir; and wine too, such as is to be had from the Cape."

The good woman's alarm had by this time subsided, and she was persuaded by her husband to make her appearance, and entered with every mark of respect and some astonishment. Napoleon, de Las Cases, the farmer and his wife, forming a *partie quarrée* for your philosophic and profound contemplation, sat down to four glasses of Cape wine; and when they were emptied the visit concluded.

The good man and his family had been placed so much at their ease by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guests that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint; and even the little children used

frequently to express their wishes by enquiring of their mother, "When will *Boney* come and see us again?"

But there is another farmer, whose name is Robinson, who, like his neighbour Legg, occupies his acres of garden ground, which are divided into enclosures by fences of earth enlivened by the aloe and the prickly pear. Here, as in the former humble habitation, the honest simplicity of rural life appears in all its native colours; but there is a flower of no common beauty that adorns the spot—a very pretty girl of about seventeen, the daughter of the owners of it. She is what we should call in Scotland "a very bonny lassie." Whether it was the primitive sincerity and innocent manners of these honest people, or the native charms of the rustic nymph, or the picture of contentment that they presented to their visitor, which attracted him, I shall not pretend to determine; but his visits became so frequent that the relations of these good people in the town recommended precaution respecting their daughter, who was then forbidden to make her appearance whenever the great man favoured the farm with his visits. This circumstance he soon observed, and accordingly ceased to continue them.*

I shall not wait for any further circumstances, which are uncertain for the purpose of lengthening my letter. If any additional information occurs, it may be the subject of another epistle. I therefore seize the present opportunity of assuring you that—

I am, &c. &c.,

W. W.

* Marianne Robinson. Montchenu declares that Napoleon made a proposal to her. She married one Edwards, and brought her husband to see Napoleon. The author of "Letters from the Cape" refers to her as "a pretty young lady of sixteen or seventeen years of age, whom they good-humouredly styled 'the nymph of the valley.' As Napoleon passed her small habitation this young lady curtseyed to him, and he, without alighting from his horse, addressed a few words of broken English to her. This is what has furnished Mr. Warden's story of Miss Robinson."

LETTER VII

St. Helena,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

I began to think that my last letter would have concluded the little history which I have compiled from the living documents around me, for the amusement and gratification of your anxious curiosity. If it has answered that purpose, I shall be satisfied; and I am happy to continue my disjointed narrative, with some unexpected notices that may be equally interesting, as far as the term can be applied to those which have preceded them.

It is near six weeks since I have visited Longwood, or have had any communication with the inhabitants of it. Chance, however, conducted me to a party where I met de Las Cases. After some general conversation on the arrival of the new Governor, he informed me that his Master had made frequent enquiries after me, and had even expressed his surprise at my absence. "We have not seen you," he added, "since your resuscitation of General Gourgaud; and I cannot but feel curious to know, whether your acting as a stranger arises from any disinclination on your part, or a particular prohibition from the Admiral." I replied, "Neither the one nor the other; but at the same time, I thought it became me to attend to the general orders, and I could not justify myself in requesting a passport to Longwood without having some ostensible reason." "But I wish, very much," he answered, "to consult you about the health of my son." "That reason is sufficient; I will

immediately apply to the Admiral, who is now in the room, and have no doubt of his ready acquiescence." I was accordingly engaged to breakfast with Napoleon on the following morning at eleven o'clock. The violent rains, however, disappointed me; but I took the earliest opportunity of fulfilling my promise. The breakfast hour was passed when I reached Longwood, and its Master had been invited by the serenity of the day to take an earlier walk in the garden than was his general custom. I presume that he had observed me as I approached the house, while he was screened from me by an intervening hedge. As I had exceeded the breakfast hour, after which he generally retires to the solitude of his apartment, I did not expect to see him; and, to say the truth, unless there had been a prospect of obtaining some novelty, my dear friend, for your entertainment, I should rather have felt a relief in the idea that I was not to be exposed to one of his rapid examinations. I soon, however, met the Count de Las Cases, who, presuming that the great man had retired for the day, proposed my accompanying him to his apartment, "where," he said, "after you have seen my son, we will take a few peeps into our history, which I know will interest you, as the work itself will interest the whole world, if we have perseverance to get through with it."

I do not recollect whether, in any of my former letters, I mentioned, from the authority of this gentleman, who is the amanuensis of the historian, that Bonaparte was seriously and laboriously engaged in writing the Annals of his Life. I had already been informed by the same person that the campaigns of Egypt and Italy, and what he styles "My Reign of an Hundred Days," or some such title, were completed; and that the intermediate periods were in a progressive state. I therefore was looking forward to a very curious morning, and hugging myself on the approaching view

of such manuscripts as were to be unfolded to me; but this expectation was disappointed by a message from Napoleon to attend him in his room. As I knew that my visit would not be one of mere ceremony, I prevailed upon my companion to accompany me, his interpretations being always given with such aptitude and perspicuity, and besides, afford me time to arrange my answers. There was some little *finesse* employed in making this arrangement, as the forms of the Court at Longwood are most respectfully observed by the attendants on it.

On entering the room I observed the back of a sofa turned towards me; and on advancing I saw Napoleon laying at full length on it, with his left arm hanging over the upper part. The glare of light was excluded by a Venetian blind, and before him there was a table covered with books. I could distinguish among them some fine bound volumes on the French Revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of coat and waistcoat. The moment his eye met mine, he started up, and exclaimed in English, in a tone of good-humoured vivacity, "Ah, Warden, how do you do?" I bowed in return, when he stretched out his hand, saying, "I have got a fever." I immediately applied my hand to the wrist, and observing, both from the regularity of the pulsation and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was exercising a little of his pleasantry, I expressed my wish that his health might always remain the same. He than gave me a familiar tap on the cheek, with the back of his hand, and desired me to go into the middle of the room, as he had something to say to me. I now congratulated him on the preservation of his health, and complimented him at the same time on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. "I certainly enjoy," he said, "a very good state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My

appetite is such that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day; but I am regular in my meals, and always leave off eating with an appetite. Besides, I never, as you know, drink strong wines. With respect to the English language," he continued, "I have been very diligent; I now read your newspapers with ease, and must own that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a 'Liar,' in another a 'Tyrant,' in a third a 'Monster,' and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a 'Coward'; but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies. No such thing. I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me; I have, at least, too much courage for that. Your papers are influenced by party principles; what one praises the other will abuse, and so *vice versâ*. They who live in the metropolis where they are published can judge of passing events and transactions for themselves; but persons living at a distance from the capital, and particularly foreigners, must be at a loss to determine upon the real state of things, and the characters of public men, from the perusal of your journals."

Napoleon appearing, as it were, to be speaking out, and in a humour to deliver opinions instead of confining himself to asking questions, I was determined to speak out too; and I had no doubt that I should lead him into an interesting conversation, or induce him to wish me a good day.

I accordingly replied, "I really think that you must possess more patience than my countrymen are disposed to allow you, if you really wade through all the columns that have been filled on your subject. You cannot, General, suppose for a moment, that the extraordinary events which have taken place, and of which you have formed such a prominent part, would not be considered and observed upon with great freedom by a thinking people like the English, and who have the privilege —and may they ever possess it—of speaking and writing what they think." I was proceeding in full swing, and in a very patriotic way, when he thus interrupted me. "This calling of names, and these scolding epithets, only serve to amuse me; but there are observations in your papers which produce far different sensations. You have," he continued, "a writer whom I greatly admire. I believe he is of your country, a Scotchman —Macpherson, the author of 'Ossian.'* There is also a person of the name of Belsham;† on what subjects has

* James Macpherson (1736–1796), the "translator" of "Ossian," was born at Ruthven, Inverness-shire, and educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. His earlier compositions were of no account, but his supposed translation of "Ossian" took the English-speaking world by storm and raised up fiery partisans for and against its authenticity. The latest research tends to the view that Macpherson lied considerably as to the form in which he had seen the originals or as to his having seen them at all. He had pieced together many old and long-forgotten translations with some new translations of his own. Dr. Johnson's charge against him of forgery does not stand, in spite of the fact that we have not here a genuine rendering of ancient originals. Nor can the Doctor's remark that "many men, many women, *and many children*" could have written these poems hold good by the light of the fact that Goethe and Napoleon both admired the work. Napoleon made the acquaintance of "Ossian" in an Italian translation by the Abbé Cesarotti, although French translations appeared in 1777 and 1810. A "Centenary Edition" of "Ossian," with an Introduction by William Sharp, was published by Geddes of Edinburgh in 1896.

† William Belsham (1752–1827). Napoleon's interest in William Belsham was probably due to the fact that he was one of the active publicists of whom he had heard so much indirectly, who were prepared to

he written ?" I replied, "that I believed he had written an account of the reign of our excellent Sovereign." "Yes," he said, "your laws permit you to write of kings, of ministers, of measures, and of one another." "Yes," I replied, "such is the privilege of Englishmen; and possessing the infirmities of human nature, they may sometimes abuse it. Misconception, party spirit, and perhaps factious minds may, at times, tend to propagate and support erroneous and even violent opinions; but the love of justice and of truth forms the genuine character of an Englishman." "Nevertheless," he observed, "you appear to handle my character rather roughly, and more so since I have been in your power." "To that opinion, General," I answered, rather quickly, "I must beg leave to address a direct negative. You have not always had the leisure to examine English publications, which you enjoy at present; but I do assure you, that from the time of your becoming First Consul of France, to the moment when you set your foot on the deck of the *Bellerophon*, the English Press has never ceased to fulminate its displeasure against you; and this, without exception, for the parties who differed in everything besides expressed but one and the same opinion of you. This, I presume, you must have known at the time, though

maintain the position that all the serious forces in England against Napoleon were aristocratic, and did not emanate from the people at large. Belsham, who was born in Bedford, and was a brother of the well-known Unitarian minister, Thomas Belsham (1750–1829), propounded his Whig principles in "Essays: Philosophical, Historical, and Literary," published in two volumes in 1789–1791. He also wrote "Remarks on the Nature and Necessity of Political Reform." One of his pamphlets on the Treaty of Amiens may also have come under Napoleon's notice. The book referred to in the text, "Memoirs of the Reign of George III.," appeared in six volumes between 1795 and 1801. These, and a later work on the Guelphs, were brought together into twelve volumes in 1806 under the title of the "History of Great Britain to the Conclusion of the Peace of Amiens in 1802."

the vast projects that have occupied your mind, may have prevented your memory from retaining a detail of our literary offences. Your official papers, however, marked their perfect acquaintance with the hostility of our journals, and returned their paragraphic missiles in every direction. You were rather angry with Old England when you ordered the *Moniteur* to call us a 'Nation of Shopkeepers.'* A great commercial nation we certainly are, and may we ever remain so; for it is that commerce which has proved a fountain of resources, whose failure would have prevented even the native and irresistible bravery of Englishmen from making the late immortal additions to our national glory. But we are also a most noble-minded, magnanimous, and generous people; and were never known to insult a conquered enemy. Nay, how often has it happened that both our sailors and our soldiers have risqued their lives to save a fallen foe? Even when you had thrown away one of the brightest diadems in Europe, and had accepted a slender sceptre in Elba, you were instantly treated with comparative mildness by the more prevailing public opinions in England. And now that you are, as you chuse to term it, in our power, a general feeling of a generous nature is known to be excited. Yes, sir, there are numbers, who would have rejoiced to hear that you had bit the ground on the field of battle, who are now disposed to wish you every comfort that can be safely allowed in your present situation. If the *Northumberland* had overtaken you in a French man-of-war, endeavouring to make your meditated escape to America, every officer, and every sailor and soldier, would have been

* A phrase Napoleon had borrowed from Paoli, his old Corsican chief. The phrase was used in another connection by Samuel Adams in Philadelphia in 1776, and a year earlier appeared in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." In any case, Paoli first applied it to England.

bravely engaged in the attempt to take, burn, sink, or destroy the ship that bore you; yet, as you have readily acknowledged, you were treated by them, during the whole of the voyage, with every gentlemanly and polite attention. If I may venture to speak of myself, I shall beg leave to add that I was bred up in the hatred of you; nay, that no proofs of Holy Writ were more strongly imprinted in my mind than the truth of the then universally prevailing opinions concerning you. Nevertheless, I am ready to show you every personal courtesy, to be thankful for the civilities I have received from you, and to offer you such service as I am permitted by the benevolence of the Government which I serve, and may be consistent with those regulations which its political wisdom has thought necessary to provide for the safeguard and ultimate security of your person."

I was resolved to speak my sentiments with freedom, and you may now think, my good friend, that I did not baulk my resolution. I could not, indeed, forbear to defend the generous temper of Englishmen when it received such an attack. My candid sentiments and unreserved language appeared, however, to meet my auditor's approbation; and he asked me, to my great surprise, if I remembered the history of Captain Wright.*

* John Wesley Wright (1769–1805) was of a Lancashire family, although born in Cork, his father being a captain in the Army. He was captain's clerk in Sir Sidney Smith's ship, the *Diamond*, in 1794, and was taken prisoner with Smith by the French in 1796. The two escaped, and Wright was with Sir Sidney Smith at the celebrated siege of Acre. With his brig, the *Vincejo*, he was captured in Quiberon Bay in 1804, sent to Paris, and confined in the Temple. Here he was confined for eighteen months, when he died in the Temple, October 27, 1805, probably by suicide, although it was generally believed in England that he was murdered. J. K. Laughton ("Dictionary of National Biography") inclines to the idea of death by natural causes, while Holland Rose ("Life of Napoleon") accepts the theory of suicide as probable. Dr. Rose also from his research into documents inclines to the theory that Wright

I answered, "Perfectly well; and it is a prevailing opinion in England that you ordered him to be murdered in the Temple." With the utmost rapidity of speech he replied: "For what object? Of all men he was the person whom I should have most desired to live. Whence could I have procured so valuable an evidence as he would have proved on the trial of the conspirators in and about Paris? The heads of it he himself had landed on the French coast." My curiosity was at this moment such as to be betrayed in my looks. "Listen," continued Napoleon, "and you shall hear. The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your Government in landing traitors and spies on the west coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and so mysterious were their proceedings, so veiled in impenetrable concealment, that although General Ryal,* of the Police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the Prefect of the Department of Morbihan, at Vannes. General Julian,†

was really a party in common with the Government of the day to the plot of Cadoudal against the Emperor, a secret letter from the Admiralty that he has read endorsing this view.

* This should be "General Réal." Pierre François Réal (1765–1834) was an associate of Danton in the Revolution, and opposed to the Girondins. He supported the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and was Minister of Police in 1804, when he discovered Cadoudal's plot. He was made a Count in 1808. Returning for the Hundred Days, he was proscribed at the second Restoration, and did not return to France until 1818.

† "General Julian" is clearly Marc Antoine Jullien (1775–1848), who was Commissioner for War in the expedition to Egypt. He was primarily a journalist, and founded the *Orateur Plébéien* during the Revolutionary period. He produced for Bonaparte the *Courrier de l'armée*

then Prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was instantly transmitted to Paris, and instructions were expeditiously returned to interrogate the crew separately, and transfer their testimonies to the Minister of Police. The purport of their examination was at first very unsatisfactory; but at length, on the examination of one of the crew, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he particularly remembered one—a very merry fellow, who was called Pichegru.* Thus a clue was found that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution. Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and confined in the Temple; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death; but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English Captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object." He again

d'Italie. During the Consulate he executed several missions to Italy for Napoleon. After the Restoration he founded the *Indépendant*, and in 1819 the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

* Charles Pichegru (1761–1804) was a celebrated general, born at Arbois, where a statue was erected to him after the second Restoration of Louis XVIII. He was an ardent advocate of the Revolution, and achieved great success in the Republican armies. At a later stage, however, his sympathies went out to the Royalists, and he became a supporter of Condé and the *émigrés*. After numberless intrigues, he fled to England, and later to Germany. He was expelled from Prussia at the demand of the French Government, and he assisted in organising the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal. He was living in Paris secretly when he was arrested and imprisoned in the Temple in 1804. Here he committed suicide.

and again most solemnly asserted that Captain Wright died in the Temple by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed. At the same time, he stated that his assertion was founded on documents which he had since examined. The cause of this inquiry arose from the visit, I think he said, of Lord Ebrington to Elba, and he added: "That nobleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the account which was given him of this mysterious business."

I was so far encouraged by the easy, communicative manner of the ex-Emperor, that I continued my observations without reserve. I therefore did not hesitate to express my doubts respecting the time that Captain Wright remained in the Temple previous to his death. To satisfy me in this particular, Napoleon turned over a long succession of pages in a late publication of Mr. Goldsmith's,* which had been brought him by Sir Hudson Lowe.† I do not recollect

* Lewis Goldsmith (1763 ?–1846) was a political writer and journalist of Jewish extraction. He has told much of his own life story in the Introduction to his "Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte," which went through several editions in the year of its publication—1811. He at first sympathised with the French Revolution. In 1801 he published "The Crimes of Cabinets," a protest against the action of the European Governments unfriendly to France. Talleyrand arranged for him to publish an English newspaper, *The Argus*, in Paris, in 1802. Goldsmith was obviously a scamp, as we learn from his own account of himself, and it is not necessary to accept his own reason for his removal from *The Argus*. At a later period he became a bitter opponent of Napoleon's power, starting in London the *Anti-Gallican Monitor*, which under the title of *The British Monitor* lived until 1825. In 1811 he proposed the organisation of a subscription setting a price on Napoleon's head. Many of the lies circulated about Napoleon by modern writers, English and French, are culled from Goldsmith's "Secret History." He died of paralysis in Paris in 1846, being then solicitor to the British Embassy.

† Sir Hudson Lowe (1769–1844) Governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's exile, came of a Lincolnshire family on his father's side and of a Galway family on his mother's. He was born in the town of Galway while his father, an army surgeon, was on duty there. He early entered

the title, which is probably familiar to you, who have suffered nothing that relates to the government of France to have escaped you; but I could perceive that it consisted of extracts from the *Moniteur*, &c., during the Imperial reign. As he referred to the index, he frequently pointed out the name of Wright, spelled Right, and with a confident expectation, as it certainly appeared to me, of finding some document that would confirm his account. The author, however, either had not been able to discover any written testimony, to mark the precise time of Captain Wright's death, or had intentionally withheld it; and the latter Bonaparte repeatedly and firmly insisted must have been the cause of any doubt remaining as to the truth of his assertion.

the Army, and was long at Gibraltar with his regiment. He was at the siege of Toulon, and later served in the reduction of Corsica, residing for two years in garrison at Ajaccio. This fact doubtless assisted Napoleon's detestation. Once more he trod ground that is associated with Napoleon when he became a deputy judge-advocate in Elba. Later he was in Lisbon, and in 1799 in Minorca, when he was captain of two hundred Corsican emigrants called the Corsican Rangers. For two years, from 1806 to 1808, he occupied Capri, which he was compelled to surrender to a French force under General Lamarque. Lowe was present with the Russian army at the battle of Bautzen in 1813. Having been the first to bring the news of Napoleon's abdication to England in 1814, he was knighted. Upon Napoleon's surrender, it was announced to Lowe, who was then at Marseilles, that he had been appointed his custodian at St. Helena, as Lieutenant-Governor, with £12,000 a year. His attitude as Napoleon's jailer has been defended in three ponderous volumes by William Forsyth ("History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena") and in a small volume by R. C. Seaton ("Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon"), more than once reprinted and enlarged; also by H. Manners Chichester in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Forsyth held a brief for Lowe, and Mr. Seaton desired to be kind to his daughter, Miss C. M. S. Lowe. To every impartial student of the literature of the subject, however, Lowe's behaviour was utterly contemptible and only less monstrous than that of the "ennobled dullard," Lord Bathurst, who instructed him. In 1823 Lowe was made Governor of Antigua. From 1825 to 1828 he was in Ceylon. He was punished in a small measure for assisting to disgrace the British nation by carrying about a grievance in his later years: the sense of inadequate reward. He died of paralysis in London, aged seventy-four.

As he turned over the leaves of this volume he acknowledged that many of the reports were genuine, but with frequent inaccuracies and misstatements; and, if my memory is correct, he particularised that which was given of the battle of Marengo.* But he did not stop here; and continually desired to know whether I perfectly comprehended his meaning, as that was his most earnest wish. And now, to my utter astonishment, he entered upon the event of the Duke D'Enghien's death.† This was a topic that could not be expected; and particularly by me, as there appeared, even among his followers, who were always on tiptoe to be his apologists, an evasive silence or contradictory statements, whenever this afflicting event became the

* The battle of Marengo was the first great conflict in which Napoleon engaged after he became First Consul. Crossing the Alps into Italy by the St. Bernard in May, 1800, taking but three days in the journey, he entered Milan on the 2nd of June, leaving it on the 9th, and on the 14th of that month he won a great battle over the Austrians at Marengo, a village near Alessandria, in north-western Italy. To General Desaix belonged much of the glory of the battle, but one is astonished that Dr. Holland Rose should consider Napoleon's stirring appeal, "Soldiers, remember it is my custom to bivouac on the field of battle," as "tame and egotistical."

† Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon Condé, Duke d'Enghien (1772–1804), son of Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, was born at Chantilly. He followed his father into exile in 1789 and fought in the Army of the *émigrés* against the French Republic. While his father was in England he established himself at Ettenheim in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he devoted himself to making love to Mdlle. de Rohan. The First Consul, surrounded by conspirators and assassins, was impressed by exaggerated or false reports of the Duke's frequent visits to Strasburg. He believed him to be associated with Cadoudal's conspiracy, caused him to be seized on neutral territory, carried across the frontier, and conveyed to Paris, where he was shut up in the Castle of Vincennes. The Duke was brought to trial before a military tribunal, sentenced and shot in the castle ditch. "It was worse than a crime: it was a blunder" was the cynical comment wrongly attributed to Fouché. A precisely similar act was performed by the British Government in 1799 when it arrested Napper Tandy, the Irish conspirator, at Hamburg, but Tandy escaped execution through diplomatic action.

subject of enquiry, which had occasionally happened, during the course of our voyage. Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it. He began as follows:

"At this eventful period of my life I had succeeded in restoring order and tranquillity to a kingdom torn asunder by faction, and deluged in blood. That nation had placed me at their head. I came not as your Cromwell did, or your third Richard. No such thing. I found a crown in the kennel; I cleansed it from its filth, and placed it on my head. My safety now became necessary to preserve that tranquillity so recently restored, and hitherto so satisfactorily preserved, as the leading characters of the nation well know. At the same time, reports were every night brought me"—(I think he said by General Ryal*)—"that conspiracies were in agitation; that meetings were held in particular houses in Paris, and names even were mentioned; at the same time, no satisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the utmost vigilance and ceaseless pursuit of the police was evaded. General Moreau,†

* General Réal. I hesitate in reprinting these pamphlets to make any alterations even in errors. But I have uniformly altered Warden's spelling of Bonaparte's name for the convenience of the reader. In common with most Englishmen of the period Warden spelt it "Buonaparte," that spelling emphasising that he was of Italian and not of French origin.

† Jean Victor Moreau (1763–1813) born at Morlaix, the son of an advocate, became chief of a battalion of Breton volunteers in 1792, fought with the army in Italy, and concurred in the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire. In 1800 he won the battle of Hohenlinden. He became implicated in the famous conspiracy of Pichegru and Cadoudal. He was condemned to exile, and passed eight years in America. Returning to Europe in 1813, he joined the allies fighting against Napoleon, but was struck by a cannon-

indeed, became suspected, and I was seriously importuned to issue an order for his arrest; but his character was such, his name stood so high, and the estimation of him so great in the public mind, that, as it appeared to me, he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by becoming a conspirator against me. I therefore could not but exonerate him from such a suspicion. I accordingly refused an order for the proposed arrest, by the following intimation to the Minister of Police: 'You have named Pichegru, Georges,* and Moreau. convince me that the former is in Paris, and I will immediately cause the latter to be arrested.' Another, and a very singular, circumstance led to the development of the plot. One night, as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose from my bed, and examined the list of suspected traitors; and chance, which rules the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it were, on the name of a surgeon who had lately returned from an English prison. This man's age, education, and experience in life induced me to believe that his conduct must be attributed to any other motive than that of youthful fanaticism in favour of a Bourbon: as far as circumstances qualified me to judge, money appeared to be his object. I accordingly gave orders for this man to

ball on the day of the battle of Dresden, when his legs were carried away. He was conversing with the Tsar Alexander at the time. He died a few days later.

* Georges, meaning Georges Cadoudal (1771–1804), was one of the peasant rebels of La Vendée, and fought continually against the Republic and the Directory. At his final defeat he refused to submit to Napoleon, who wasted his eloquence upon him in vain. "What a mind I had to strangle him in these arms!" Cadoudal said after the interview. He joined the *émigrés* in England, where Louis XVIII. made him a Lieutenant-General of armies that did not exist. He continually plotted against Napoleon both in England and in France, left London secretly in August, 1803, and, reaching Paris, tried hard to bring together recruits bent on murdering the First Consul. He was captured in March, 1804, and was guillotined in June of that year.

be arrested; when a summary mock trial was instituted, by which he was found guilty, sentenced to die, and informed he had but six hours to live. This stratagem had the desired effect: he was terrified into confession. It was now known that Pichegru had a brother, a monastic priest, then residing in Paris. I ordered a party of gendarmes to visit this man, and if he had quitted his house, I conceived there would be good ground for suspicion. The old monk was secured, and in the act of his arrest his fears betrayed what I most wanted to know. 'Is it,' he exclaimed, 'because I afforded shelter to a brother that I am thus treated?' The object of the plot was to destroy me, and the success of it would, of course, have been my destruction. It emanated from the capital of your country, with the Count d'Artois* at the head of it. To the West he sent the Duke de Berry,† and to the East the Duke d'Enghien. To France your vessels conveyed underlings of the plot, and Moreau became a convert to the

* Philippe Charles, Comte d'Artois (1757–1836), who became Charles X. of France, was a grandson of Louis XV., and a younger brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. At the Revolution he was one of the first to emigrate. After many adventures, including a visit to Russia to enlist the sympathies of Catherine II., he settled for a time at Holyrood Palace, and later joined his brother at Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire. He returned to France with his brother Louis XVIII. in 1814 and in 1815, and in 1824 he succeeded him on the throne. In 1830 he was driven into exile, living again for a time at Holyrood Palace as Comte de Ponthieu; then he went to Prague, and finally died of cholera at Görz.

† Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, Duke de Berri (1778–1820), second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., born at Versailles, followed his father into exile, served in the Army of Condé against the Republic, came to England and married a Miss Brown, by whom he had two children. This marriage was annulled at the command of his uncle, Louis XVIII. He married in 1816 Princess Caroline of Naples. He was assassinated in Paris by one Louvel on leaving the Opera-house. Yet according to the Comtesse de Boigne ("Memoirs," Vol. I.) he was superior to the other Bourbons, never sharing the political absurdities of the *émigrés*, and honestly indignant with the people who tried to excuse the attempts to assassinate the First Consul.

cause. The moment was big with evil: I felt myself on a tottering eminence, and I resolved to hurl the thunder back upon the Bourbons, even in the metropolis of the British empire. My Minister vehemently urged the seizure of the Duke, though in a neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and Prince Benevento brought the order twice, and urged the measure with all his powers of persuasion. It was not, however, till I was fully convinced of its necessity that I sanctioned it by my signature. The matter could be easily arranged between me and the Duke of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a man residing on the very confines of my kingdom, to commit a crime which, within the distance of a mile, by the ordinary course of law, Justice herself would condemn to the scaffold? And now answer me! Did I do more than adopt the principle of your Government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country? It had been urged to me again and again, as a sound political opinion, that the new dynasty could not be secure, while the Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never deviated from this principle: it was a fixed, unchangeable article in his political creed. But I did not become a ready or a willing convert. I examined the opinion with care and with caution, and the result was a perfect conviction of its necessity. The Duke d'Enghien was accessory to the Confederacy; and although the resident of a neutral territory, the urgency of the case, in which my safety and the public tranquillity, to use no stronger expression, were involved, justified the proceeding. I accordingly ordered him to be seized and tried. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was immediately executed, and the same fate would have followed had it been Louis XVIII. For I again declare that I found it necessary to roll the thunder back

on the metropolis of England, as from thence, with the Count d'Artois at their head, did the assassins assail me."

"Your country also accuses me of the death of Pichegru." I replied, "It is most certainly and universally believed throughout the whole British Empire that he was strangled in prison by your orders." He rapidly answered: "What idle, disingenuous folly! A fine proof how prejudice can destroy the boasted reasoning faculties of Englishmen! Why, I ask you, should that life be taken away in secret which the laws consigned to the hands of a public executioner? The matter would have been different with respect to Moreau. Had he died in a dungeon there might have been grounds to justify the suspicion that he had not been guilty of suicide. He was a very popular character, as well as much beloved by the army; and I should never have lost the odium, however guiltless I might have been, if the justice of his death, supposing his life to have been forfeited by the laws, had not been made apparent by the most public execution."

Here he paused, and I replied: "There may, perhaps, be persons in England who are disposed to acknowledge the necessity of rigorous measures at this important period of your history; but none, I believe, are to be found who would attempt to justify the precipitate manner in which the young Prince was seized, tried, sentenced, and shot." He instantly answered: "I was justified in my own mind; and I repeat the declaration which I have already made, that I would have ordered the execution of Louis XVIII. At the same time, I solemnly affirm that no message or letter from the Duke reached me after sentence of death had been passed upon him."

Talleyrand, however, was said to be in possession of a letter from the royal prisoner addressed to

Napoleon, which they who are well qualified to know declared he took upon himself not to deliver till it was too late to be of any service to the writer. I saw a copy of this letter in possession of Count de Las Cases, which he calmly represented to me as one of the mass of documents, formed or collected to authenticate and justify certain mysterious parts of the history which he was occasionally employed in writing, under the dictation of the hero of it. Do not startle—the letter was to beg his life, and to this effect. It stated his opinion that the Bourbon dynasty was terminated. That was the settled opinion of his mind, and he was about to prove the sincerity of it. He now considered France no otherwise than as his country, which he loved with the most patriotic ardour, but merely as a private citizen. The crown was no longer in his view: it was now beyond the possibility of recovery: it would not, it could not, be restored. He therefore requested to be allowed to live and devote his life and services to France, merely as a native of it. He was ready to take any command or any rank in the French army, to become a brave and loyal soldier, subject to the will and orders of the Government, in whose hands soever it might be, to which he was ready to swear fealty; and that, if his life were spared, he would devote it with the utmost courage and fidelity to support France against all its enemies. Such was the letter which, as it was represented to me, Talleyrand took care not to deliver till the hand that wrote it was unnerved by death.*

* This letter is an absolute myth, although referred to by O'Meara and others. Lord Rosebery has dealt with the subject very ably in his "Napoleon: The Last Phase." In his will Napoleon placed on record his final view of this subject: "I had the Duc d'Enghien arrested and tried because it was necessary for the safety, interest, and honour of the French people, when the Comte d'Artois was, avowedly, maintaining sixty assassins in Paris. Under the same circumstances I should do the same again."

Napoleon continued to speak of the Bourbon family. "Had I," he said, "been anxious to get any or all the Bourbons into my possession, I could have accomplished the object. Your smugglers offered me a Bourbon for a stated sum"—(I think he named 40,000 francs)—"but, on coming to a more precise explanation, they entertained a doubt of fulfilling the engagement as it was originally proposed. They would not undertake to possess themselves of any of the Bourbon family absolutely alive, though with the alternative, alive or dead, they had no doubt of completing it. But it was not my wish merely to deprive them of life. Besides, circumstances had taken a turn which then fixed me without fear of change or chance on the throne I possessed. I felt my security, and left the Bourbons undisturbed. Wanton, useless murder, whatever has been said and thought of me in England, has never been my practice: to what end or purpose could I have indulged the horrible propensity? When Sir George Rumbold* and Mr. Drake,† who had been carrying on a correspond-

* Sir George Rumbold (1764–1807), the son of Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart., Governor of Madras, entered the diplomatic service, and was appointed minister to the Hanse Towns. In 1804 he was seized at Hamburg by French troops and taken to Paris. He was confined for a day in the Temple, then conveyed to Cherbourg, and thence sent to Portsmouth. Rumbold, thus arrested by Fouché's orders in neutral territory, was charged with conspiracy against Napoleon. The King of Prussia wrote to Napoleon asking for Rumbold's release as a proof of "his friendship and high consideration . . . a seal of the past and a pledge for the future." To this appeal, says Dr. Holland Rose ("Life of Napoleon"), Napoleon at once returned a soothing answer that Sir George would at once be released, though England was ever violating the rights of neutrals, and her agents were conspiring against his life." Rumbold returned to his duties at Hamburg in 1806, and died a year later.

† Francis Drake, who dishonoured a name that has been at least three times eminent in English affairs, was British minister first at Genoa and later at Munich, where he was, Dr. Holland Rose says, "a zealous intriguer closely in touch with the *émigrés*." He assisted in revealing to Napoleon the plot for his assassination by helping with money a sham spy, named de la Touche, who imposed upon him and then carried all he

ence with conspirators in Paris, were seized, they were not murdered." *

Here he ceased to speak; and as I was determined to gratify my curiosity as far as his present communicative spirit would allow, I was determined to continue the conversation. I accordingly observed "that of all the undertakings which composed his wonderful career, no circumstance had excited such astonishment in England as his expedition to Russia before he had brought the Peninsular War to a termination, which, at that time, appeared to be an attainable object." I paused, expecting a reply on the subject. However, he gave none; but, as if he had not heard my observation, proceeded to a renewal, in some degree, of the former topics.

"Your country," he said, "has accused me of having murdered the sick and wounded of my army at Jaffa.† Be assured that if I had committed such a

had learned to Napoleon's agents. Drake clearly compromised the British Government, and gave them complicity in an assassination plot in which also officials at home were implicated.

* In looking over these Letters, for the press, I felt a doubt whether this observation respecting Sir George Rumbold was made at this time or at some other; or whether it proceeded from Bonaparte, or Count de Las Cases; but I am positive that it was made by one or the other.—*Note by Warden.*

† "My Army at Jaffa." The best statement of the case of recent times has been provided by Dr. Holland Rose ("Life of Napoleon," Vol. I., pp. 211–12), who is far from being a partisan of the Emperor:—

> "His (Napoleon's) authority seems to have been exerted to prevent some attempts at poisoning the plague-stricken. The narrative of J. Miot, commissary of the army, shows that these suggestions originated among the soldiery at Acre when threatened with the toil of transporting those unfortunates back to Egypt; and as his testimony is generally adverse to Bonaparte . . . it may be regarded as scarcely worthy of credence. . . . the evidence of contemporaries proves that every care was taken of the sick and wounded, that the proposals of poisoning first came from the soldiery, that Napoleon, both before and after Jaffa, set the noble example of marching on foot so that there might be sufficiency of transport, that nearly all the unfortunates arrived in Egypt, and in fair condition, and that seven survivors were found alive at Jaffa by English officers."

horrid act, my very soldiers themselves would have execrated me; and I might have looked to their ceasing to obey me. There is no occurrence of life to which I gave more publicity than this. You have an officer, a Sir Robert Wilson,* who has written very copiously on the subject of my campaign in Egypt." As he repeated the last sentence, he assumed an air and tone of sarcastic jocularity, and then asked me if I had read Sir Robert's publication. I replied in the affirmative. "It is possible," he said, "that he wrote from the testimony of other people equally prone to error as himself. He cannot pretend to have done it from his own observation. Can you tell me," continued Napoleon, "whether Sir Sydney Smith, in any official communications to your Government, attempted, in any way, to corroborate the testimony of Sir Robert Wilson?" I could not, at the moment, sufficiently recollect the purport of his despatches to determine the point, but I replied, as I felt, "That he had not." This reply, however, indecisive as it was, appeared to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he instantly repeated:

* Sir Robert Wilson (1777–1849). It may be taken as typical of the profit accruing to the systematic libelling of Napoleon in England that Sir Robert Wilson's "History of the British Expedition to Egypt," published in 1802, went through several editions largely on account of its charges of cruelty against Napoleon for his treatment of his soldiers at Jaffa. Wilson was born in London, entered the Army, and served in the early French wars with success, assisting in particular to save Francis II. of Austria from capture by French soldiers in 1794. In 1801 he landed in Egypt and took part in the battle of Alexandria. In 1804 he published a book on the Army in which he protested against corporal punishment. His after career included the Peninsular War, and many dramatic incidents of the later Napoleonic battles. He helped Count Lavalette, who had been condemned to death, to escape from Paris after the second Restoration, and was arrested in consequence, tried, and sentenced with his two companions to three months' imprisonment. In 1818, and again in 1820, he was returned as M.P. for Southwark, as also in 1826 and 1830. He was dismissed from the Army in 1821 for attending the funeral of Queen Caroline, but was restored to it on the accession of William IV. in 1830. In 1840 he was made Governor of Gibraltar.

"I believe so; for Sir Sydney Smith is a brave and just man." I here observed that "There are many in England who imagine your jealousy and hatred of Sir Sydney Smith influenced your conduct towards Captain Wright." He smiled with astonishment at such an idea. The thought of coupling the two names appeared never to have entered his imagination. "Ridiculous nonsense!" was his reply. He then entered on the following narrative.

"On raising the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time was totally impracticable, from the force that Jezza Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous, and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages the most convenient that could be formed were appropriated to the purpose. Some of these people were sent by water to Damietta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march through the desert. *Seven* men,* however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infected with the plague; and the report of them was made me by the chief of the medical staff (I think it was Desgenettes).† He further added that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their con-

* The *Quarterly Review*, in its review of Warden's book, asserts that Napoleon, having already heard of Sir Sidney Smith's admission that he found *seven* men alive, had concocted his defence by the aid of that statement.

† Nicolas René Dufriche, Baron Desgenettes (1762–1837), celebrated doctor, was born at Alencon. He was in the Medical Service attached to the Army of Italy, and became the principal doctor of the Egyptian expedition, as also of most of Napoleon's campaigns. He was captured by the Russians in 1812, but was released. He was at Waterloo with Napoleon, but lost his various dignities at the second Restoration. In 1819 he was restored to the Army Medical Service. In 1832 he was made Chief Physician to the Invalides.

tinuing alive beyond forty-eight hours." I here exclaimed, in a dubious tone, the word *seven!* and immediately asked whether I was to understand that there were no more than seven. "I perceive," he replied, "that you have heard a different account." "Most assuredly, General Sir Robert Wilson states fifty-seven or seventy-seven; and, speaking more collectively, your whole sick and wounded." He then proceeded: "The Turks were numerous and powerful, and their cruelty proverbial throughout the army. Their practice of mutilating and barbarously treating their Christian prisoners in particular was well known among my troops, and had a preservative influence on my mind and conduct; and I do affirm that there were only seven sufferers whom circumstances compelled me to leave as short-lived sufferers at Jaffa. They were in that stage of the disease which rendered their removal utterly impracticable, exclusive of the dissemination of the disease among the healthy troops. Situated as I was, I could not place them under the protection of the English. I therefore desired to see the senior medical officer, and observing to him that the afflictions of their disease would be cruelly aggravated by the conduct of the Turks towards them, and that it was impossible to continue in possession of the town, I desired him to give me his best advice on the occasion. I said, 'Tell me what is to be done!' He hesitated for some time, and then repeated that these men who were the objects of my very painful solicitude could not survive forty-eight hours. I then suggested (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not chuse to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity, to shorten the sufferings of these *seven men* by administering *opium*. Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation I should anxiously solicit

for myself. But, rather contrary to my expectation, the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned. I accordingly halted the army one day longer than I intended, and on my quitting Jaffa, left a strong rear-guard, who continued in that city till the third day. At the expiration of that period, an officer's report reached me that the men were dead." "Then, General," I could not resist exclaiming, "no *opium* was given?" The emphatic answer I received was, "No, none! A report was brought me that the men died before the rear-guard had evacuated the city."

I again interrupted him by mentioning that Sir Sydney Smith, when he afterwards entered Jaffa, found one or two Frenchmen alive. "Well," he answered, "that, after all, may be possible!" It was, I think, at this period of the conversation that he stated his being in possession of a letter from Sir Sydney Smith, written in very complimentary language, which expressed the writer's astonishment, as well as praise, on the accommodations which were contrived and executed to transport the French sick and wounded from Acre to Jaffa, and thence across the desert.

I here took occasion to observe "that a late English traveller, a distinguished scholar and learned professor of the University of Cambridge, had excited a very general doubt respecting the accuracy of this particular part of Sir Robert Wilson's narrative. Dr. Clark, the person to whom I alluded, had," I said, "travelled through Turkey, and, as I believed, by the route of Aleppo and Damascus to Jerusalem, and from thence to Jaffa, where he remained some time. This gentleman, whose character stands high in the world, may be said to contradict the testimony of his countryman, Sir Robert, respecting the charge which the former may be said to have brought forward against you. Though he merely states that he never heard of the

cruel transaction, but very naturally observes that if such an extraordinary event had occurred as the murder of such a number of Frenchmen by their own General, some traces or recollection of so horrid an event, and of such recent occurrence, must have transpired and been communicated to him during his residence there." A question instantaneously followed: "Has this traveller said anything of El Arisch?" My memory did not serve me sufficiently to give an answer. "Well," he continued, "you shall also hear the particulars of El Arisch and the garrison of Jaffa. You have read, without doubt, of my having ordered the Turks to be shot at Jaffa." "Yes, indeed," I replied, "I have often heard of that massacre in England. It was a general topic at the time, and treated as a British mind never fails to consider subjects of that description." * He then proceeded: "At the period in question, General Desaix † was left in Upper Egypt, and Kléber ‡ in the vicinity of Damietta. I quitted Cairo and traversed the Arabian desert in order to unite my force with that of the latter officer at El Arisch. The town was attacked and a capitulation succeeded. Many of the prisoners were found, on examination, to be natives of the Moun-

* "Considered from the military point of view, the massacre at Jaffa is perhaps defensible; and Bonaparte's reluctant assent contrasts favourably with the unhesitating conduct of Cromwell at Drogheda."—*J. Holland Rose* ("*Life of Napoleon*").

† Louis Charles Antoine Desaix de Veygoux (1768–1800) was born at the Castle of Ayat, near Riom, of a good family, and entered the army at the age of fifteen. In 1796 he became attached to the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, and won considerable glory. Napoleon took him with him to Egypt, where he won further laurels at the battle of the Pyramids and later. Bonaparte left Egypt in August, 1799; Desaix in the following January. The latter was captured by a British frigate, but was with the First Consul in his later Italian compaign. He was killed at the battle of Marengo.

‡ Jean Baptiste Kléber (1753–1800) was born at Strasburg, studied mathematics and architecture at Paris, and was then admitted to the

tains, and inhabitants of Mount Tabor, but chiefly from Nazareth. They were immediately released on their engaging to return quietly to their homes, children, and wives; at the same time, they were recommended to acquaint their countrymen the Napolese, that the French were no longer their enemies, unless they were found in arms assisting the Pacha. When this ceremony was concluded, the army proceeded on its march towards Jaffa. Gaza surrendered on the route. That city, on the first view of it, bore a formidable appearance, and the garrison was considerable. It was summoned to surrender, when the officer, who bore my flag of truce, no sooner passed the city wall than his head was inhumanly struck off, instantly fixed upon a pole, and insultingly exposed to the view of the French army. At the sight of this horrid and unexpected object, the indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds; they were perfectly infuriated, and with the most eager impatience demanded to be led on to the storm. I did not hesitate, under such circumstances, to command it. The attack was dreadful, and the carnage exceeded any action I had then witnessed. We carried the place, and it required all my efforts and influence to restrain the fury

Military School at Munich, and entered the Bavarian army. He left the Bavarian service because he found that only the nobles had the right of advancement, and returned to France, where the French Revolution gave him his chance. He enlisted in the revolutionary army as a grenadier. He soon rose to the rank of a general, and won victory after victory for the Republic, but was disgraced by the Directory. Napoleon, however, took Kléber with him on his Egyptian expedition, and when the former returned to France Kléber was left in charge of the invading army. Hard pressed by the British, he made a treaty with Sir Sidney Smith for the safe conduct of all the French troops back to France. This the British Government refused to ratify. Kléber went on fighting, and won the battle of Heliopolis. Finally he was assassinated at Cairo by a fanatical Mussulman. His remains were carried to Marseilles and rested, long forgotten, at the Château d'If. Louis XVIII. returned them to his native Strasburg, where a statue in bronze, erected in 1840, commemorates the valiant Kléber.

of the enraged soldiers. At length I succeeded, and night closed the sanguinary scene. At the dawn of the following morning a report was brought me that five hundred men, chiefly Napolese, who had lately formed a part of the garrison of El Arisch, and to whom I had a few days before given liberty, on condition that they should return to their homes, were actually found and recognised amongst the prisoners. On this fact being indubitably ascertained, I ordered the five hundred men to be drawn out and instantly shot." In the course of our conversation his anxiety appeared to be extreme that I should be satisfied of the truth of every part of his narrative; and he continually interrupted it by asking me if I perfectly comprehended him. He was, however, Patience itself when I made any observations expressive of doubts I had previously entertained respecting any part of the subjects agitated between us or any unfavourable opinion entertained or propagated in England. Whenever I appeared embarrassed for an answer, he gave me time to reflect; and I could not but lament that I had not made myself better acquainted with the circumstances of the period under consideration, as it might have drawn him into a more enlarged history of them.

He now returned to the subject of Sir Robert Wilson, and asked me if I knew anything of his military character and the tendency of his writings, and if the latter had added to his fortune. I replied that I could not speak upon either, from my own knowledge; but I was induced to suppose from the services in which he had been engaged he must have stood high in the opinion of those who employed him; and I had also understood that his works were considered as having been very honourable to him both as a writer and a soldier. "Pray, can you tell me," he continued, "from what

motives this officer has acted in the escape of Lavalette,* the decided and avowed friend of the man whom he had so wantonly calumniated ?" I was here, as it may be supposed, rather embarrassed for an immediate reply, but he gave me full time to collect myself; and I answered: "That I had no doubt they were such as did honour to his heart; whatever imputation may have been passed upon his judgment and his discretion. Somewhat of an adventurous and romantic spirit might have governed him; but it never was imagined by anyone that he was influenced by sordid or pecuniary motives; that idea never seems to have occurred when the transaction was the subject of universal consideration and enquiry. There was not, I thought, a person in England who received him or his companions, with a diminution of their regard for the part they had taken in this mysterious business." In an instant he observed, "I believe every word you have said, at the same time you may be assured that money would not have been wanting to save Lavalette. I desire you also to give your particular attention to my opinion, which is a decided one: That this act of Sir Robert Wilson, for the preservation of Lavalette, is the commencement of his recantation of what he has written against me."†

* Antoine Marie Chamans, Count de Lavalette (1769–1830), one of the most active of Bonaparte's coadjutors in the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire, was made by him Director-General of Posts, Councillor of State, and in 1808 a Count of the Empire. In March, 1815, he returned to his office of Director of Posts, and was therefore excepted from the amnesty of the second Restoration and sentenced to death. Assisted to escape by Sir Robert Wilson and his friends, his wife taking his place in the Conciergerie, he left Paris in the disguise of an English officer. He retired into Bavaria, his wife being a niece of Josephine, and therefore a cousin of Eugène de Beauharnais, who had married a Princess of Bavaria. Lavalette obtained permission to re-enter France in 1822. His wife, who died in 1855, lost her reason in consequence of the anxiety she had suffered at the time of her husband's escape.

† Lavalette, I believe, was a great favourite of his late Emperor; and I well know, that every one of the suite expressed the greatest joy

It is a coincidence, perhaps, not worth mentioning, but is a singular circumstance, that we had a son of Sir Robert Wilson, at this time a midshipman, on board the *Northumberland*.

My curiosity now grew bold, and I was determined to try whether I could induce Napoleon to satisfy me as to the particulars of a conversation between him and Mr. Fox relative to the infernal machine, which I had heard related by the honourable Mr. Bennet, who took passage with Lord W. Stuart, in the *Lavinia*, from Lisbon to England, in the year 1807.

I prefaced my enquiry by observing that an account had been published, and was very generally believed in England, stating a conversation between him and Mr. Charles Fox,* at St. Cloud; that to myself it was very interesting; and as I heard it related by a gentleman of rank, talent, and high character, I had entertained no doubt of the general fact as he stated it. Napoleon, in a most good-humoured way, said, "Repeat it; I shall remember." I then proceeded:

"The account, General, is as follows. As you were one evening going to the theatre, you encountered great danger of your life by the explosion of a machine, to which the title of *infernal* was afterwards applied. This engine of destruction was said to have been placed in a narrow street through which you were to pass. The rashness of your coachman, it is said, saved your life; for, finding a vehicle placed in such a manner as would have presented an unsurmountable difficulty to a less timid driver, he gave speed to his horses, and the wheel of your carriage, coming in contact with the machine,

at his escape. I remember hearing General Bertrand say, that during the whole time Lavalette was in the Post-Office, not a single instance of unnecessary rigour was known to have taken place; nor was the peace of a private family ever disturbed in the slightest degree.—*Note by Warden.*

* This is, of course, Charles James Fox. The conversation took place in 1802.

overset it with great violence, and immediately after you had passed the explosion took place." "That," he replied, "is true; your information is correct." "And it is also said that you went to the theatre and enjoyed the play as if nothing had happened." He now nodded, or rather made a slight obeisance. "And it is also asserted that in a conversation you had with Mr. Fox, at St. Cloud, on the subject, you accused the English of having invented the machine for your destruction." "That is the fact," he said; "I certainly did." "And that you particularly alluded to Mr. Windham." "Yes, *Mr. Vandam.*" "It is also said, General, that Mr. Fox contended it was not of English invention, for that the crime of assassination was repugnant to the national character. He also particularly defended Mr. Windham, who, he said, though they had differed in politics, he knew to be an honourable man, and incapable, as a British Minister, of sanctioning such a dishonourable transaction." Napoleon remembered the conversation, and acknowledged that he accused Mr. Windham. I now ventured to ask him if he continued of the same opinion. "Yes," he said; "the English ministry were instrumental to the plot. Their money has gone for that and other extraordinary purposes." My English blood was a little up on the occasion, and my reply, depend upon it, was to the following effect. "My nation detests an assassin more than it does a coward; indeed, he is the worst of cowards; and I do not believe that there is a British heart which does not revolt at the thought, and subscribe with an honest and glowing sincerity, to the opinion of Mr. Fox." He gave me no answer, but I could perceive that he was not convinced; and he still retains his original belief in the contrivance of the infernal machine.

I now discontinued the subject and approached the chimney-piece, to examine a small bust in marble,

which appeared to me to be exquisitely sculptured. When he saw my attention to it he exclaimed, "That is my son." Indeed, the resemblance to the father is so very striking, that it is discernible at the first glance. On one side is a miniature also of young Napoleon, and a highly finished portrait of his mother, Maria Louisa, on the other.

He now complained of a pain in the great toe of his right foot, described the sensation he felt, and asked if it betokened the gout. I requested to know if he could trace the disease of gout to any hereditary transmission. "No," he replied; "neither of his parents ever had the gout"; but, recollecting himself, he added, that his uncle, Cardinal Fesch,* had been very much afflicted by it.

I remarked that, even when the disease was known to be hereditary in families, attention in early years to exercise and diet often retarded its approach, and when it came at length, would render the disease more mild in its attack.

I observed to him "that, considering the active life he led, it did not appear that he took sufficient exercise to preserve himself in a right state of health." He replied, "My rides, indeed, are too confined; but the being accompanied by an officer is so very disagreeable to me, that I must be content to suffer the consequences of abridging them. However, I feel no inconvenience from the want of exercise. Man can accustom himself to privations. At one period of my life I was many hours on horseback every day for six years; and I

* Joseph Fesch (1763–1839), the uncle of Napoleon, was the child of a Swiss officer by a Corsican woman, and was born at Ajaccio. He became Archbishop of that city in 1791. He left his country out of devotion to France, was made Archbishop of Lyons by Napoleon in 1802, and was elected a Cardinal. He was Ambassador to Rome in 1804. Napoleon's struggle with the Pope led him to refuse the Archbishopric of Paris in 1809. He retired to Rome upon Napoleon's fall, and died there.

was once eighteen months without passing from the house."

He now returned to the grievance of being watched by an officer. "You are acquainted," he said, "with the Island of St. Helena, and must be sensible that a sentinel placed on either of these hills can command the sight of me from the moment I quit this house till I return to it. If an officer or soldier placed on that height will not satisfy your Governor, why not place ten, twenty, a troop of dragoons? Let them never lose sight of me; only keep an officer from my side."

Believe me, my good friend, I do not grudge the pains this letter has cost me, that I might be clear in my recollections, and accurate in my report. I know the pleasure it will afford you, and that reflection repays me. Future circumstances can alone determine whether you will receive another St. Helena letter from—

&c. &c. &c.,

W. W.

LETTER VIII

St. Helena,

MY DEAR (MISS HUTT),

The arrival of a fleet at the island from India, and which will afford the means of conveying my last letter, has already enabled me to begin another. This circumstance crowded the little town with passengers, who were all, as usual, eager to see Bonaparte. The Countess of Loudoun* disembarked from this fleet, and during her stay at St. Helena, was accommodated at Plantation House, the residence of the Governor. In compliment to this lady, a dinner of ceremony was given on the following day by Sir Hudson Lowe, and an invitation was despatched, through General Bertrand, to General Bonaparte, so arranged in point of politeness and etiquette as to justify an expectation that it would be accepted. This, however, happened to be the first invitation which he had received; and some remarks passed, that it had rather the appearance of a wish to gratify the Countess than an act of particular civility to the person to whom it was addressed. I know that it was received in this light at Longwood. Count Bertrand delivered the

* Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudoun in her own right (1780–1840). She married in 1804 Lord Moira, who became Marquis of Hastings in 1817. Lord Moira was at this time Governor-General of Bengal and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India. He died in 1826; his wife survived him until 1840. He left directions, says G. F. Russell Barker in the "D.N.B.," that his right hand should be cut off after death and preserved until the death of the Marchioness, when it was to be placed in her coffin

Governor's card, which was read and returned without a word of observation. "Sire," said Marshal Bertrand, "what answer is it your Majesty's pleasure that I should return?" "Say the Emperor gave no answer."

I passed a considerable part of the afternoon of that day in Napoleon's apartment, and, as usual, was employed in answering, to the best of my information, such as it is, the various questions which he thought proper to ask me. His enquiries were particularly directed to the nature, circumstances, and state of the fleet which had just arrived: our trade to India, and the numerous English which appeared to be constantly passing to and fro between India and Europe. In the course of this conversation I happened to mention the hope entertained by the strangers in the town of being gratified by the sight of him as he passed to the Plantation House, to dine with the Governor. This little piece of information proved to be *fort mal à propos*, as it produced the only symptom of petulance I had witnessed in my various communications with the ex-Emperor; and it was displayed in tone, look, and gesture, in his very brief but hasty reply: "What, go to dinner, perhaps with a file of soldiers to guard me?" In a few minutes, however, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject: "After all," he said, "they could not, I think, expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable; and I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied as I must be by an officer."

The Countess of Loudoun left the island without seeing the ex-Emperor, and is said to have acknowledged her disappointment on the occasion; and if I may venture an opinion—but, remember, it is certainly my own—I think the regret is mutual.

He asked me some days after if I had seen the Countess. I answered in the affirmative, and added that she had honoured the *Northumberland* with a visit, and, as it was usual with all visitors to the ship, she was shown the cabin which he had occupied during the passage. I thought also, it would amuse him to be informed that curious strangers generally chose to indulge their fancy by sitting down in his chair. "And did the Countess," he said, "do the chair that honour?" Unfortunately, I could not speak with certainty on that item of his enquiry, not having been in the cabin at the time. He seemed, however, to enjoy the whim of sitting in his chair, and continued his questions. "Would it, do you suppose, have appeared indecorous to the people of England if the Countess of Loudoun had visited Longwood? Could it have been thought incorrect in any degree if the lady, in company with Madame Bertrand, had paid me a visit in this garden? Many ladies, on their return to England, have been introduced to me in that manner. Had the Countess of Loudoun expressed herself fatigued by the voyage, or had been indisposed from any other cause, I should have been pleased to wait on her." I could only say, in return, "that I was a countryman of her ladyship, and if by any chance I should have the honour of possessing the opportunity, I would certainly intrude myself so far upon her attention as to inform her of your polite disposition towards her."

He now dashed at once on a subject so totally different from anything you can expect, that I would give your sagacity its full play for the rest of your life, nor fear your stumbling upon it. It was, as usual, in the form of a question, and your impatience will in a moment be satisfied.

"Have you," he exclaimed, "any knowledge of physiognomy?" "Not from study." "Have you read

Lavater?"* "I have read some extracts from his works, and that is all I know of them." "Can you judge whether a man possesses talents from observing the features of his face?" "All I can say, General, is this: that I know when a face is pleasing or displeasing to me." "Ah," he replied in an instant, "there it is—you have found it out. Have you observed Sir Hudson Lowe's face?" "Yes, I have." "And what does it promise?" "If I am to speak the truth, I like Lady Lowe's much better." He now laughed, and I was thinking how to get rid of the subject, which had a tendency to be an awkward one, as it might be addressed to me. He, however, gave me no time, and proceeded to draw comparisons between his late and his present guardian; but in a vein of pleasantry, as it appeared, and with such a rapid succession of ideas that I did not by any means comprehend his expressions or the objects of them.

I happened to be at Longwood, when Mr. Raffles,†

* Jean Gaspard Lavater (1741–1801) was born at Zurich. He has been called "the Fenelon of Switzerland." He was poet, theologian, philosopher, and publicist, but is best known to the world by his "Essais physiognomoniques" and "L'Art de connaître les Hommes par la Physiognomonie."

† Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles (1781–1826) began life as a clerk in the East India House, and was sent by the East India Company to Penang in 1805, where he obtained the post of Secretary to the Governor In 1811 he was made Governor of Java, when he "took measures to abolish the Dutch system of exacting forced labour from the natives, regulated the mode of raising the revenue, re-established the finances, and remodelled the administration of justice" ("D.N.B."). "Meanwhile, Java having been restored to the Dutch, Raffles, who had lost his wife and whose health was utterly broken down, returned to England. On the way he visited Napoleon at St. Helena, reaching London in July, 1816. In 1817 he took up his residence as Governor of Bencoolen, Sumatra. In 1819 he raised the British flag at Singapore, an act by which "his services to British commerce were enormous" ("D.N.B."). Returning to England in 1823, he lost all his treasures, manuscripts, rare zoological specimens, etc., valued at £50,000, by the explosion and wreck of his ship. He retired to Barnet, and was the founder and first president of the Zoological

the late Governor of Java, and his suite obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. The anxiety of that gentleman to see Bonaparte was extreme; his curiosity was a perfect rage, and the utmost was done to accomplish its gratification. In short, though indisposition might have been pleaded, an hour was appointed by the ex-Emperor to receive the ex-Governor, and the latter had not words to express his delight at the manner in which he had been received.

In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there I found him surrounded by his whole suite, mesdames and messieurs, with the

Society of London, where a bust in the Lion House commemorates his services. There is a statue by Chantrey to him in Westminster Abbey. In the *Daily Mail* of London (June 18th, 1904) there was published an interesting letter from Raffles to his friend Sholto V. Hare, dated "Off St. Helena, May 20, 1816," giving an account of his interview with Napoleon. Raffles admits that it was the influence of the two English surgeons, O'Meara and Warden, who obtained for him the interview. "With them," he says, "Bonaparte would appear to relax more than with others. In his own family he preserves all the distance of a ruling Emperor, but with them he has frequently of late spoken apparently without reserve." Raffles writes with extreme unfriendliness of the ex-Emperor. He calls him "a heavy, clumsy-looking man . . . a wild animal caught but not tamed . . . the alarm I felt was lest he should escape." Sir Hudson Lowe he describes as "a reserved and sour-looking man." Sir Stamford Raffles's letter amply justifies the good faith of Warden:—

> "Dr. Warden, from whom I have learnt several very interesting anecdotes, is very capable of appreciating the justness of the arguments which Bonaparte may adduce in his favour, and he intends to put his name to his conversations which pass on these subjects. It was only on the Thursday preceding our arrival that Bonaparte showed a willingness to discuss the questions of Wright, the Duke d'Enghien, and the massacre of his sick and prisoners at Jaffa."

Except as an example of the prejudice of the times and of the feeling in England against Napoleon, the letter has no value. Raffles professes to have started with prepossessions in Bonaparte's favour, but that kind of profession is usual with those who desire to heighten an attack. There are many contemporary tributes to Napoleon's geniality and graciousness, and also to his good looks.

carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention; for instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it, while the marshals, counts, and generals stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me, though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart and rather unmannerly breeze. "Do you know," he said, "this Governor of Java?" "I know no more of him than from the introduction of to-day." "Do you know anything of that island?" "What I know of it is merely from the information of others." "The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate, but I believe that a more favourable opinion is now entertained of it." "I believe so; at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect." "Have you ever seen a case of the plague?" "Never." "Do you know the disease?" "My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read." "The army of Egypt suffered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew. The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration." I replied that I had understood actual contact would convey it. "No," he said; "I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants, being convinced by observation that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine, placing

myself on the side of the infected person from which the wind blew." We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought it proper to make some show of retiring, but he would not take the hint for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led Madame Bertrand to the carriage. He followed, and I stood to see them drive off. Observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them. I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting car to a country fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, and affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English, and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my mistress! O, not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress," while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the Count her husband was bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love. No, not love; my friend, my friend." The fact was that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase, he was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress, with a half comic, half serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question: "In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?" It is not unlikely that I looked a

little surprised, but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of anyone." He laughed, and continued, "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases; that they may sometimes do too much, at other times too little. After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself and said, 'Well, if I had not bled—or *vice versâ*, if I had bled—this man he would have recovered; or if he had not consulted a physician at all he might have been now alive?" I made no reply, and he continued his questions. "Which do you think are the best surgeons—the French or the English?" "The English undoubtedly." "But wherefore?" "Because our schools are better. There is more system in our education; and the examination is such as to establish the fitness of any candidate for the profession before he is regularly admitted into it." "But in point of practice, will you not allow that the French surgeons have the advantage of you?" "In practice, General, the French are empirics, though they do not vend nostrums like our quacks in England. They are, in fact, more guided by experience than theory. But you, sir, have enabled my brethren in the English army to be tolerable proficients in field practice." Napoleon smiled at my reply, and immediately proceeded to a question which, though it is not altogether unconnected with the former subject, I did not expect. It was this: "Who is your first physician in London?" "That is an enquiry which I did not expect, and cannot take upon myself to answer; there are so many physicians of eminence there, that it would be hazardous to mention a favourite name." "But have you no particular person in the profession who takes the lead?" "No, indeed; there are, it is true, fashionable physicians who have their run for a season or two or even three, but I could not give the preference

to one without doing injustice to fifty. I could, I think, more particularly distinguish eminent surgeons." "What is the general fee?" "That frequently depends on the rank and fortune of the patient." "What is the highest that you have ever known?" "I really cannot give a precise answer to that question; no particular sum in that way at present occurs to me. Handsome fortunes are sometimes acquired by practice in a few years, but that falls to the lot of but few, whom particular circumstances and distinguished patronage, as well as professional skill, have raised into great celebrity." "When Corvisart attended my wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, on the birth of my son, he was ordered three thousand Napoleons. I wished, at one time, that the Empress should be bled, according to your practice, but Corvisart refused; she was in a very full habit. You are much employed on shore, are you not, as well as on board of ships?" "I am sometimes asked to visit the patients of my friends." "Do they pay you well?" "I never yet accepted of a fee. While I serve, I am satisfied with my pay." "What does your King allow you?" "Two hundred and twenty pounds a year." "You have been all your life at sea, have you not?" "I have, indeed, and during a space of near twenty years." "Does your King provide for you afterwards?" "Yes, sir, he does. At the expiration of six years' service he allows me, provided I am no longer in employ, six shillings a day: but that sum is not increased for any subsequent service until I have completed thirty years." "That, I think, is not an adequate remuneration." "I think so too, General. However, I have no right to complain, because I knew the conditions before I engaged, and in England we are never obliged to do so against our inclinations." "Is it not very expensive living in the island of St. Helena?" "Very much so; a stranger

cannot board under thirty shillings a day." "How, then, do you contrive to live?" "At present by the hospitality of a very kind and generous friend, and occasionally I have recourse to the fare of the *Northumberland*." He continued his questions and I my replies, as you will perceive. "The army must be an enormous expense to your government, is it not?" "Not more, I trust, than it can maintain." "It is, I fancy, greater than the navy; but from what cause?" "The expense of the army is oftentimes, and indeed necessarily, increased, I conceive, from its local situation." "And why not the navy?" "The latter is merely stationary, and the former more or less permanent." "Is not England more attached to its Navy than its Army?" "The Navy is certainly considered as its more natural, essential, and effectual defence; but the Army will sometimes raise its head very high, and be regarded with a rival favour when it is crowned, as it so often is, with laurels. Such a field as that of Waterloo can hardly find adequate gratitude in the hearts of Englishmen." To this observation Napoleon made no reply, nor did he give an unpleasant look. But he changed the subject.

"Where," said he, "were you educated?" I replied, "In Edinburgh." "You have very eminent professors there, I know. I remember Dr. Brown's system was in repute during my first Italian campaign. I have read of your other men of note, and I wish you would call them to my recollection by repeating their names." I accordingly mentioned Black, in chemistry; Monro, in anatomy and surgery; and Gregory in physic; but at the same time I observed that while I particularised these distinguished characters whose pupil I was, I could name others of equal merit in the different schools of the British empire. "I never knew," said Napoleon, "but one physician who was infallible in

his diagnostics. He was certain in his discovery of the nature and seat of a disease—his name was Dubois * —but, strange to say, he could not prescribe, and consequently would never undertake the treatment or cure of a complaint whose character his acumen could so accurately penetrate." I observed "that he had a very able surgeon with him in Egypt, Monsieur Larrey."† "Yes," he answered, "he was excellent in his field arrangements, but I have had men with me who, in scientific knowledge, were far superior to him." "Mr. Percy,"‡ I said, "who joined you on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, had the reputation of superior professional talents." "Ah," he exclaimed, with a glow on his countenance, "how did you know that?" "I must either have read of it in Larrey's publication, or heard it mentioned by General Bertrand." He continued :—

* Baron Antoine Dubois (1756–1837), the celebrated surgeon and accoucheur, who assisted at the birth of the King of Rome.

† Baron Dominique Jean Larrey (1766–1842), the celebrated military surgeon, was born at Baudéan. He was surgeon-major of the hospitals of the Army of the Rhine in 1792, and organised a system of ambulances since adopted by the whole of Europe. He was surgeon-in-chief of the Army in Egypt, and during the Consulate Napoleon gave him several offices, creating him a Baron after Wagram. He accompanied the expedition to Russia, "displaying a rare courage and an admirable devotion" (Lalanne). He was made prisoner at Waterloo, and would have been shot had he not been recognised by a Prussian surgeon. After the Restoration he held several offices under the Bourbons. He was the author of many works relative to the history of his surgical experiences. Paul Triaire's "Dominique Larrey," published in 1902, is invaluable to the student of Napoleon's career. Napoleon left him a hundred thousand francs in his will, and described him as "the most virtuous man I have ever met."

‡ Baron Pierre François Percy (1754–1825) was a military surgeon of renown in the Napoleonic wars, of entirely French origin and not an Englishman, as Warden evidently thinks. There are several references to Baron Percy in Larrey's "Memoirs," as in other "Memoirs" of the period, notably Thiébault's. He is mentioned as early as 1803, was at Austerlitz, and attended the wounded General Oudinot to Vienna. We are told by Thiébault that he preferred Percy to Larrey when he was wounded.

"It was my intention in France to have classed your profession into three divisions. I have always respected it. It is a science and more than a science, because it requires a knowledge of several: chemistry, anatomy, botany, and physic. For the first class I should have selected the most eminent of the profession." "But how, General, would you have discovered them?" "By their reputation, income, and the figure which they made in the world." "But would not that plan be liable to objection? Many men of merit live in obscurity." "Then there let them remain," he said; "what else are they fit for? If I were to chuse a surgeon from your fleet, should not I take him from the *Northumberland* in preference to the little Brig?" "There, General, you may also be mistaken." "No, no, no; a man of talent in every station and condition in life will discover himself. Depend upon it I should be safe, in a general sense, in adopting my own plan. The first ranks should have had some honorary marks of distinction, exclusive of that respect in private life which their education will always command. The third class should be humble in the extreme; nor would they have been permitted to administer anything beyond the most inoffensive medicines." "Perhaps, sir," I remarked, "after such an arrangement, you might, according to our English custom, have submitted future candidates to an examination." "Yes," he replied, "that might have been right."

"A physician," continued he, "appears to me to resemble a general officer. He must be a man of observation and discernment, with a penetrating eye. Possessed of these qualities, he will discover the strength of the enemy's position. Thus far, Dr. Dubois could go, and no farther. A sagacious practitioner will just employ sufficient force to dispossess the enemy of his strong-hold; a force beyond that might injure the citadel.

Now, I think, if you carry your mercury too far you must do mischief; so I say of the practice of Sangrado." I then expressed to him my surprise at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary life. "Yes," he said, "my health has been very good. When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint, as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient, both of the body and the mind." "It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt." "I was very thin; and at that time subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to Dr. Corvisart, who blistered me twice on the chest." "Report also said that you were then subject to an eruption at least on the skin—your friend Goldsmith says so." "Yes," he answered, "I will tell you." Never shall I forget the pleasant manner in which he related this anecdote.

"At the siege of Toulon I commanded a small battery of two guns. One of your boats approached close to the shore, and firing its gun, killed two cannoneers by my side. I seized a ramrod when it fell from the dead soldier's warm hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased, and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate itch. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and at that time succeeded. Five years after I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had lurked in my blood during the whole interval. Of that I was shortly cured, and have never had any return."

I now perceive, my dear ——, that I shall bring this letter myself, but I well know it will not be the

less welcome because the writer is the bearer of it. I shall therefore continue my narrative without any further interruption to the end.

The *Newcastle* and *Orontes* appeared from the heights of St. Helena on the morning of the 19th of June. My delight on the occasion is not easily to be expressed.

I now bent my steps to Longwood, where I arrived about ten in the morning, and I was no sooner known to be there than Napoleon sent to desire I would breakfast with him in the garden. On my appearing he said, "You are come to take leave of us." "I am come up, General, with that intention." "You will breakfast, then," he added, pointing to a chair, which the attendant in waiting immediately placed for me. The following conversation then took place:—

"Have you had letters from your friends?" "No, sir; the ships cannot reach the Bay before evening." "Is the Admiral known?" "Yes, he is Admiral Malcolm."* "Are you glad to return to England?" "Very glad indeed." "I am not surprised at it; but have you heard any news?" "The last store-ship which came from England brought some new publications: *The Quarterly Review*,† a book styled 'Paul's

* Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1768–1838) was born at Douglan, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire. The flattering presentation of Napoleon's appearance in Lady Malcolm's "Diary of St. Helena" offers a marked contrast to the unfavourable impression of Sir Stamford Raffles. After much valuable service in the wars, Rear-Admiral Malcolm was in 1816–1817 Commander-in-Chief on the St. Helena station. His wife was Clementina, daughter of the Hon. W. F. Elphinstone, a director of the East India Company and a brother of Lord Keith.

† The *Quarterly Review* for October, 1815, contained a long review of the following Napoleonic books:—

1. "A Narrative of Napoleon Bonaparte's Journey from Fontainebleau to Fréjus in April, 1814," by Count Truchsess-Waldbourg.
2. "Histoire de l'Ambassade dans le Grand Duché de Varsovie dans 1812," par M. de Pradt, Archevêque de Malines, alors Ambassadeur à Varsovie. Paris, 1815.
3. "Histoire du Cabinet des Tuileries depuis le 20 Mars, 1815,

Letters to his Kinsfolk,' etc.,* and 'Boyce's Buonaparte.'"† "Have you read them?" "I have indeed, and with more than common interest." "And what occasioned this particular feeling of interest?" "There is more truth and candour displayed in them than any that I

et de la Conspiration qui a ramené Bonaparte en France." Paris, 1815.

4. "Histoire des Quinze Semaines, ou le dernier Règne de Buonaparte." Paris, 1815.

5. "Conspiration de Buonaparte contre Louis XVIII., Roi de France," par M. La Martillière. Paris.

6. "Le Portefeuille de Buonaparte," 1e, 2e, et 3e livraisons. La Haye, 1815.

7. "Extract of a Journal kept on board H.M.S. *Bellerophon* from July 15 to August 7, the Period during which Napoleon Buonaparte was on board that Ship." By Lieut. J. Bowerbank, R.N. London, 1815.

8. "A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the Landing of Buonaparte to the Restoration of Louis XVIII., etc." By Helen Maria Williams. Second Edition, 8vo. London, 1815.

* "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), was published in January, 1816, and met with great success. The book is a record of his trip to the Continent in August, 1815. At Brussels he saw the wounded French soldiers in hospital. The letters are in the main an account of the Hundred Days and of the Battle of Waterloo. Scott is less ungenerous to Napoleon than in his "Life," published eleven years later.

> "No man," he says, "ever better understood both how to gain and how to maintain himself in the hearts of his soldiers than Bonaparte. Brief and abrupt in his speech, austere and inaccessible in his manners to the rest of his subjects, he was always ready to play the *bon camarade* with his soldiers, to listen to their complaints, to redress their grievances, and even to receive their suggestions."

† Edmund Boyce's book is entitled:—

> "The Second Usurpation of Buonaparte, or a History of the Causes, Progress, and Continuation of the Revolution in France in 1815, etc." 2 vols. London, 1816.

Boyce also translated, in 1844, "A History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte," from the French of E. Labaume. His popular guide to Belgium, which first appeared in 1815, was evidently written to cater for the numerous tourists to the field of Waterloo. It went through many editions.

have hitherto read; and more particularly the work of Mr. Boyce, which I should wish you to see." "Why, then, did you not buy it for me?" "There happened, General, to be but one copy on the Island, and it was purchased by a gentleman on his way to China who wished me to read it; as by my correcting any inaccuracies I might observe, it would become doubly interesting to his friends in that part of the world." "Is it like the work of Helen Maria Williams?" * "Very superior, and much more authentic." "Of what does it treat?" "Your motives for quitting Elba; your subsequent conduct from your landing at Fréjus † till you embarked in the *Bellerophon*. They still, however, represent you as subject to violent fits of passion, taking hasty strides across your apartment, with other impetuous marks of anger and disappointment. There is also a pathetic story related of the introduction of

* Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827) published many volumes of verse in her earlier years, collected in her "Poems" in 1786. She visited France in 1788 to stay with her sister, married to a French Protestant pastor, and resided there frequently in later years. She became a fervid sympathiser with the Revolution and was imprisoned by Robespierre. She also wrote two novels, "Julia" in 1790 and "Perouron the Bellowsmender" in 1801, this last being dramatised by Lord Lytton as *The Lady of Lyons*. Her many books treating of France in the exciting days she knew are those which make her most interesting to us. The one referred to in the text is fully entitled:—

"A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the Landing of Napoleon Bonaparte on the First of March, 1815, to the Restoration of Louis XVIII." John Murray. 1815.

The second edition, which appeared in 1816, was entitled:—

"A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France; with an Account of the Present State of Society and Public Opinion."

The book is a very good colloquial account, in the form of letters, of the termination of the Hundred Days' Reign.

† Fréjus. This is an amazing error, although it is repeated in so recent a book as H. A. L. Fisher's "Bonapartism," page 66. Napoleon landed at St. Juan's Bay on his return from Elba. He landed at Fréjus when he returned from Egypt, and he embarked there when he started for Elba.

General Salignac,* when he waited upon you from the Chamber of Deputies, to urge your abdication. This author, as well as Paul, whose 'Letters' are under a feigned name, gives very interesting particulars of Waterloo. It will, I think, make you smile, General, when I tell you that your guide, de Costar,† is not forgotten. He is represented as having been most dreadfully frightened." "Frightened! at what?" "At the balls, sir, that were flying about him. It is said also that

* There was no "General Salignac." Count Lanjuinais is apparently meant. Jean Denis Lanjuinais (1753–1827) was a publicist and professor of ecclesiastical law at Rennes. He was a deputy to the States General in 1789. Although he voted against the Life Consulship and the Empire, he was made a Count by Napoleon in 1808. He was President of the Chamber of Representatives in 1815, and conveyed to Napoleon its desire for his abdication.

† John de Costar, the Flemish peasant whom Napoleon employed as his guide at Waterloo, figures largely in Letter IX. of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and in Chapter XXXV. of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Writing to the Duke of Buccleuch, Scott says:—

> "I spoke long with a shrewd Flemish peasant called John de Costar whom he had seized upon as his guide, and who remained beside him the whole day, and afterwards accompanied him in his flight as far as Charleroi. Your Grace may be sure that I interrogated Mynheer very closely about what he heard and saw. . . . As for Bony, de Costar says he was very cool during the whole day, and even gay. As the cannon-balls flew over them de Costar ducked; at which the Emperor laughed, and told him they would hit him all the same."

In "Paul's Letters" Scott says:—

> "It was with no little emotion that I walked with de Costar from one place to another, making him show me, as nearly as possible, the precise stations which had been successively occupied by the fallen monarch on that eventful day. . . . To recollect that within a short month the man whose name had been the terror of Europe stood on the very ground that I now occupied . . . that the landscape now solitary and peaceful around me presented so lately a scene of such horrid magnificence—that the very individual who was now at my side had then stood by that of Napoleon and witnessed every change in his countenance, from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to fear and to despair—to recollect all this, oppressed me with sensations which I find it impossible to describe."

you, at the time, rallied and consoled him with the assurance that it was much more honourable to receive a ball in the breast than in the back. Besides, he is made to complain that he was very inadequately recompensed for the labour and dangers of the day: that a single Napoleon was his only reward." Bonaparte instantly replied, with an intelligent smile, "It might as well have been said five hundred." I continued:

"Mr. Boyce appears to me to have been very attentive to accuracy in his report of the two contending armies." "What number?" I was instantly asked, "does he give to that of France?" "He quotes from an officer, and makes them to have been seventy thousand." The reply was, "I had seventy-one thousand: and how many English is it stated there were in the field?" "Including the German Legion, I understand there were thirty thousand British troops, which, united with the Belgians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, formed an whole of sixty-eight thousand men." "How many Prussians were there under Bülow?"* "I cannot correctly say, perhaps fifteen thousand." "And how many on the arrival of Blücher,† in the

* Friedrich Wilhelm Bülow, Count von Dennewitz (1755–1816), Prussian general, distinguished himself in the War of Liberation, assisting in the battles of Grossbeeren and Dennewitz. He was a conspicuous figure at the battle of Leipzig and joined in the march on Paris in 1814. His was the first Prussian regiment that came to Wellington's aid at Waterloo.

† Gebhard Leberecht Blücher, Prince von Wahlstadt (1742–1819), was born in Rostock, Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He was first in the Swedish army, then in the Prussian cavalry. In 1793 he fought against the French as Colonel of Hussars. He distinguished himself in many campaigns against Napoleon's armies, and was prominent in the success of Leipzig. He entered Paris with the Allies in 1814, and was afterwards acclaimed with enthusiasm in England, receiving the Freedom of the City of London and the D.C.L. from Oxford. During the Hundred Days he was defeated at Ligny, but helped greatly, by his timely arrival, in the victory of Waterloo. He retired after the war to his estates in Silesia.

evening?" "I really do not know; but it is said that the Duke of Wellington acknowledges how very happy he felt at the appearance of his old friend, and that the person did not exist who could have been more welcome to him in the course of the evening than Blücher."

Ever since I had enjoyed an occasional communication with Napoleon, I never ceased to be animated with a strong and curious desire to learn his opinion of our renowned Commander. I had repeatedly heard that he did not withhold it, but I could never ascertain the fact on any certain authority. The present moment appeared to afford me the opportunity which I had so anxiously sought; as he seemed to be in a temper of more than usual communication and courtesy, though I have never had reason to complain of either. At all hazards, I therefore resolved to make the trial; as it might be the only occasion I should ever possess. "The people of England," I said, "appear to feel an interest in knowing your sentiments respecting the military character of the Duke of Wellington. They have no doubt that you would be just; and, perhaps, they may indulge the expectation that your justice would produce an eulogium of which the Duke of Wellington might be proud." Silence ensued: I began to think that I might have gone rather too far; for it is most true that I had never before addressed him without looking full in his face for a reply, but my eyes dropped at the pause, and no reply was made. This, however, was the second question I had ever asked which remained a moment unanswered.

At the same time, he did not appear to be in the least displeased; as in a few minutes he renewed the conversation with this inquiry: "You mentioned a *Review*—what does it contain?" "Criticisms on new publications as they appear; and this number ob-

serves upon three publications that relate to you: one in particular, said to be written by a Lieutenant of the *Bellerophon*."* "What could he find on my subject to work up into a book?" "I am almost ashamed, General, to repeat what these publications contain: indeed, it surprised me that so respectable a work as this *Review* should condescend to notice them, and quote such silly falsehoods; nor can it be accounted for in any other way than a desire to gratify the public impatience to be informed of everything and anything that may relate to you. It contains, among other misinformations, accounts of your conduct and demeanour while you resided at The Briars. You will judge of the ingenuity of its inventions when I add that he mentions your being angry with one of the little girls because she was ignorant of your coin, the 'Napoleon.'† You are also represented, on the same authority, as having been in a great rage with one of her brothers, for having shown you the picture of the Great Mogul on a pack of cards. Nay, sir, M. de Las Cases does not escape; for he is sent to the sideboard to play at 'Patience' until the new pack would deal with more facility." "Your Editors," said Napoleon, "are infinitely amusing; but is it to

* Lieutenant Bowerbank. *See* Appendix II. The *Quarterly Review* in its attack upon Warden, Vol. XVI., p. 213, says upon this matter:— "Such is the blundering, presumptuous, and falsifying scribbler who has dared to speak of the sensible and modest pamphlet of Lieutenant Bowerbank as trash."

† The story of Elizabeth Balcombe, afterwards Mrs. Abell, written by herself, contains no endorsement of this story. "I was perfectly amazed at the power of control he evinced over his temper," she says; and again, "I never met with anyone who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity or his indulgence to me." ("Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon," by Mrs. Abell.)

be supposed that they believe what they write?" "At least, sir, I presume that they hope to amuse those who read. There is, however, another work, which, from its apparent authenticity, has been received with attention. It is written by a Frenchman, the Abbé Pradt."* I was now perfectly confounded by a general and, as it appeared, an involuntary laugh, with an exclamation of, "Oh, the Abbé!" It appears that this personage was the very humblest of the most humble adulators of Napoleon; he had been in a low situation in the Palace, but possessed qualities that are favourable to advancement in such times as those in which he lived. "He had both cunning and humour," said Napoleon, "and I took him with me when I went to Spain; and, as I had to wage war with monasteries, I found the Abbé a phalanx against the domination of Priests. De Las Cases," he added, "will give you fifty entertaining anecdotes of the Abbé. Can you tell me what is become of him?" "I really have not heard. He also gives a description of your return to Warsaw

*Dominique, Abbé de Pradt (1759–1837), was born at Allanche in Auvergne. In 1791 he emigrated to Germany, where he wrote in 1798 "The Antidote to the Congress of Rastadt," and "Prussia and her Neutrality" in the same year. He returned to Paris and became in 1804 Almoner to Napoleon, in 1805 Bishop of Poitiers, and in 1808 Archbishop of Malines. Later he quarrelled with the Emperor, and worked for the restoration of the Bourbons. The book reviewed by the *Quarterly* is in its English translation entitled:—

"A Narrative of an Embassy to Warsaw and Wilna, with Personal Attendance on the Emperor Napoleon during the Disastrous Campaign in Russia and the Retreat from Moscow," by M. de Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin. Translated from the Second French Edition. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, 1816.

This is a dull and conceited libel. Its opening phrase is sufficient: "In one of those profound reveries to which the Emperor was subject, the following exclamation was heard to escape him: '*One man less, and I should have been master of the world.*' Who, then, is the man? . . . This man was myself; and could this be granted, I have saved the world."

after the disasters in Russia, which, I doubt not, would amuse you. He describes a tall figure entering his hotel, wrapped in fur, more resembling a being of the other world than anything earthly. It was Caulaincourt.* He says, likewise, you were concealed at the English hotel, where he procured you some excellent wine. This Review, however, does not spare the Abbé, who declares that the subjugation of Russia was inevitable, had it not been for the sagacity of one man; and pray, says the reviewer, who is this man? Why, no less a personage than the Abbé Pradt, who would have it thought that by his roguery he outwitted his master." Napoleon does not often laugh; but the story, or the idea of the Abbé, or perhaps both, brought his risible faculties into complete exertion.

Unroll your map of Flanders, my friend; display it in due form on your table, and follow me if you can. I was this morning curiously gratified by a military description of the various movements of the French army, on *Napoleon's Chart*, from the day it passed the Sambre to the eventful battle of Waterloo. I naturally expected, as you may suppose, a detail of those various circumstances by which it was lost, or which amounts to the same thing: the ***why*** and the ***wherefore*** it was not gained. My conjecture was not ill-founded, for Gourgaud proceeded to point out to me the errors which were committed by some of the principal commanders in the French army, and proved so fatal to the last great effort of their Imperial Master. These he

* Armand Augustin Louis de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza (1772–1827), was aide-de-camp to the First Consul, Ambassador to St. Petersburg from 1807 to 1811, and did his utmost to prevent the invasion of Russia. He was Napoleon's Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1813, and resumed that office in 1814 during the Hundred Days. He tried hard to secure the succession of Napoleon II. The charge, often repeated, of complicity in the execution of the Duke d'Enghien embittered his last years.

traced with a readiness and perspicuity which induced me to imagine, at the time, that I clearly comprehended the whole. Nevertheless, I have my doubts, whether I shall make the errors of these blundering captains as clear to you, as they were, in my fancy, made apparent to me.

Napoleon, it seems, was completely ignorant of the movement made from Frasnes, by Count d'Erlon (Drouet),* on the 16th; for when he appeared near Ligny, Napoleon actually deployed a column of French to oppose him, mistaking his force at the time for a division of the Prussian army. Erlon was now made acquainted with the defeat of the Prussians; and, without thinking it necessary to have any communication with Napoleon as to future operations, returned to his original position. That division of the army, therefore, became totally useless for that day both to the Emperor and to Marshal Ney. Grouchy, losing sight of Blücher, and taking the circuitous route which he pursued, was represented as having committed a most fatal error. While the right wing of the French, in the battle of the 18th, was engaged in defeating the flank movement of Bülow, of which they were perfectly apprised, Marshal Ney had orders to engage the attention of the English during this part of the action; but by no means to hazard the loss of his troops, or to exhaust their strength. Ney, it appears, did not obey the order, or met with circumstances that rendered it impracticable for him to adhere to it. He was stated to have contended for the occupation of a height, and

* Jean Baptiste Drouet, Count d'Erlon (1765–1844), fought during the Republican wars, and under the Empire distinguished himself at Jena, at Friedland, and in Spain. Under the first Restoration of Louis XVIII. he was President of the Council of War, but he joined Napoleon during the Hundred Days. In 1815 he was proscribed, fled to Bavaria and opened a brewery at Munich. In 1825 he returned to France. He was Governor of Algiers in 1834, and was made a Marshal in 1843.

thus weakened his corps, so that when the Imperial Guards were brought to the charge, he was unable to assist them. I understood that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre with 111,000 men. In the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras he lost 10,000. Grouchy's division consisted of 30,000 detached to follow Blücher, leaving an effective force on the morning of the 18th of 71,000. I hope you will comprehend my account, which I think was the purport of General Gourgaud's statement to me: Though I do not know any two characters more liable to a small share of perplexity than a sailor describing a *terra firma* battle and a soldier entering into the particulars of a naval engagement. But, by way of climax, I was assured that the report of Bonaparte's standing on an elevated wooden frame to obtain a commanding view of the field of battle is altogether a misrepresentation. It was, on the contrary, a raised mound of earth, where he placed himself with his staff; and, the ground being sloppy and slippery, he ordered some trusses of straw to be placed under his feet to keep them dry, and prevent his sliding.

This was the last visit I paid to Napoleon; and when I took my leave of him, he rose from his chair, and said, "I wish you health and happiness, and a safe voyage to your country, where I hope you will find your friends in health and ready to receive you."

I had been uniformly treated with such respectful kindness, and, in some degree, with such partial confidence by General Bertrand, M. de Las Cases, and, indeed, by every one of the suite, that I could not take my leave of them without a considerable degree of sensibility. A more amiable, united, and delightful family than that of General Bertrand I never yet saw; nor is his affection as a husband, and his fondness as a father, less striking than his fidelity to his Master.

And here I conclude my narrative. If any other little matters should occur to my recollection, I can make a kind of Postscript of them. The sketch which you desired of St. Helena may be the subject of conversation hereafter, by your hospitable and friendly fireside. In the meantime, and at all times,

I am, &c. &c.,

W. W.

ADDITIONAL NOTICES

CAPTAIN PIONTKOWSKI, an officer in the Polish troops attached to Bonaparte's person, who had accompanied him to Elba, and had a command in the little army that landed in France, formed one of the suite which accompanied the ex-Emperor to England. He was, however, refused to attend the exile of his fallen Master. The disappointment he suffered on the occasion was extreme, and he still continued to persevere in his application to follow that fortune to which a sense of the most ardent and affectionate duty impelled him. Notwithstanding a lady from France, to whom he had been betrothed, joined him at Plymouth and married him, he still most zealously adhered to his original object; and, having at length obtained the sanction of Government, he took his passage in a store-ship for St. Helena.* The arrival of this faithful follower was

* I can find no trace of Piontkowski's marriage, and indeed Gourgaud says that he was in love with the "Nymph of the Valley." His name first appears in the story of Napoleon as having been at Elba. In the excitement after Waterloo he pressed to accompany Napoleon to America, and there is a letter among the British Museum MSS. which I have read, dated from the Elysée Palace on June 23, 1815, in which Count Bertrand tells Piontkowski that he can accompany the Emperor. There is another letter in the British Museum from Piontkowski to Sir Robert Wilson, giving an account of the scene at Rochefort before Napoleon went on board the *Bellerophon*. The most interesting letter of the three from this loyal Pole that I have found in the Museum is one signed "C. Piontkowski, Capitaine," addressed to Sir Hudson Lowe from Longwood, on April 16, 1816, that is immediately after his arrival. This letter Lowe made him withdraw, substituting another. This letter was his formal application to be near Napoleon. The writer states that he had followed the Emperor in the *Bellerophon*, that he had been forbidden to go to St. Helena, but

not expected. Napoleon, however, could not but be sensible of his attachment, and received him with kindness. But neither his situation nor his manners were such as to associate him with the suite; nor did his modesty appear to expect it. An apartment was assigned him by the Generals; and Mr. O'Meara, the surgeon, thinking he was neglected, with that goodness of heart and generous nature which distinguishes his character, made him welcome to his table. Such were the amiable and unassuming manners of this romantic Pole, that the distant treatment of him was a subject of general animadversion; and a want of generous feeling was attributed to Napoleon, for inattention to such an evident example of fidelity. But this afterwards appeared to be a groundless suspicion. The Captain occupied his garret during the night, and occasionally amused himself with his gun during the day, happy in the enthusiastic satisfaction of sharing the fate of the great object of his idolatry. It happened, however, in one of his sporting excursions, that his piece accidentally went off in the act of loading it, and very severely wounded his right hand. With this mischance Napoleon became acquainted, and expressed a desire to see and console him; but, previous to the execution of this kind intention, a female servant of General Montholon was removed from one of the very comfortable rooms at Longwood, and Piontkowski was conveyed thither. The following day Napoleon paid him the projected visit, but without suspecting he had been in any other apartment, and amply repaid his devoted

had at last secured the permission of the Government to come out. He had been told at Plymouth that St. Helena was a beautiful island with a perfect climate. He found it "l'île de la désolation." The climate, he said, resembled nothing else on earth. One lived in a perpetual fog, and dampness and mist were everywhere, although one was exposed to a hot sun. Nevertheless he was prepared to join the Emperor, and was prepared to submit to the regulations laid down.

Pole for the wound in his hand, by giving such a warm delight to his honest and faithful heart.

In speaking of different diseases to which the human frame was subject, a favourite topic with Napoleon, when a professional man was by any means admitted to him, the small-pox happened to be mentioned; and he instantly entered upon the discovery of vaccination, with which he appeared to be perfectly acquainted, and whose beneficial effects he mentioned with the highest encomiums. Nor did his observations close without their usual *finale*—an interrogatory: "Have not the people of England given me some credit for my having adopted, encouraged, and indeed decreed the rigid observance of Dr. Jenner's system?"

The quiet, unassuming demeanour of the persons composing the suite of Napoleon never knew any interruption on the deck of the *Northumberland*, where we held our conversation, but when General Gourgaud chose to display the bloody track of his heroic feats in the field. No idea, however, is intended to be conveyed of his exceeding the real prowess of his military character; but only that he loved to talk about it, when his former companions in arms were silent. Among other proofs of his hairbreadth 'scapes, he was fond of exhibiting a sword, whose renown, as well as that of its owner, was engraved on the blade, and whose inscription related that with this mighty and glorious weapon he saved the life of Napoleon in Russia, when it was threatened by the uplifted arm of a fierce and avenging Cossack.

The following is a correct abstract of a conversation I had with General Bertrand, when—and particularly at the commencement of it—his feelings appeared to be very strongly excited. He acknowledged very fully, and lamented very sensibly, the too extended grasp of Napoleon's ambition. "It was in itself a grand and noble principle, and, left to its own original objects and confined to its natural operations, might have proved a source of extensive good and untarnished glory. But evil counsels—and who can, at all moments and under all circumstances, repel their insinuating or momentary influence?—provoked the excesses, which have been so often seen to strip the most commanding of all passions of its associate virtues." Here his opinion seemed to point to Maret, Duke of Bassano, as the cause of unspeakable mischief, and an example that inferior spirits are sometimes permitted to influence minds of a far higher order, and not unfrequently to their dishonour, if not to their ruin. "Napoleon," he added, "is a most extraordinary and wonderful man." The conversation proceeded, and I replied:

"That is not to be doubted; but I wish to see more of the ordinary man in him. Could I but observe him endearingly caressing children, as you, General, do your Hortensia and your Henry; or playing with a dog, or patting his horse, I should consider him with very different sentiments from those which I now feel."

"Believe me, dear Doctor, he is a man totally different from all others."

"That may be; but I want him to possess certain qualities in common with ordinary men, and I wish you would tell me that he discovers, at any time, the feelings of affection and tenderness; the capacity to be a kind husband and a fond parent."

"That I can most assuredly do. He is not without a heart, in your sense of the expression; but he does

not, cannot, will not make a parade of it. Is it possible that you should expect anything of a frivolous or trifling appearance from him; and, in a character like his, the amiable playfulness of private domestic life might have such a semblance; besides, the individual feelings of the man must, after all, be lost to those who only view him in the blaze of his public life."

"But that blaze, General Bertrand, is now extinguished; and I wish for his sake and the honour of human nature that the symptoms of love, tenderness, and attachment might appear in some direction or other to beam from him."

"You may believe me when I assure you that though they may not have appeared to you, they are by no means wanting in him. By way of example, imagine a day as it used to be passed at the Tuileries: I will describe it to you. At six in the morning he would be examining a Russian despatch; at seven, the same from Vienna; at eight, he might visit a work of art; at ten, a review succeeded; at twelve, the reception of some department; at one, the affairs of the army; at four, a Prefect demanded audience; at six, perhaps, he had appointed to meet the Empress, whom he would treat with every mark of kindness and affection; admire, with a Parisian gallantry, the embroidery of her gown, the folds of her robe, the flowers on her hair, or the display of jewels on her person; while he would continue devoted to her till public business again required his attention, to which he was ever in a state of preparation. He was never sensual, never gross, but in an unceasing state of action." Count de Las Cases continued the subject.

"He never speaks of himself; he never mentions his achievements. Of money he is totally regardless; and he was not known to express a regret for any part of his treasure but the diamond necklace, which he wore

constantly in his neckcloth, because it was the gift of his daughter, the Princess Hortense,* whom he tenderly loved." This he lost after the battle of Waterloo.

I was naturally induced to make a sketch of the state and position of our passengers at the moment when we came to an anchor, off St. Helena; but, having mislaid it at the moment when I wrote the account of our arrival in one of the foregoing letters, I then stated it from the general recollection of the instant. Having now recovered the sketch, I have added it as a more exact picture of the scene, and which I have been persuaded will not be considered as an impertinent repetition.

The morning was pleasant, and the breeze steady. At dawn we were sufficiently near to behold the black peak of St. Helena. Between eight and nine we were close under the Sugar-Loaf Hill. The whole of the French party had quitted their cabins with the exception of Napoleon, and taken their respective stations. On the right stood Madame Montholon, with her arm entwined in that of the General her husband. Her look seemed to ask a cheering influence from him. I could fancy that she said: "If this is to be my lot, still I have you for my comfort; and there is Tristram, that little darling, who will be a comfort to us both." On the poop sat Madame Bertrand, and the Marshal stood behind her. I was the only unoccupied person belonging to the ship, and could therefore, undisturbed, contemplate the scene around me. I was afraid to approach Madame Bertrand, for I was near enough to perceive an action in the muscle of her throat which

* Queen Hortense (1783–1837), Josephine's daughter, and the wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland. She was the mother of Napoleon III.

betokened a sob. De Las Cases, resting his arm on the shoulder of his son, was stretching his little figure on tip-toe, but in vain, to look over the gangway; but all his exertion would not enable him to see more than half-way down the mountain. General Gourgaud endeavoured, by a smile, to suppress what he felt, for he had no female to console him. The servants were gazing with open mouths, and all their eyes; while the children, unconscious of island or rock, or prison or palace, were performing their little evolutions as usual, when the Newfoundland dog would occasionally break in upon their hollow squares. We did not see Napoleon till the ship had anchored in front of the town. About eleven he made his appearance. He ascended the poop, and there stood, examining with his little glass the numerous cannon which bristled in his view. I observed him with the utmost attention, as I stood beside him for near half an hour; and could not discover, in his countenance, the least symptoms of strong or particular sensations. He afterwards rallied Madame Bertrand on the elegant stockings she wore on the occasion, when she tried to check the tear; but it would not do. She exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor W——, we are indeed too good for St. Helena."

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I

NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *BELLEROPHON* AT TORBAY

As told by JOHN SMART of Brixham, and communicated to *Notes and Queries* of April 25 and May 16, 1908, by E. M. Reprinted by kind permission of the Proprietor and Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

IT must have been about the end of March, 1815—for the date is historical—that Brixham, in common with the rest of England, was startled from its repose by the great news. Bonaparte had escaped from Elba! Old Isaac Yeo, who traded with a fish-cart to Totnes, first told us of the rumours, for he heard that the telegraph to Plymouth had been working more than usual, and that the troops there had been mustered in marching order. In those days the semaphore telegraph could transmit simple messages in half an hour from London to Plymouth; and when I went to the Great Exhibition in 1851, I remember seeing the signal frame still standing on the roof of the Admiralty at Whitehall.

In July the *Gazette* came down with the lists of killed and wounded at Waterloo. The coach from Exeter brought the first copy, and quite a crowd surrounded the landlord of "The London Inn," who read aloud in his large parlour the names of those regiments that contained any Brixham men. I was not old enough to realise the woe brought by that *Gazette*, but in later years I have seen the mothers and sisters for whom Waterloo had dismal instead of glorious memories.

In common with most English schoolboys of that Waterloo year, we had an extra week's holiday at midsummer, and this was fortunate for me, as it tided me over my birthday on 24 July. It was a bright summer's morning when I sallied out after breakfast, with two half-crowns in my pocket, to meet Charlie Puddicombe and his younger brother Dick. Charlie was the biggest boy in our school; Dick was almost the smallest, and I and they were great chums.

We met by appointment on the quay, and at once began to discuss how we should spend the day and my money. Suddenly we spied two ships coming round Berry Head and into the bay—the first a large man-of-war, and the other a three-masted sloop. The ships were coming in quickly with wind and tide, but we heard faintly the sound of the boatswain's whistle, and in a moment the sailors were scrambling up the rigging and out on the yards to take in sail. Then, within half a mile of Brixham Quay, the anchors were let go, and the ships swung round with the flood tide, the large ship being the nearer to the shore. How thankful we were that no school bell would drag us away, but that we might stay to see all the fun! "Run up to Mrs. Hawkins" (the baker's wife), said I to Dick, "and tell her some King's ships have come in, for she and Michelmore are sure to go off in her boat, and I know she will let us go too." "And we will shove off the boat meanwhile," said Charlie. Already several boatmen were unmooring their boats; but just then we saw a boat shove off from the ship, and we all gathered round the steps at the pier-head, for which she was making. As the boat came near we saw it was a large gig, pulled by eight sailors, and in the stern sheets sat three officers. "Way enough," said one of them; the oars were tossed, and the coxswain brought the boat as neatly alongside as if he had studied the run of the tide at Brixham all his life. Two of the officers jumped ashore: the one a tall man of about thirty-five, with a cloak on his arm, and the other a younger man, apparently of inferior rank. A portmanteau was handed ashore, and then at once the younger officer gave the order "Push off!" and as the bow-man, who was ready with his boathook, obeyed, he added to the young midshipman who was sitting in the stern, "I shall be back in ten minutes; remember orders; no talking." Then, addressing himself to one of the shore boatmen, who had already shouldered the portmanteau, he asked which was the principal inn where a post-chaise could be obtained. Being directed to "The London Inn," the two officers proceeded there, and went in together.

Now, it was rather disappointing, and certainly unusual, that the boat did not stop by the quay, for generally Jack is fond enough of putting foot on shore, asking and telling news, besides doing a little shopping. However, the midshipman kept his boat moving a little way off, within easy hail of shore, and seemed to avoid the boats that were putting off to the ships. The officers at the inn proved the attraction for us, and we boys formed part of the group there. It certainly could not have been more than ten minutes before the horses were put in the old yellow postchaise that was as familiar

to us as King William's Stone. The two officers came out directly the chaise was ready, the younger one reading from a newspaper to the other, as the latter got into the chaise. Then, while the postboy mounted, the landlord, who would fain have seen more of them, came out with a bottle and poured out a glass of wine for each. "Good-bye, Dick," said the one in the chaise; "here's to our next meeting!" "Here's to your safe arrival in London!" said the younger one, "and good-bye," he added, as the chaise rolled away up Fore Street. Then, walking back to the pierhead, he held up his hand as a signal to the boat, which speedily came up. "Now then, men, give way," he said, as he sat down; and before we could ask what it all meant the oars were in the water and the boat was well on its way to the ship. "Bean't he in a hurry, then?" said old Michelmore, who, in his floury coat and white hat, had just arrived with his apprentice boy from the shop. "Come, boys, let's be off to the ship." We were not long in getting off. Charlie and his brother double-banked one oar, the apprentice pulled another, I sat down in my favourite place right up in the bow, and Michelmore steered. He had a large sack with him containing new loaves, which he was taking as a speculation and as a suggestion for further orders.

As we approached the ship, I had the point of vantage as look-out, and I noticed that the shore boats which had preceded us had stopped short of the ship, and were together, while in one of them a man was standing up, who, as we drew nearer, appeared to be in altercation with some one on board. Michelmore steered up to this boat and asked what was the matter. "They won't let us come alongside, and they say as how they don't want no shore boats at all." "But they'll want some shore bread, I reckon," said Michelmore, letting our boat drift onwards with the tide towards the ship. It was a grand-looking line-of-battle ship, with 74 guns, and with stern galleries and square cabin windows. The tide took us right under the stern, and there was a sentry with his musket in the poop, and an officer by him leaning over the rail, who said in a loud voice, "Come, sheer off; no boats are allowed here." "But," said Michelmore, as he made a grab at a lower-deck port-sill with his boat-hook, "I've brought you some bread." "If we want bread," replied the officer, "we'll come ashore and fetch it, and if you don't let go I'll sink you." The tide had drifted us right under the gallery, and what was my horror to see the sentry drop his musket and seize a large cannon-ball, which he held exactly over my head. "Let go, you old fool, or by the Lord I'll sink you!" said the sentry; and to my great relief Michelmore let go, and we were soon out of harm's way. As we pulled away

from the ship we noticed that the lower ports were open, and that the decks were crowded with men. But we had not long for inspection, for just then one of the ship's boats, which had been lowered with a crew of at least a dozen men, came up to us, and an officer in her said : " Now, my man, you had better not get yourself into trouble ; we have orders to keep off all shore boats, so you know it's no use trying." And here we saw that the officer had his sword on and that the men were armed with cutlasses. We rowed back to the other boats to have a conference, Michelmore being most indignant. " Man and boy," said he, " have I sailed on these here waters, and never have I been so treated." Meanwhile another of the shore boats, which had been to the sloop, came back with the news that there was no better luck there, and then we knew that they must be in earnest, for round each vessel a boat full of armed men was keeping off all comers.

One by one the other shore boats departed ; but as it was a holiday for us boys, we persuaded Michelmore to stay a little longer. Now, whether it was that we were only youngsters, who, even with the aid of a baker, might be deemed innocent of any sinister intentions, or whether the patrolling boats were content in keeping us outside of their circuit, we were not molested when we again rowed round the ship at a proper distance. One might well suppose that an English crew, so close to their own shores, would be as eager for communication as we were, and although no word came to us from the ship, we could see the men round the guns peering at us through the portholes.

As we rounded the bows of the ship the tide caught us with great force, and at the second time of our doing this, as luck would have it, we were taken a little nearer than we would willingly have ventured. As the current swept us along, I noticed at one of the lower-deck ports a man nodding violently to us, but standing back a little, as if frightened at being seen. His eye caught mine for an instant as he put his fingers to his lips with a warning gesture. We were past him in another moment, but I was greatly excited, and wanted to turn back to see him again. However, Michelmore decided it would be safer to complete our turn ; and accordingly we did so, but regulated our pace with the guard boat, so that it was at the ship's stern when we again approached the bows. This time the man was still standing back, and even less visible than before ; but his hand was just visible on the port-sill, and as we passed he let something drop from his fingers into the water. We dared not approach, but we kept it in view as it drifted along. I had my hand dragging as if carelessly in the water, and when we were a good hundred yards clear of the ship, Michelmore steered so as to bring the object into my hand. It proved to be a small black

bottle ; but as the evident intention of the officers had been to prevent all communication, I was frightened to look at my prize, and could only clutch it in my hand with a fear that some one on board must have seen me. However, our curiosity was too great to brook delay, and we steered towards shore, so that Michelmore's broad body was between me and the ship in case any one was spying at us through a glass.

It was a foreign-looking bottle, and as I drew the cork, its oiliness and perfume suggested that it had been used for some liqueur. I kept that bottle for a few years, but even now, without it, I can recall its shape and size and smell. In the bottle was a small piece of paper rolled up, and on the paper was written, " We have got Bonaparte on board."

In five minutes after we reached shore, there was not a soul in Brixham, except babies, ignorant of the news.

Happy was the possessor of a boat on that day. Every sort of craft that could be pulled by oars or propelled by sail was brought into requisition. The people on board the ship must have suspected from the bustle on the quay that their secret was discovered ; but the cries of " Bonaparte ! Bonaparte ! " from all the boats, soon told them. Then, finding concealment useless, all the strange visitors showed themselves. We did not know who they all were for some days afterwards, and in fact only got a proper list from the London newspapers when the ships were gone. I can picture at this moment Boney as he appeared in the stern gallery of the *Bellerophon*. My first thought was how little he looked, and that he was rather fat. We were not allowed to come near the ship, but we saw him quite plainly. He wore a green uniform with red facings, gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and breeches, and high military boots. He took off his hat, which had a cockade on it, and bowed to the people, who took off their hats and shouted " Hooray ! " I recall a feeling of triumph mixed with a natural satisfaction at seeing a wonderful sight. Bonaparte seemed to take all the excitement as a tribute to himself. We noticed that the English officers and crew were very respectful, and all took off their hats when they spoke to him.

The day was spent by us mostly on the water, and what an afternoon ! Brixham had already one glorious memory of a king—the traditions of the day when William of Orange touched English soil for the first time at Brixham Quay ; and now we had the Emperor —the conqueror, the tyrant, the villain—a safe prisoner in an English ship.

It could hardly have been expected that the secret could be kept

long, and the officer who had gone to London only held his tongue till he got to Exeter, for in the evening the first postchaise arrived from that city, crowded with gentlemen. The people of Dartmouth had already begun to come in, some on foot, some in carts and chaises, and others round Berry Head in boats. Boats! There never was before or since such an assembly of craft in Torbay as there was the next day. Torquay was little else but a fisherman's village in those days, and was only beginning to be known by health-seeking visitors as a salubrious hamlet in Torre parish; but the population, such as it was, seemed to have turned out altogether and crossed the bay. From Exmouth, Teignmouth, Plymouth, the boats and yachts continued to arrive all day. This was mainly on Tuesday, and on that day all the country seemed to come in. Gentlemen and ladies came on horseback and in carriages; other people in carts and waggons; and to judge by the number of people, all the world inland was flocking to see Bonaparte. The Brixham boatmen had a busy time of it, and must have taken more money in two days than in an ordinary month. It seemed a gala day as the boats thronged round the *Bellerophon*, and Tuesday found Brixham in a whirl of excitement. Every inn was full; there was not room for the visitors, nor stabling for the horses.

The Port-Admiral from Plymouth and Lord Keith had arrived early on Tuesday, and had been admitted on board; but besides these, with a few officers from Berry Head, and some of the county nobility, everybody had been treated as we had been, and had been refused admittance to the ship. An inkling of the truth now came out, although we had not all the rights of it till long after. Capt. Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, did not know what to do with his prisoner, who had demanded audience of the Prince Regent. There were amongst the Whig party in those days many who would have liked to set Bonaparte at liberty, and Capt. Maitland had determined that the Government should have the first news. He refused to forward a letter from Bonaparte to the Prince Regent, and tried, by keeping off shore boats, to prevent all surreptitious communications. The captain had a special fear of lawyers, and thought it safest to keep out of the ship anybody who might be suspected of carrying a writ of habeas corpus in his pocket.

After breakfast on Tuesday, I arranged to go in Mrs. Hawkins's boat. "Do they show him, then?" she asked. "Is he loose?" She had been picturing to herself Bonaparte in chains in the ship's hold, and the safe distance of an open hatchway was all she had ventured to expect. Strange to say, the women were not on the side

of mercy, and Mrs. Hawkins spoke of him—as did many in those days—as a monster who deserved treatment as a murderer.

We could only take our place in the crowd of craft of all sorts that surrounded the ship, while an inner circle was kept clear by the patrolling boats with armed crews. Bonaparte had not yet made his first morning appearance, but there were plenty of strangers for us to look at. I remember one officer with a blue-and-silver uniform, who walked the deck with a lady on his arm. He wore an eyeglass, and seemed vastly amused at the crowd who looked at him.

Over the ship's side, the sailors had hung a board on which they had chalked "He's gone to breakfast."

We had a useful friend in a corporal on one of the patrolling boats, who, every time he passed, gave us some fresh piece of information. He told us that the lady was Madam Bertrand; also that Boney had got some horses on board which he expected to use in London; and he told us that, by order of the captain, he was to be treated as an emperor till further instructions arrived. "And Boney will have it so," added the corporal, "for the first thing he did when he got on board was to walk into the captain's cabin, and invite the captain to dine with him, as if the ship belonged to the French fleet."

Bonaparte took off his hat to the lady when she left him, and walked up and down alone, bowing occasionally to the crowd; but generally he had his eyes downwards, and his hands behind him. I am afraid I must have mixed up in my mind what I saw myself in those days with what I have heard since, and can now hardly separate the two. For many years afterwards, we had plenty to say about Bonaparte at Brixham. Indeed, there had been a certain feeling of possession, as though the town had had a considerable share in his capture, and should have a share in deciding on his fate. I remember how greatly exercised we were on this subject. A neighbour of ours, a churchwarden, led a large section of the inhabitants in deciding for his immediate execution.

If it is hard for us to believe this now, we must recall the sentiments of horror and hatred that had been engendered by the long war, and it is hardly to be wondered at that a punishment savouring of revenge should have been deemed the fittest ending for the evil genius of it all, whom Providence had apparently put into our hands for the purpose. Even *The Times* was on the side of those who urged the Ministers to do their duty, and rid the world of such a monster.

All hopes and surmises concerning the landing of the prisoner

at Brixham were soon ended, for on Wednesday a messenger arrived from Plymouth, and at once put off to the *Bellerophon*.

The officer who had gone to London, must have travelled quickly, for on Wednesday morning, as soon after sunrise as the telegraph could work, instructions had been sent to Plymouth, and these had been forwarded to Brixham. The ships weighed anchor at once and sailed for Plymouth, no secret being made of their destination.

Boney having gone, the world no longer found anything of interest at Brixham. The visitors left us, and I went back to school. But at Plymouth the *Bellerophon* was still a greater attraction than it had been with us. I have no need to tell what all the world knows—how, after some weeks of waiting, Bonaparte was sent to St. Helena. He did not, however, go in the *Bellerophon*, and her crew got liberty on shore.

APPENDIX II

AN EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL KEPT ON BOARD H.M.S. *BELLEROPHON*,

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN BOWERBANK, R.N.*
(Late of the "Bellerophon")

CAPTAIN F. L. MAITLAND, from Saturday, July 15th, 1815, to Monday, August 7th, 1815, being the period during which Napoleon Buonaparte was on board that ship.
Printed for Wittingham and Arliss, Paternoster Row, and F. C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, 2s. 6d.

PREFACE

UNDER feelings of peculiar and extreme reluctance, I have been induced to give the following pages to the world. Nothing, indeed, short of the solicitations of friends to whom I am bound by a strong tie of gratitude could ever have prevailed upon me to submit to such an ordeal. They are but little aware of my present sensations, if they consider this publication in the light of a *trifling* sacrifice to friendship.

To the Public before whose bar I am thus involuntarily placed I have only to state that the following extract contains a plain unvarnished narrative of occurrences (as far as they came under my own observation), during the time Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon*. It has nothing favourable to plead in its behalf, but its fidelity; and in this light perhaps it may not be unacceptable. At all events it

* John Bowerbank entered the Navy on 21st March, 1804, as first-class volunteer on the *Latona*. As Midshipman on the *Audacious* he was actively engaged in re-embarking the troops after Corunna. In 1809 he joined H.M.S. *Melpomene*, on which he took part (May, 1809) in the repulse of 20 Danish gunboats. In 1812 he became Lieutenant, and served afterwards on the *Isis*, *Victory*, *Plantagenet*, and *Bellerophon*. He went on half-pay on 13th September, 1815.

is left to its fate. I confess it would have given me much more pleasure to have met the public eye, if necessary, under a *press of sail*, than from under a *printing press*. Out of my proper element I must beg an equal share of commiseration for a *poor sailor*, as for a poor *fish out of water*.*

AN EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL KEPT ON BOARD H.M.S. *BELLEROPHON*

AFTER the ever memorable and most decisive victory obtained by the allied armies of Great Britain and Prussia over the French forces at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815, Napoleon Buonaparte having a second time abdicated the usurped imperial throne of France fled to Rochefort. From thence it was his intention, if possible, to effect an escape to America. Finding it impracticable, however, to elude the vigilance of our cruisers, and not choosing to risk an action, he came to the resolution of surrendering himself to the British flag, and of claiming the protection of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent. Previously to this he had on the 10th of July dispatched the Duke of Rovigo (Savary) and Count Las Cases, Chamberlain and Counsellor of State, with a flag of truce to Captain F. L. Maitland, of His Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*, the senior officer off Rochefort, requesting permission to pass that ship with the French squadron,† then at anchor off L'Isle d'Aix. This request was peremptorily refused by Captain Maitland, notwithstanding a *friendly hint* that such refusal would probably induce them to force a passage. On the morning of the 14th (finding every avenue to his escape completely blocked up, and, from the white flag being now hoisted in all the neighbouring towns, every moment in fear of being arrested) he again sent Count Las Cases, accompanied by Lieutenant-General L'Allemand, to treat for his reception on board the *Bellerophon*, and conveyance to England. These were assented to, but every other proposition was decidedly negatived by Captain Maitland, who explicitly declared that as he had been vested with no authority to grant any promise Buonaparte's coming on board must be perfectly unconditional. With this answer they quitted the ship. In the evening General Gourgaud, Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon, arrived with a last address by him to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and was immediately forwarded to England in His Majesty's ship *Slaney*. The same boat also brought back to us Count Las Cases with two pages and a servant,

* This is not to afford any excuse to the Gentlemen Reviewers for *cutting the poor sailor up*.

† Two frigates, two corvettes, and a brig.

who remained on board to prepare for Buonaparte's arrival on the following morning

Saturday, July 15th, 1815.

Early in the morning the *Bellerophon* being then at anchor off Basque Roads, about four miles distant from the French squadron, a brig, under a flag of truce, was discovered working out. At six a.m. the boats of the *Bellerophon* were dispatched to her, and shortly after, on their quitting her, the crew of the brig cheered, shouting "Vive l'Empereur." At seven the barge with Buonaparte and several officers came alongside. Marshal Bertrand first came on board, informing Captain Maitland that the Emperor was in the boat. Napoleon immediately followed. He bowed low—and said in French "Sir, I am come on board, and I claim the protection of your Prince and of your laws." These words were delivered with a dignified air, then bowing to the officers, he was conducted to the cabin by Captain Maitland. The marines of the ship were drawn up under arms, but did not pay any honours. Buonaparte was dressed in a short green surtout, military boots, and a plain cocked hat. There came with him in the boat, Lieutenants-General Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace; Count Montholon-Semonville, and Baron L'Allemand, two of his Aides-de-Camp; Savary, Duke of Rovigo, Minister of Police, the Countesses Bertrand and Montholon-Semonville, with four children.

He had scarcely been five minutes on board before he sent his compliments, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. This was done by Captain Maitland. He bowed severally to each, and smilingly inquired how each of them ranked. When they were about to leave the cabin he said to them in French—"Well, Gentlemen, you have the honour of belonging to the bravest and most fortunate nation in the world." Having arranged his dress, he shortly afterwards came upon deck: I had then an opportunity of viewing him more attentively. Napoleon Buonaparte is about five feet seven inches high, rather corpulent, remarkably well-made. His hair is very black, cut close, whiskers shaved off; large eyebrows, grey eyes, the most piercing I ever saw; rather full face, dark but peculiar complexion, his nose and mouth proportionate, broad shoulders, and apparently strongly built. Upon the whole he is a good-looking man, and when young must have been handsome. He appears about forty-five or forty-six, his real age,—greatly resembles the different prints I have seen of him in London.

His walk is a march, or (as far as a sailor may be allowed to judge)

very like one: and to complete the portrait I must add that in walking he generally carries his hands in the pockets of his pantaloons or folded behind his back. Whilst on the quarter-deck he asked several questions of the officers, took particular notice of the sights on the guns, begged the boatswain might be sent to him, of whom he made many inquiries respecting the ship, and his length of service. This honest fellow, surprised at the unexpectedness of the message, and his sudden introduction to one of whom he had heard so much, to our very great amusement was determined to have the first word: and therefore with cap in hand, a scrape of his foot, and a head almost bowed to the ground in true sailor-like style, saluted him with;—"I hope your honour's well." Shortly afterwards, visiting the other decks, Napoleon's inquiries were renewed particularly respecting the marines. Noticing an old sergeant who had been reduced to the ranks for bad behaviour, he asked why that man was not better provided for as he saw that he was an old soldier? The reason was told him. He soon after retired to the cabin, the after part of which he occupied. Those of the officers were resigned to the ladies and generals who accompanied him.

The *Superb* had now arrived, and Admiral Hotham came on board. Dinner was served at five o'clock. The ship's boats were at this time employed in bringing Buonaparte's baggage, and the remainder of his suite on board. After dinner he came upon deck for about an hour, inquired the names of several ropes, asked how the wind was, and remarked it was not fair for England. He speaks French and Italian remarkably well, but does not appear to understand a word of English. About half-past seven he retired for the night. He appeared during the whole of this day very cheerful, frequently playing with the children, etc.

Sunday, July 16th.

Buonaparte rose between six and seven o'clock this morning, and shortly afterwards had coffee brought to him. About ten he appeared on deck; at half-past with the ladies and his officers, he accompanied Captain Maitland on board the *Superb* to breakfast. Admiral Hotham attended him round the decks, and at his request introduced the officers of the ship to him. I understand he expressed himself highly pleased with the *Superb*. Her yards were manned at his going on board, and on his return the same compliment was paid him by the *Bellerophon*. His gratification was very visible: he bowed to and smiled on all around him. He was this day dressed in a green uniform coat with red edging, red collar and cuffs, very short waisted,

the lappels buttoned back; two gold epaulets; the star and cross of the Legion of Honour, with the insignia and the orders of the Iron Crown and the Reunion on his left breast; waistcoat, and small-clothes of white kerseymere with silk stockings, shoes and handsome gold buckles. He wore a plain cocked hat with the tricoloured cockade. At two p.m. the *Bellerophon* (accompanied by the *Myrmidon* corvette, which ship had part of his suite on board) weighed and made sail for England.

While this was doing Buonaparte remained on deck taking particular notice of the manner of making sail and tacking ship. He observed that the latter manœuvre was differently performed in French ships. About five o'clock Marshal Bertrand waited upon the first lieutenant and captain of marines, with Napoleon's compliments requesting their company at dinner. During dinner he conversed freely with Captain Maitland, and the two officers, but said little to his own.

He spoke much concerning the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, frequently mentioning the name of Lord Nelson with approbation. About seven he again went on deck asking several questions of the officers relative to the different braces, haulyards, topsails, etc. He remarked that the wind was not fair, inquired of the distance to England, and about a quarter before eight retired to his cabin, going, as I was informed, to bed at nine or soon after.

Monday, July 17th.

On this day the wind continued foul, with very light airs. Buonaparte rose soon after six, and had coffee brought to him. Breakfast was carried in about eleven through which the conversation turned upon Egypt. Tapping Captain Maitland on the head he said;—"*Had it not been for the English I should long ere this have been Emperor of the East, but wherever there is water to float a ship you are sure to be.*"

He did not make his appearance on deck until past five in the afternoon, having employed his whole morning in reading. On coming up he addressed a few questions to the officers, inquiring how the wind was—what distance it run since yesterday, and what rate the ship was then going, etc. He then sent his compliments by Bertrand, and requested the pleasure of the second lieutenant's company to dinner, when I understand, he said very little. After dinner he remained on deck but a short time, during which he appeared in earnest conversation with Bertrand, with whom he attentively examined the sights on the guns, praising these much, and giving his opinion that they must prove of the greatest utility in action. His

spirits, however, on this day appeared to have forsaken him; he seemed abstracted and immersed in thought. It for the first time struck me that his former gaiety had been merely assumed. Between seven and eight he retired and went early to bed. The ladies had through the day been affected with the motion of the ship, and all the heroes at whose name *half "the world grew pale,"* with the exception of Buonaparte and Savary, were by the same cause rendered inefficient and stripped of all their terrors.

Tuesday, July 18th.

During the last twenty-four hours we have had very light winds and frequent calms. Napoleon made his appearance about half-past five in the afternoon. The whole of his officers remained uncovered during his stay on deck. His spirits appeared entirely gone. He was anxious about the wind, which continued contrary, and muttered "Il faut avoir patience."

At a quarter past six dinner was sent up, to which I was invited. Napoleon took his seat in the middle of the table with Captain Maitland on his right hand. The whole dinner was dressed in the French style and served upon silver. Nothing was carved upon the table, the servants removed each dish for the purpose. Napoleon was very melancholy. He merely inquired (addressing himself to Captain Maitland and me) if the beef was good in England, and whether we had there plenty of vegetables? He, however, made a very hearty dinner. On the removal of the dishes a cup of very strong coffee was served to each. It was poured out by a servant of Napoleon's. Whilst filling his master's cup the poor fellow's hand slipped, and part of the coffee was spilt upon Buonaparte. He said nothing, but gave such a look full in the man's face as not only conveyed the wish, but really seemed to annihilate him. For he immediately resigned his office and quitted the cabin.

At Buonaparte's request, our young gentlemen performed a play * in the evening. He did not remain longer than the third act. He professed himself well pleased with the performance, admired our *ladies*, at whom the whole party laughed heartily. His usual hour of retiring to bed being nine o'clock, he did not stay much beyond that time.

Wednesday, July 19th.

The wind freshening, and the sea getting up very much, the whole party, with the former exception, were very "*sic, sic.*"

In a conversation which I had with Colonel Planat (one of Napo-

* *The Poor Gentleman.*

leon's suite, and of his most devoted adherents) he observed that the Battle of Waterloo was lost in consequence of Marshal Grouchy not being in the position assigned him, and from the emissaries of Louis being distributed throughout the army. He praised the undaunted bravery of the British troops, while he expressed his contempt of the Prussians. He declared that now the great Emperor was no more the whole world with the exception of England and America, was in a state of slavery. I remarked that the Island of Elba was too small a theatre for his hero to play his part in; he replied: "*Oui, tout ou rien pour l'Empereur.*" * This officer was severely wounded during the Russian campaign. Napoleon did not appear until four in the afternoon, and remained but a short time on deck, not being able to walk on account of the motion of the ship. He looked melancholy, said very little, inquired whether the wind was yet fair, and being told it was, merely remarked: "*Mais peut-être il changera avec le coucher du soleil.*" † This proved to be the case before nine o'clock. Dinner was served up at six, at which he was silent and dejected, nor did he appear according to his usual custom on deck afterwards.

Thursday, July 20th.

It still continued to blow fresh. Early in the morning His Majesty's ship *Swiftsure* joined company, being on her passage, had she not fallen in with us, to add to our force off Rochefort. Captain Webley came on board. Bertrand informed Buonaparte of the circumstance; he did not, however, make his appearance, not having as I understand, yet risen. Madame Bertrand asked my opinion relative to the probable treatment of Buonaparte on his arrival in England, and expressed her regret that they had not been able to effect their escape to America, where she was assured they would be well received. She informed me that during the great conflict of Waterloo, Napoleon was frequently in a violent passion. On this day he made his appearance on deck for a short time before and after dinner. He appeared more cheerful, inquired as to the probable time of our arrival in England, and seemed pleased on being told that with a fair wind we were only one day's sail from it. He said but very little during dinner, but that little I am told was respecting England.

Friday, July 21st.

The wind fell very light, and continued so the whole day. Early in the morning we observed several cruisers who I conjecture were

* "Yes, all or nothing for the Emperor."

† "But it will perhaps change about sunset."

anxiously on the look-out for the personage we had on board; we had, however, in consequence of our orders no communication with them. Buonaparte was whilst with us an early riser, and most of his time was employed in reading. During his appearance on deck to-day he continued in conversation with Bertrand and Las Cases. With whomsoever he conversed he always appeared affable and polite, and I must acknowledge that his manners struck me as very engaging.

At supper an anecdote was repeated, which Buonaparte had related during the siege of Acre. Sir Sydney Smith had issued proclamations which Buonaparte conceived were intended to seduce the French soldiers from their duty. In consequence he issued a counter one, stating Sir Sydney to be a madman; this produced a challenge, to which Napoleon replied: "When the Duke of Marlborough arrives I will meet him or fight him in your stead."

Saturday, July 22nd.

The wind this day had freshened and become fair. We were in hopes, therefore, of quickly making the Island of Ushant, and of reaching Torbay on Sunday. During the day Buonaparte was more on deck than usual, frequently looking through a small pocket telescope, and inquiring at what time we expected to make the land. In a conversation which I partly overheard among several of his officers concerning the Prussians, the Duke of Rovigo remarked that "the Prussian soldiers were d——d dogs," and spoke of them in the most contemptuous manner. In truth this was an opinion in which they all seemed cordially to unite. According to their good word the struggle for victory would not have occasioned them much trouble had there been none but Prussian troops to contend with. Even honest and sturdy old Blucher was but a moderate sort of a general: the comparison no doubt was made with themselves. Is not this something like saying behind a man's back what durst not be said to his face? Buonaparte, I am informed, acknowledged the Duke of Wellington to be as good a general as himself, with more prudence. On his voyage to Elba, it has been said, being asked his opinion of the British hero, he replied: "*He and I have not yet met.*" Now that the meeting has taken place how glorious and decisive has been the collision!

Sunday, July 23rd.

We this morning early passed Ushant with a fair wind. Buonaparte remained on deck the greatest part of the day, appeared much more cheerful, and made frequent inquiries respecting the time when

we should probably arrive. Towards evening the land was seen. On this being made known to him he immediately left his cabin and viewing it through his pocket-glass asked the name of the part in sight, and the distance we then were from Torbay. He talked much, and in high spirits during dinner, related the very extraordinary escape of a French officer in Egypt who was taken by the Mamelukes and turned adrift in the interior of the desert, the various hardships and sufferings he encountered, and his final and unexpected return to the French army.

Madame Bertrand, on seeing the English coast, burst into tears. She passed a great part of her early life in England, and has still several friends and relations there. I understand she was a near connection (a niece if my information be correct) of the late Lord Dillon. She is a native of the Island of Martinique. Her father, the Count Dillon, was one of the victims of the French Revolution, being murdered under circumstances of the greatest atrocity by his own soldiers.* She was maid of honour to Josephine, and was married to Bertrand by desire of Buonaparte, who had previously endeavoured to promote a match between her and Berthier. This she declined on account of the disparity of age. She has on board with her three fine children.

Monday, July 24th.

Early this morning we were close in with the land running into Torbay. Between five and six a.m. Buonaparte made his appearance on deck, and continued there until we anchored. He appeared delighted with the prospect, and his approach to England. Looking through his glass he frequently exclaimed in French "What a beautiful country!" As we rounded the Berry Head he took notice that the

* On the 28th of April, 1792, M. Theobald Dillon marched out of Lisle with 3,000 men in his command to assist in the attack upon Tournay. They were met and opposed by the Austrians at a short distance from the latter place. Not more than a dozen shots were fired upon them before the French cavalry exclaimed that they were betrayed, and breaking through the infantry fled back in the most disorderly manner to Lisle. Arrived at Lisle, the fugitives added to their disgrace by the commission of enormities not to be paralleled. They massacred the Austrian prisoners in their possession, and having wreaked their vengeance upon their own subordinate officers they determined to crown the whole by the murder of their commander, M. Dillon. The diabolical cruelty with which they carried this resolution into effect and their subsequent treatment of his mutilated corpse are too dreadful for repetition. Suffice it to say that even the National Assembly shuddered at the recital, and M. La Fayette publicly branded the perpetrators with the just appellation of "dastardly cannibals." For a fuller account, *see Ann. Register*, 1792, pp. 103, 131–134.

barracks were deserted. At eight a.m. we anchored, and were immediately surrounded with boats. Towards noon several thousand people were collected in hopes of getting a glimpse of our curiosity. He occasionally showed himself through the stern windows, and about three o'clock came upon deck viewing the crowd through his glass. He seemed struck with the beauty of the women, repeatedly crying out: "What charming girls! What beautiful women!" and bowing to them.

The conjectures contained in the several newspapers which now reached us of the probability of his being sent to St. Helena cast a sudden gloom over the whole party. Madame Bertrand appeared greatly hurt, and appealed to me against the opinions delivered, and the abusive expressions vented in them. I answered that the sending of Napoleon to St. Helena could as yet be merely a surmise of the editors, and that as to any abuse the papers might contain, I was afraid they must prepare themselves to support a considerable portion of it. She said that the paragraphs in question had been read to Buonaparte, who solemnly declared that he never would go there. General Gourgaud returned to us from the *Slaney*, not having been permitted to land.

Tuesday, July 25th.

Soon after daylight the *Bellerophon* was surrounded by boats crammed with visitors of every description. Napoleon occasionally bowed to them from the stern windows. The newspapers again teemed with abuse and spoke confidently of his being sent to St. Helena, and all were dismayed and disconcerted. The Duke of Rovigo avowed most decidedly his determination to die rather than submit to be sent there. In the afternoon Buonaparte showed himself to the swarming spectators, frequently bowing, this was returned by those in the nearest boats. He appeared pleased with their eagerness to see him, repeated, as did his officers: "*How very curious these English are!*" I was, indeed, surprised at not hearing a disrespectful or abusive word escape from anyone. On the contrary the spectators generally took off their hats when he bowed. I have reason to believe that he himself expected, and most justly, a very different reception. He was, however, induced to gratify their curiosity to the utmost, remaining fully exposed to view for nearly an hour.

In a conversation I had this afternoon with Madame Bertrand she informed me that the murder of the Duc d'Enghien was entirely owing to the machinations of Talleyrand. That when Napoleon was made acquainted with the horrid fact, it had such an effect upon

him as absolutely to endanger his life! She added moreover, that Talleyrand had repeatedly assured him that he was not safe whilst a Bourbon remained in existence, and offered for a certain sum of money totally to extirpate the race.*

Wednesday, July 26th.

At three a.m. we received orders to proceed to Plymouth. We weighed immediately in company with the *Myrmidon* and *Slaney*. This movement greatly alarmed the whole party. Many inquiries were made as to the probable motive of this removal, and a conference was held by Buonaparte's staff, the result of which I learned was an expression of their unanimous opinion that the British Government certainly intended to prevent his residence in this country. On anchoring in Plymouth Sound, two frigates, the *Eurotas* and *Liffey*, were immediately stationed one on each side of us, and several guard boats commenced rowing round the ship. These proceedings did not long escape the notice of Buonaparte, who requested to know the reason of such precautions. After dinner he made his appearance, standing for some time on the gangway. Several boats had collected round us to whom he bowed, reconnoitring them as usual through his glass. He looked pale and dejected, and said but little. As it grew dark, the guard boats being unable to prevent the boats which still lingered round the ship from breaking through the limits assigned, they made frequent discharges of musketry. The sound of this greatly discomposed him, and he sent Bertrand to Captain Maitland, requesting that he would if possible prevent a repetition. Conversing with some of his officers they launched forth in praise of *Le grand Empereur* as the patron of art and science, boasting that not only the treasures of the Louvre but every part of the Empire would exhibit to the admiration of the latest posterity proofs of his magnificence, his taste and zeal for improvement. An English sailor's blunt observations (as to the mode of acquiring the greater part of these monuments of their master's fame) seemed to astonish them.

Thursday, July 27th.

Napoleon remained on deck this day longer than usual. He came out after breakfast and continued upwards of an hour. I am told he was much gratified with the contents of a letter received

* This is *ex parte* evidence, which, however unfavourable may be our opinion of M. Talleyrand's moral character, must be received with caution. Other accounts that never have been and apparently never can be contradicted assert not merely Buonaparte's connivance in, but his command of, this disgraceful and atrocious act.

by Captain Maitland from Lord Keith in which his Lordship requested Captain Maitland to return him thanks for the kindness and attention he had shown his nephew, who was wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Waterloo. I have before mentioned that Buonaparte generally took coffee between six and seven in the mornings. His other meals were two. Breakfast at eleven for which there were usually provided two hot joints besides made dishes, etc. Dinner at six. His appetite was generally good. In eating he sometimes makes use of his left hand in lieu of a fork. During the day he takes but little exercise, and usually sleeps between breakfast and dinner. Madame Bertrand informed me that he had of late become very inactive, and when last at Paris generally slept a great part of the day. Not less than ten thousand people were collected this afternoon round the *Bellerophon*. Napoleon showed himself to them before and after dinner, frequently bowing to General Browne, the Governor, and those in the nearest boats. It was evidently his endeavour to impress (if possible) the spectators with an opinion of his affability and condescension.

Friday, July 28th.

About eleven a.m. Lord Keith came on board. He was introduced to Napoleon whom (as I learn) he now personally thanked for his attention towards his nephew. Buonaparte was, I understand, very pressing in his inquiries relative to his probable fate, and avowed his determination of never being conveyed to St. Helena. He was always very anxious for the arrival of the newspapers which he eagerly read with the assistance of Bertrand and Las Cases. The news in those received to-day was by no means agreeable to him, and though we may reasonably suppose he did not believe the many ridiculous surmises they contained, yet he generally appeared affected and agitated after the perusal. The *Courier* perhaps was the most violent against him, yet he always made a point of asking first for it.

This day several transports passed very near the *Bellerophon*, bringing over the French prisoners taken in the battle of Waterloo, many of whom were wounded. Several of these poor fellows with their bandages, etc., were on deck. I am unable to speak as to the effect this sight (if he were witness of it) may have had upon Buonaparte, as he was at the time in his cabin. His officers beheld them pass from the poop, the ideas with which it must have been associated could not but render it an affecting scene, and to do them justice they appeared to feel it. Buonaparte appeared on deck for about half an hour before and after dinner. Being completely surrounded by

boats he stood alternately on each side of the ship, bowing and smiling to the spectators. In the evening several of his other officers came on board from the different ships on which they were distributed. He appeared to converse freely with them all. One of them addressing me said: "*It is thus the Emperor always acts, whether he be speaking to a king or a peasant. This it is which makes him so beloved.*"

We inquired of Madame Bertrand why Napoleon had been so hasty in quitting Elba? She answered: That some deputies had been sent to him from France inviting him instantly to return, it being known that immediately on the dissolution of the Congress at Vienna he was to be sent to St. Helena. It was this information which induced him to make the attempt sooner than he otherwise intended, and before his plans were sufficiently matured.

Saturday, July 29th.

It rained during the greatest part of this day, and no boats having collected Buonaparte was deprived of the opportunity of showing himself. He therefore kept close, not vouchsafing his shipmates a peep at him.

For the first time he dined off roast beef, and paid a just tribute to John Bull's good taste by eating heartily of it. He was indeed so much pleased with this new acquaintance that it found almost a daily welcome at his table during the remainder of his stay on board. As Napoleon seldom took anything after dinner, and sat alone in his cabin, all his officers with the two ladies generally gave us their company in the evening. Conversing respecting the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Bertrand observed that "*Had not the Emperor made those repeated charges towards sunset he would have maintained his ground, and the battle at least have been drawn.*" Speaking of the different great naval actions of the late war our politeness and forbearance were put to a severe test, the French gentry (readily inventing an excuse for the result of every battle) attributing all our victories to accident or good fortune. Why did they not force their passage from Rochefort according to their friendly intimation there? Fortune might perhaps for once have *accidentally* favoured them, or at least have smiled upon their resolution.

Sunday, July 30th.

At the usual time of five-thirty p.m. (an immense concourse of people being collected round the ship) Napoleon made his appearance and after walking a short time repaired to the gangway. For the first time since he had been on board he was not shaved. This surprised

us as we had been accustomed to remark his great and peculiar personal neatness. We could only ascribe the change to the anxiety respecting his fate. He again expressed his admiration at the great beauty of the women, viewing them through his glass, and occasionally taking off his hat. Upon his quitting the gangway (after remaining there about twenty minutes) many of the spectators cheered. Being close to him I immediately fixed my eyes upon him and marked the workings of his countenance. I plainly perceived that he was mortified and displeased and not a little agitated, attributing the shout, and I believe justly, to the exultation which they felt at having him in our possession. After he had retired we were told he was taken ill. During the night he sent out to request that no noise might be made over his head. The newspapers were again very violent and spoke confidently of his conveyance to St. Helena. They stated likewise that Bertrand, Savary and L'Allemand were proscribed by Louis XVIII. The two latter appeared much affected by the news and made I believe frequent inquiries of Captain Maitland as to the probability of their surrender by the British Government.

On Bertrand it seemed to make but little impression. He is most strongly attached to Buonaparte, and if he felt anything the feeling arose from the idea of not being permitted to accompany him to his final destination.

Monday, July 31st.

Napoleon continued unwell the whole night. At ten the next morning Lord Keith and Sir H. Bunbury came on board, and were immediately shown to his cabin. They brought him official information of the resolution of the British Government to send him to St. Helena, and that it was its order that he should in future be merely treated as a general. Against this resolution I am told he vehemently protested, declaring that he preferred being delivered up to the Bourbons to being forced to St. Helena, and that such being the case he never would voluntarily quit the ship. He had placed himself under the protection of the British nation. It was from it he had asked an asylum and he trusted it would not be refused him.

A few minutes before dinner he came upon deck with no other apparent design than to gratify the surrounding spectators. He looked extremely ill and dejected. I should scarcely have imagined that so great a change could have taken place in so short a period. He was still unshaven and his countenance, naturally sallow, had now assumed a death-like paleness. We were all in uncertainty as to the event. He for the first time this evening remained uncovered

during the greater part of the time he remained on deck. In about ten minutes he retired to the dinner table but scarcely touched anything. Bertrand seemed sincerely affected at the state of his master.

Buonaparte this evening addressed another letter to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; L'Allemand did the same to Lord Melville. The latter stated his humane attention to some wounded British prisoners whom he afterwards liberated. He requested a reference might be made to them, and earnestly besought the protection of the British Government.

A few minutes before nine p.m., whilst I had the watch, Marshal and Madame Bertrand were walking in very earnest conversation on the opposite side of the deck when on a sudden Madame, darting into Napoleon's cabin, threw herself at his feet, where she continued about half a minute; then starting up, rushed below into her own cabin, and had nearly succeeded in precipitating herself out of the quarter gallery window when she was prevented by her husband and General Montholon. The motive assigned I heard for this rash act was the determination of her husband to follow the fortunes of Napoleon whatever they might be, even to death. Madame Bertrand continued delirious the whole night. Under the apprehension that similar attempts might be made boats were stationed round the ship until the morning. I discovered that from the time of Buonaparte's coming on board one of his generals had alternately kept guard over him while he slept. This was surely done from respect, and not from any apprehension of danger.

Tuesday, August 1st.

Buonaparte passed a very sleepless night, and continued unwell. I understand he was extremely indignant when informed yesterday by Sir H. Bunbury of the order he had brought from Government for his being treated merely as a general officer.

"By your King," said he, "I have been acknowledged as First Consul of France, and by all the other powers of Europe as Emperor, why, then, am I to be treated as a mere general?"

Contrary to our expectations he again exhibited himself at the usual time to the numerous spectators, and frequently bowed to them. He appeared this evening considerably better, and in much higher spirits than we had seen him for several days. I pretend not to account for them. He put several questions to the ship's officers, inquired of the surgeon after Madame Bertrand's health, and with a smile asked if he imagined that she really intended to drown herself.

He remained on deck much longer than usual. In conversation he speaks extremely rapidly and seems to expect an immediate answer. It had been said that he read English with ease though he could not speak it. I suspect, however, that his knowledge of it is very imperfect: because, pointing to some of the most common words in the newspapers, he frequently inquired of Captain Maitland their meaning.

Wednesday, August 2nd.

On this day Buonaparte did not once appear on deck, nor did he quit his cabin but to breakfast and dine. His spirits were again at a very low ebb, and Bertrand was frequently with him. Several letters were addressed to Government by Savary and L'Allemand, who were now generally in conversation with each other, and seemed greatly to disrelish the idea of being delivered up to Louis. Napoleon still stoutly avowed his resolution of not being taken from the ship and his generals* declared they would themselves be his executioners, rather than he should be forced to St. Helena. While at supper Bertrand waited on Captain Maitland with a request from Buonaparte that the sentinels should be forbidden to call out every half hour as it prevented his rest. I am inclined to think he has latterly slept but little, as he has been heard walking in his cabin much later than usual.

Thursday, August 3rd.

The spectators were again disappointed of a sight. Buonaparte did not quit his cabin except to his meals. As we were now in hourly expectation of the arrival of the *Northumberland* (the ship appointed to carry him to St. Helena), he had, I understand, been frequently requested to name those officers of his suite whom he might wish to accompany him. He obstinately refused to do so, protesting his determination never to quit this ship. Colonel Planat and several of his officers came on board from the frigates. The Colonel is greatly attached to Buonaparte, and being asked if he would accompany him replied: "*All the world over. I never can repay the obligations under which he has laid me.*" Some of them asked me: "*Why we refused him an asylum in England?*" I replied: "*He was too combustible to trifle with, and might perhaps again escape to France.*" They retorted

* It has been said, but I know not with what truth, that one of his officers made a similar declaration to Lord Keith, to whom his lordship with perfect sang-froid replied: "Sir, you are at liberty to act as you please, but you will allow me to inform you that if your threat is carried into execution, you will undoubtedly be *hanged.*"

with warmth: "*The Emperor's parole of honour has been given to the contrary.*" "Ay," said I, "so it was when he set off to Elba." It was answered: "The Treaty of Fontainebleau had first been broken by Louis, and when disregarded by one party it became null and void to the other." "Pray," said I, "will you assert that if the treaty had been strictly attended to by Louis, which you say it has not, your Emperor would have remained quiet out of his territory at Elba?" With one voice they exclaimed; "Certainly, certainly, the Emperor's word of honour is as dear to him as his life, it has never yet been broken nor ever will!"

We might have argued on this subject till doomsday without gaining a step towards approximation of such different opinions.

Friday, August 4th.

In consequence of orders from the Admiralty we sailed soon after twelve in company with the *Tonnant*, Admiral Lord Keith, and the *Eurotas* frigate; and laid to in the offing for the *Northumberland*. All Napoleon's hopes sank with this movement. He now became very sullen; would not quit his cabin even for meals, but ate alone, and rarely saw any person throughout the day. He still refused to name his future companions; declared his resolution never to be removed. We were all now in full expectation of some tragical event. The general conjecture was that he would end himself by poison. It was believed that he had in his possession a large quantity of laudanum. Madame Bertrand even hinted that ere morning we should find him a corpse. Previous to our sailing Bertrand learned that the British Government had given its permission that he should accompany Napoleon. He seemed rejoiced at the intelligence and the opportunity it afforded him of evincing his attachment. Madame Bertrand exerted all her influence, but in vain, to dissuade him from this exile. She is a gay, lively, high-spirited and dressy woman, and I think her eye and hopes were directed to a London residence in preference to one in St. Helena. I have before mentioned that she has on board with her three remarkably fine children, but they are totally neglected in everything but dress. We begin to suspect that she had no very sincere intention of self-destruction; but flattered herself that the '*scena*' would perhaps have sufficient effect in mollifying her husband.

Saturday, August 5th.

Napoleon still remained shut up in his cabin. Bertrand occasionally waited upon him, imploring him to name his future companions.

He constantly refused doing so, declaring that his resolution was formed, and he should abide by it.

Madame Bertrand said to me: "*I promise you, you will never get the Emperor to St. Helena; he is a man, and what he says he will perform.*"

I inquire, however, of his valet how he did this evening? "Very low-spirited at the thought of being sent away; but he has made a good dinner," was the answer.

Madame Bertrand told us at supper that his legs were considerably swelled in consequence of his want of exercise during the last three or four days. This observation produced a general remark from his friends that he would not survive a year at St. Helena. She afterwards declared to one of the ship's officers that "she really believed the Emperor had now swallowed poison." The curtain, therefore, must soon drop; but I imagine it will be prudent to leave a door open for escape. Let us then qualify the assertion with a "*perhaps.*"

Sunday, August 6th.

Early this morning I frequently observed Bertrand enter Napoleon's cabin. At breakfast the information was communicated (which after the reports that had for some days been in circulation not a little surprised us), viz., that he had at length consented to name his companions, and intended quietly to leave the ship. This, indeed, is not the *finale* we expected. For although I am not prepared to say that he ever personally declared his intention of destroying himself, yet it has been an intention which his adherents have taken such pains to insinuate, that the persuasion of his doing so, in preference to being forced from the *Bellerophon*, had taken full possession of our imaginations. It is difficult, however, to persuade oneself that they would ever have ventured to give currency to such a report without his connivance. It could only be done with a view of averting his impending doom; and on the bursting of the bubble the endeavour to attain this object by such means has not raised him in our opinion. Had he at the first (when refused a landing in England) submitted to the destiny to which he must have known the general voice of Europe had sentenced him, he would at least have obtained the credit of possessing a strength of mind superior to his fortune. In forming an estimate of his character, I cannot represent him to myself as a truly brave man. For I am not willing to assign this meed of praise to him who is not afraid of meeting death in a fall in battle. The pill, though perhaps bitter, is so splendidly gilt that a man is cheated out of half his fear and nausea. It is not my wish (because in his present situation

it would be ungenerous, and the opinion itself be probably unfounded) to detract from the merit of Buonaparte as a victorious soldier and general. Yet there is surely an equal perfection of fortitude in *suffering* as well as in *acting*. But when my mind reverts to the wreck of that army which he deserted amid the sands of Egypt; to the wreck of that army which he left struggling and perishing in the torrent of the Beresina; to the wreck of that army which he forsook after the defeat of Leipsic, and then on to the wreck of that army (which with an unprecedented ardour of attachment received him with open arms on his return from Elba, and evinced their sincerity amid the tremendous conflict of Waterloo) now stationed behind the Loire, proscribed on his account by their country and the world; I cannot call him a brave man whose personal safety has in all these instances been shown to be his first consideration. The glory to the leader of brave men ought to have been that, in defeat he perished with them.

This morning a message was brought by Savary from Napoleon to the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, requesting to know if he would accompany him to St. Helena in case the British Government should consent to the attendance of a medical man. Mr. O'Meara consented. At ten o'clock His Majesty's ship *Northumberland* was seen to leeward. We immediately joined company and proceeded off the Berry Head at the entrance of Torbay, where we all anchored. Admiral Sir George Cockburn shortly afterwards came on board and had an interview with Buonaparte. He, however, would not quit his cabin throughout the day. Madame Bertrand was employed in repeated efforts to induce her husband to remain behind, but without effect. I have paid so much attention to the movements of our principal guest that I have hitherto forgotten to note down my observations on some of the others. I will make them here.

Bertrand appears to be a fine and faithful soldier, devoted in his attachment to Buonaparte. He is about forty-four years of age, but appears considerably older. About five feet eight or nine inches in height, extremely mild and gentle in his manners, reputed a clever and good officer. It was he who constructed the bridge from the Island of Lobau across the Danube at the battle of Aspern by which the French army was saved. Savary, Duke of Rovigo, is aged about forty-six, a tall, stout and well-made man, his hair partly grey. He is good-looking, though of a very haughty and forbidding demeanour. L'Allemand is about forty years of age, five feet seven inches high, of a dark, gloomy countenance and solitary habits; by no means a man whose outward appearance interests one in his favour.

He commanded the light troops of the Imperial Guard in the Battle of Waterloo. The Count Montholon-Semonville and General Gourgaud are young men about thirty-two years of age—dark-complexioned, polite, genteel and prepossessing. They are considered as very clever officers. The former is said to be possessed of large property in France. Count Las Cases is a very little man, not more than five feet high, about fifty—he is apparently very silent, but said to possess great abilities. Madame Bertrand is very tall, nearly five feet ten—thin, pale, and by no means handsome, about thirty years of age.

Madame Montholon-Semonville is a middle-sized woman but very thin. She is married to her third husband. Her first died, and from the second she was divorced. There is nothing engaging about her, and she is far from handsome. I guess thirty-five for her age, but she flatters herself that John Bull will take her for twenty-five.

Monday, August 7th.

Soon after 8 o'clock this morning Admiral Sir George Cockburn, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Byng, had come on board, and were for a considerable time engaged in overhauling and examining the luggage Buonaparte was to take with him. During the early part of the day the boats of the different ships were employed in removing it to the *Northumberland*. About 10 a.m. Admiral Lord Keith arrived. Having obtained his lordship's permission, Mr. O'Meara consented to accompany Napoleon, who on being apprised of this determination sent the Duke of Rovigo (Savary) to him with the offer of five hundred guineas *per annum*. Mr. O'Meara replied that the British Government was his master and would remunerate him.

Madame Bertrand was very dejected and in tears. A short time previous to quitting the ship she made a last attempt to dissuade her husband from accompanying Buonaparte. In a loud and angry voice he exclaimed, " Jamais, Madame Bertrand, jamais ! "

About 10 a.m. the children and nine servants were sent to the *Northumberland;* and about eleven, the Admiral's barge being in waiting, Buonaparte was informed that everything was ready for his removal.

We had all assembled on deck to take our last view of him. After a long conversation with Lord Keith, and having taken leave of those officers who were to remain behind, he made his appearance at about twenty minutes before twelve. It was four days since we had last seen him. He was not shaved, and appeared confused. Bowing as he came out, he advanced with a sort of forced smile on his countenance towards the officers of the *Bellerophon*, attended by Captain Maitland ;

and addressed them in French nearly to the following purport, "Gentlemen, I have requested Captain Maitland to return you my thanks, and to assure you how much I feel indebted for the attentions I have received since on board the *Bellerophon*." In a hurried tone he added something which I could not exactly lay hold of (his rapidity of delivery makes it always difficult to understand him), but it appeared expressive of the hope he had entertained at first coming on board of being permitted quietly to reside in England during the remainder of his existence. Having said this he bowed to all around, and lastly, turning to the ship's crew, pulled off his hat to them also. He instantly went into the boat; and, accompanied by Counts Bertrand and Montholon-Semonville, General Gourgaud, the Count Las Cases and the two ladies, was immediately conveyed to the *Northumberland*. Savary and L'Allemand were not allowed to accompany him and still remain with us.* The former wept bitterly, appeared in a violent rage, and asserted that Napoleon would not live six months in St. Helena.

Before quitting the ship, Buonaparte distributed, I am told, a considerable sum of money among the subordinate followers whom he left behind. A remaining sum of four thousand Napoleons† was taken possession of by order of Government. He has been permitted to take with him all his plate, etc.

At six this evening we got under weigh on our return to Plymouth, and in about an hour afterwards perceived the *Northumberland* weigh also. In the morning (August 8th) she was seen in the offing lying-to for the vessels which were to accompany her. On the following morning (9th) the whole having joined, they made sail down Channel and were soon out of sight. We this day received a letter from our late surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, who mentioned that on the evening of the day he quitted us Buonaparte was in high spirits; and with great good humour lost five Napoleons to Sir G. Cockburn at Vingt-un, and afterwards placed three others under the candlestick for the servants. I have little doubt but he rejoiced in his heart at this unexpected escape from all his enemies. It was the last time we heard of him.

"I, Bone, quo virtus tua te vocat . . . . ,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia."

Horat, Epist. II, 2. v., 37.

* They were afterwards sent on board the *Eurotas* frigate, Captain Lillicrap, and with the other officers who were not permitted to accompany Buonaparte, were conveyed in that ship to Malta, the island destined for their future residence.

† These have been delivered to Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe, the new Governor of St. Helena, to be appropriated to the use of Buonaparte according to his discretion.

APPENDIX III

NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA BY SIR GEORGE BINGHAM

SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, WHO ACCOMPANIED NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA, UNLIKE MOST OF THE TRAVELLERS ON THE *NORTHUMBERLAND*, PUBLISHED NOTHING ON THE SUBJECT, BUT AMONG HIS PAPERS WERE THE FOLLOWING WHICH LADY BINGHAM LEFT TO HER NEPHEW, ARTHUR EDMUND MANSEL, LATE CAPTAIN 3RD HUSSARS. THEY WERE PLACED BY CAPTAIN MANSEL IN THE HANDS OF COLONEL CHARLES THOMPSON, D.S.O., WHO EDITED THEM FOR *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*, WHERE THEY WERE PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, 1896. I HAVE TO THANK COLONEL THOMPSON AND MR. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD FOR THEIR EXTREME COURTESY IN PERMITTING ME TO REPRINT THEM HERE

DIARY OF SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, K.C.B., WITH EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN FROM ST. HELENA BY SIR GEORGE AND LADY BINGHAM AND LIEUT.-COL. MANSEL.

1815. *August 6th.*—Having embarked at Portsmouth, and working down channel in the *Northumberland*, with the wind at west, we perceived at eight o'clock in the morning three large ships apparently coming out of Plymouth. Signals being exchanged, they proved to be the *Tonnant*, 84, having Lord Keith's flag on board, *Belerophon*,* and *Eurotas* frigate. On their coming up with us, Admiral Sir George Cockburn went on board the *Tonnant*. We made all sail towards the land, and anchored west off Berryhead on the outside of Torbay, and on the Admiral's return, heard that Napoleon Bonaparte was to be removed the next day at ten o'clock.

* The spelling of the original MS. has been retained throughout.

Monday, 7th.—Early in the morning the baggage of Napoleon came on board, and several servants, and persons of his suite, to prepare the cabin that was to receive him. About two o'clock he left the *Belerophon* and came alongside the *Northumberland*, accompanied by Lord Keith. The guard was turned out and presented arms, and all the officers stood on the quarter-deck to receive Lord Keith. Napoleon chose to take the compliment to himself. He was dressed in a plain green uniform, with plain epaulets, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, with stockings, and small gold shoebuckles, his hair out of powder and rather greasy, his person corpulent, his neck short, and his *tout ensemble* not at all giving an idea that he had been so great or was so extraordinary a man. He bowed at first coming on deck, and having spoken to the Admiral, asked for the Captain of the ship. In passing towards the cabin he asked who I was. The Captain introduced me. He inquired the number of the regiment, where I had served, and if the 53rd was to go to St. Helena with him. He then asked an officer of Artillery the same questions. From him he passed to Lord Lowther, to whom he addressed several questions, after which he retired to the cabin. The Admiral, who was anxious that he should as early as possible be brought to understand that the cabin was not allotted to him solely, but was a sort of public apartment, asked Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttelton, and myself to walk in. Napoleon received us standing. The lieutenants of the ship were brought in and introduced, but not one of them spoke French; they bowed, and retired. We remained: Mr. Lyttelton, who spoke French fluently, answered his questions. After we were tired of standing, we retired. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck, and entered into conversation with Mr. Lyttelton: he spoke with apparent freedom and great vivacity, but without passion. He rather complained of his destination, saying it had been his intention to have lived in a retired manner in England, had he been permitted to have done so. He replied freely to several questions Mr. Lyttelton put to him relative to what had happened in Spain and other parts. This interesting conversation lasted at least an hour, at the end of which he retired. At six o'clock dinner was announced. He ate heartily, taking up both fish and meat frequently with his fingers; he drank claret out of a tumbler mixed with a very little water. Those of his attendants who were received at the Admiral's table were—Bertrand (Grand Marshal); the Countess, his wife; Montholon, General of Brigade and A.D.C.; and Las Cases, in the uniform of a captain in the navy, but called a Counsellor of State. The discourse was on general and

trifling subjects, after which he talked to the Admiral of Russia and its climate, and of Moscow, without seeming at all to feel the subject; he spoke as if he had been an actor only instead of the author of all those scenes which cost so much bloodshed. We rose immediately after dinner, and the Admiral begged me to attend Napoleon. He walked forward to the forecastle: the men of the 53rd Regiment and the Artillery were on the booms; they rose and took off their caps as he passed. He appeared to like the compliment, and said he was formerly in the Artillery. I answered, "Yes, you belonged to the Regiment De la Fère," on which he pinched my ear with a smile, as if pleased to find I knew so much of his history. He walked for some time, and then asked us in to play cards; we sat down to *vingt-un*. He showed me his snuff-box, on which were inlaid four silver antiques (coins)—Sylla, Regulus, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar —with a gold one on the side of Timoléon. Madame Bertrand told me he had found these coins himself at Rome. He did not play high at cards, and left about fifty francs to be distributed amongst the servants. The latter part of the evening he appeared thoughtful, and at a little past ten he retired for the night.

Tuesday, 8th.—The weather was squally, and there was a heavy sea. Most of the party were affected by the motion of the vessel. Napoleon did not make his appearance.

Wednesday, 9th.—Napoleon at dinner asked many questions, but appeared in low spirits. He brightened up afterwards, and came on the deck. He asked if amongst the midshipmen there were any who could speak French: one of them had been at Verdun and understood it a little. The captain of marines (Beatie) appeared on deck; he inquired who he was, and where he had served. When he told him he had been at Acre he appeared particularly pleased, and took him by the ear, which I find he has always been in the habit of doing when pleased. He talked a good deal with this officer, walking the deck with his hands behind him. At eight o'clock he retired to the cabin. He lost at cards, and observed that good fortune had of late forsaken him. About ten o'clock he retired for the night.

Thursday, 10th.—Napoleon did not appear till dinner-time. He was affected by the motion of the ship, and said very little. He made an attempt to play at cards, but was obliged to give it up and retire early.

Friday, 11th.—Blowing weather, and Bonaparte invisible the whole day.

Saturday, 12th.—Napoleon made his appearance early, and looked better than usual; he walked the deck supporting himself on my arm.

How little did I ever think, when I used to consider him as one of the first generals in the world, that he would ever have taken my arm as a support! He spoke but little at dinner, but conversed for half an hour afterwards with the Admiral, in the course of which conversation he denied having had any knowledge of the death of Captain Wright, and said he had never heard his name till mentioned to him by an English gentleman at Elba; that it was not probable that, having the cares of a great nation, he should interest himself in the fate of an obscure individual. This reasoning, I own, appears more specious than solid. Of Sir Sidney Smith he also spoke, and said that he had once (when commanding the army in Egypt) inserted in his orders that he was mad, as a means of checking the intrigues he had attempted to carry on with his generals. At cards this evening he was evidently affected with the motion of the vessel, and retired early.

Sunday, 13*th*.—The chaplain dined with the Admiral. Napoleon asked a number of questions relating to the Reformed religion; he did not display much knowledge of the tenets of our Church, or of the English history at the period of the Reformation. He played with his attendants at cards as usual; the English did not join.

Monday, 14*th*.—Napoleon asked at dinner a number of questions relative to the Cape, and whether any communication was carried on by land with any other part of Africa by means of caravans. His information on these, as well as on other topics connected with geography, appeared very limited; and he asked questions that any well-educated Englishman would have been ashamed to have done. The evening passed off with cards as usual.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms. After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at some of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed (it was supposed that this trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets); 200,000 men were ready at Boulogne (of which 6,000 were cavalry) to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet, he calculated he would have debarked this army in twenty-four hours. The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible. He was to have put himself at the head of it, and have made a push for the capital. He added, "I put all to the hazard. I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return;

I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West Indies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel. Nelson destroyed it at the battle of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded."

At cards this evening he was successful, winning nearly eighty napoleons; he evidently tried to lose it again. He was in good spirits at the idea of his success on his birthday, having been always of an opinion that some days are more fortunate than others. It was nearly eleven o'clock before he left the card-table.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—Bonaparte did not appear till dinner-time; he was in good spirits, and asked as usual a variety of questions. After dinner, in his walk with the Admiral, he was quite loquacious, having, besides his usual allowance of wine (two tumblers of claret), drunk one of champagne, and some bottled beer. He said he apprehended that the measure of sending him to St. Helena might have fatal consequences. He hinted that the people of France and Italy were so much attached to him and his person that they might revenge it by the massacre of the English. He acknowledged, however, that he thought his life safe with the English, which it might not have been had it been intrusted to the Austrians or Prussians. Of this life he appears tenacious; one of his *valets de chambre* sleeps constantly in his apartment; nor does it appear, either from his own accounts or those of his attendants, that he was very prodigal of it at the battle of Waterloo, certainly the most interesting one of his life, and on which his future destiny turned. Not one of his personal staff was wounded; and had he been in the thickest of the fight, as Wellington was, they could not all have escaped. But to return to his conversation, he said that, after the Austrian war, Beauharnais and the people about him told him it was absolutely necessary that he should marry again, to have heirs, for the sake and succession of France. The Emperor of Russia offered him the Archduchess Ann. A council was held on the subject, and in taking into consideration this marriage, a clause providing for the free exercise of the Greek religion, and also that a chapel should be allowed in the Tuileries for the worship of that faith, was strongly objected to by some of the members as likely to render the marriage unpopular in France. At this moment Swartzenburg offered a Princess of the house of Austria. Napoleon replied it was quite indifferent to him, so they gave him no trouble

on the subject: this business was speedily settled. This was at ten o'clock at night; before midnight the copy of a treaty was drawn out (copied nearly word for word from the marriage contract between Louis the XVIth and Maria Antoinette), signed by him, transmitted to Vienna, and Maria Louisa became the new Empress.

Thursday, 17th.—Napoleon did not make his appearance till dinner; he conversed a little, and retired early to the after-cabin; he remained but a short time at the card-table. In a conversation last night with Sir George Cockburn it turned on Waterloo; he said that he should not have attacked Wellington on the 18th, had he supposed he would have fought him; he acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position; he praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official despatch; he denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised the cry of *sauve qui peut*, and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. "Had there been daylight," he added, "I should have thrown aside my cloak, and every Frenchman would have rallied round me; but darkness and treachery were too much for me."

Friday, 18th.—Napoleon in good spirits and looking well; he conversed after dinner for a considerable time with the Admiral; he mentioned Maria Louisa, and said she was much attached to him; she was asked by the Queen of Naples (at Vienna) why she did not join her husband in Elba? She replied her inclination led her to do so, but she was prevented by her parents. The Queen replied that if she loved a man nothing should prevent her following him, if there were windows in the house and sheets to enable her to let herself down from them. He spoke with interest of his boy, and appeared pleased to relate that when the Queen of Naples said to the child, "Well, my boy, your game is now over, you will be obliged to turn Capuchin," he replied, "I never will be a priest, I will be a soldier." In Germany he said he had intercepted a letter written by the young Prince of Orange, in which he said the Prince was not very lavish in his praises of our Royal family, but that a lady at Dresden, who had either been mentioned in it, or had some reason for wishing that it might not be made public, entreated him so earnestly not to send it to the *Moniteur* that he withheld it.

Saturday, 19th.—At dinner Napoleon talked of Toulon with animation; he said the only wound he had ever received was from an English sailor (by a pike) in the hand, at the storm of Fort Mulgrave, the possession of which led to the evacuation of that town. This led to talking of the navy; he said the only good officer he had was

one whose name he pronounced Cas-mo, who, when Admiral Dumanoir was acquitted by a court-martial (having been tried for leaving the battle of Trafalgar, and for having afterwards surrendered to Sir R. Strachan), took the sword that was delivered to him by the President and broke it. The Admiral asked him for some other naval character, whose name I have forgotten; he answered, "He behaved well in one action; I made him a rear-admiral on the spot; the consequence was, the very next year he lost me two ships in the Bay of Roses" [Rosas]. In conversation with the Admiral before dinner he made the following remarkable observation: "I was at the head of an army at twenty-four; at thirty, from nothing I had risen to be the head of my country; for, as first Consul, I had as much power as I afterwards had as Emperor. I should have died," he added, "the day after I entered Moscow; my glory then would have been established for ever." The Admiral replied that to be a truly great character it was necessary to suffer adversity as well as prosperity. He assented, but said, "My lot has been a little too severe."

Sunday, 20th.—Napoleon at dinner again began to question the clergyman respecting the Reformed religion, whether we used the crucifix, how many sacraments we used. Grace was said, and he asked whether it was a Benedicite. He walked for a considerable time by moonlight, and, seeing that the Admiral did not play at cards, refrained himself. He talked of Egypt; he said the "Mamelukes ought to be the first cavalry in the world; no Frenchman is equal to them. Five Frenchmen could never stand against the same number of Mamelukes, or even one hundred; but three hundred Frenchmen would, by manœuvring and having reserves, beat an equal number or even a greater." He continued to say that "Kléber was a good general, but not a politician sufficient to prosper in that country. Having landed in Egypt with a small army, and cut off from any reinforcements, he was obliged to practise every artifice to gain the goodwill of the people: for this he and his followers professed the Mahomedan religion," which he made no scruple in acknowledging he had done himself. He had great difficulty in bringing the sheiks to waive what is considered both by the Jews and Mahomedans an important part of the religion. The next difficulty to be obviated was that of drinking wine. He said the Franks were natives of a colder climate, and for so long a time had been accustomed to it, that they could not relinquish it, and proposed they should be allowed a dispensation. A consultation was held. The result was, that the Franks might certainly drink wine, but that they would be damned for it. Bonaparte replied that they by no means

wished to enter the pale of their Church on such terms, and begged they would reconsider it. The next answer proved more favourable: it was decreed that they should be allowed to drink wine, provided every day before they did so they should resolve to do a good action. On being pressed to know what was considered a good action, it was answered, either almsgiving, building (or contributing towards building) a mosque, or digging a well in the desert. Having promised faithfully to comply with these terms, he concluded by saying, "We were received into the mosque, and I derived from it the most important results."

December 6th.—Longwood is now ready for the reception of Bonaparte, and I called yesterday at the Briars to accompany him thither. He received me with some apologies in his *robe de chambre*, and excused himself from going on account of the smell of paint. He appeared to be in unusual good spirits, having on the table English papers to the 15th of September. The greater confusion there is in France, the greater chance he fancies there is of his being allowed to return, as he thinks the English Government will be obliged to recall him to compose the confusion that exists in that unhappy country. I have just seen Captain Mackey, the officer who has the charge of him; he appears to wish to remain another day. There is no knowing what he is about. He does not know his own mind two minutes together.

December 21st.—Since I last wrote, Napoleon has been removed to Longwood. He appears in better health, and has been in good spirits. I called on him on Monday and had a long audience, in which he was very particular in his questions relating to our mess, entering into the most minute particulars, even so far as to ask who cooked for us, male or female, white or black. On Friday I met him as I was marching with my regiment.* He rides now every day within his bounds (but never exceeds them), with a British officer, which he cannot yet reconcile himself to. His attendants are, as usual, split into parties, and they have procured the removal of Bertrand (who has at least the merit of being his oldest and most faithful servant) from the superintendence of the household.

1816. *January 1st.*—Last Tuesday I introduced all the officers to Bonaparte; it was evidently an effort on his part, although the proposal, in the first instance, came from himself; he asked a number of questions, which were exceedingly absurd. He has been in great spirits since the last arrivals; he has heard that "all the virtues,"

* Sir George Bingham had not at this time received intimation of his promotion; nor was he informed of his appointment of Brigadier-General on the Staff till the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. His commission was dated the 21st of October.

with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, are to advocate their cause and his recall, and he sanguinely looks forward to the result.

January 8th.—Since I wrote last I have dined with Napoleon; it was a most superb dinner, that lasted only forty minutes, when we retired into the drawing-room to play cards. The dessert service was Sèvres china, with gold knives, forks, and spoons. The coffee-cups were the most beautiful I ever saw. On each cup was an Egyptian view, and on the saucer a portrait of some Bey, or other distinguished character. They cost twenty-five guineas, the cup and saucer, in France. The dinner was stupid enough; the people who live with him scarcely spoke out of a whisper, and he was so much engaged in eating that he hardly said a word to any one; he had so filled the room with wax candles that it was as hot as any oven. He said to me, after I had entered the drawing-room, "You are not accustomed to such short dinners." He has generally one or two officers of the 53rd to dinner, or rather supper, for it is half-past eight before he sits down.

February 14th.—I send you a little pen sketch of the house at Longwood, as it appears from my tent. It does not look here much like an imperial establishment; it has, however, great depth, and more room than there appears. The trees about the camp are gum wood, of a bluish-green colour, and at a distance give you the idea of an old umbrella; you see Fehrszen's marquee and servants' tent amongst the trees in the foreground. Those trees are full of a species of canary bird, that sing as sweetly but are not so handsome as ours. There are also amadavats, and Java sparrows, with red beaks, and these are the whole of the small birds on the island. When it was first discovered it had not a living creature on it. Partridges are now plenty, and there are a good many pheasants—more like the golden pheasant of China than our English birds; and some peacocks, which are rather smaller than our tame ones. I saw two the other day; they rose very majestically to fly away when disturbed; they are not allowed to be shot; and the pheasants are reserved for the Governor only. Yesterday I went to call on Bonaparte; he was going out in his carriage; he insisted on my going with him, and we had a drive together of three miles. He always asks after you,* and to-day, when he heard a packet was arrived from England, he said, "Now the Colonel will hear from Lady Bingham."

April 19th.—I called on Bonaparte last Sunday before the *Phaeton* had anchored, to announce to him the arrival of the new Governor. He received me in his bedroom, in his *robe de chambre*, and a dirtier figure I never beheld. He was pleased with the compliment. He

* Lady Bingham.

received Sir H. Lowe last Wednesday with marked attention, behaving at the same time in a manner pointedly rude to Sir George Cockburn. You have no idea of the dirty little intrigues of himself and set. If Sir Hudson Lowe has firmness enough not to give way to him, he will in a short time treat him in the same manner. For myself, it is said I am a favourite, though I do not understand the claim I have to be such. Cockburn has certainly used great exertions to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and for this, and for the care he took of him on board, he did not deserve to be treated as he was on that day, which was nothing more or less than insulting. When he was going to introduce Sir Hudson, and to say, "My charge ends; I beg to introduce my successor," they shut the door in his face, saying, "It is the Emperor's orders that the Governor goes in alone."

There has been the usual fracas continued in the family. About a week since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that she was so fond of the English and partial to their society that she might save herself the trouble of attending at dinner. The Emperor had dined in his room the day before, fearing he could not have kept his temper and have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither kingly or even gentlemanly towards his attendants, and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that "the Emperor *permitted* her to come to dinner." Napoleon received the intelligence of the death of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool, and deserved his fate. He said he had behaved very ill to him, and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.

[*Letter from Lady Bingham.*]

"*May* 30*th.*

"On Tuesday last I went with Sir G. Bingham and Colonel Mansel to pay a visit to Buonaparte. When we first arrived he was out airing with his attendants, and after waiting for some little time in Captain Poppleton's * room, we were informed of his return, and were shown into a small ante-room, where, at an inside door, stood his footman, dressed in green and gold, to open and shut it when necessary for his imperial master. When he was quite ready to receive

* One of the officers of the 53rd Regiment in attendance at Longwood.

us, we were ushered into his presence. I think him much better-looking than I had expected, though his complexion is exceedingly sallow. The likeness Mr. Still brought home with him from Plymouth, etched by Mr. Planat, is a very just representation of him. He was extremely facetious, and in excellent humour, and after asking me a few frivolous questions, he desired me to walk into the garden, handed me out, and did me the honour (as I afterwards found it was) to walk with his head uncovered. He told me I had an excellent husband, that I ought to be very happy, as he loved me dearly; that he was also a gallant soldier, and that soldiers always made the best husbands. He asked me several questions about Louisa,* and made some remark about her husband † and herself; but this I lost, as owing to his speaking so *remarkably* fast, it is sometimes with the utmost difficulty he can be understood. Notwithstanding the constant rain, I take a great deal of exercise on horseback, and as I have a most quiet animal, I ride without the least fear up Ladder Hill and other tremendous places, to the astonishment of the St. Heleneans. I assure you I pass here for a very superior horsewoman, which gave rise to a question from Napoleon, whether in England I often went a-fox-hunting? having a vast idea that the English ladies are exceedingly fond of that amusement. I told him it was one *I* was by no means partial to, or ever took part in. Napoleon has been much out of spirits of late, I *fancy*, from the little probability he sees of ever being able to make his escape from this island. He has within the last few days taken to play at skittles. Of all his followers, Madame Bertrand is the one for whom I feel the most interest. She is, poor woman, so thoroughly unhappy that it is quite melancholy to see her. She is extremely pleasing and elegant in her manner. Just before I arrived the French attendants had an offer made them of returning home; but they preferred signing a paper which now precludes all future idea of leaving the island. Bertrand, it is said, agreed to this from an *honourable* motive, having *promised* Napoleon to remain with him during his captivity. Poor Madame, I fancy, would gladly have laid aside all the *honour* had it been left to her arrangement.

"EMMA BINGHAM."

[*Letter from Lieut.-Col. Mansel.*]

"DEADWOOD CAMP,

"*June 14th.*

"We neither hear or see much of Buonaparte now. I fancy he confines himself much more than usual to the house, which will tend

* Mrs. Mansel. † Colonel Mansel.

to increase his corpulence. He appears to be dropsical, and his complexion is very sallow; in short, he looks exceedingly out of health. I understand the Governor is rather desirous to move him nearer to Plantation House (his own residence), being suspicious of his attempting his escape, which makes Sir Hudson uneasy and feel somewhat alarmed. This he has not the slightest cause for, as he is perfectly secure both by sea and land. I should regret his removal from Longwood, as there is not on the island so beautiful a spot of ground as this. I have an excellent suite of barrack-rooms, from the windows of which is seen a very grand and noble view, comprising sea, wood, a fine extensive plain, immense heights, rugged rocks, fortifications, barracks, tents, and people of all colours, etc., the whole making a pretty panorama. I went to fish one day last week, and met with good success; the fish we caught weighed from one to two pounds, some of which I sent to Buonaparte. He was much pleased with them, and said they were the best he had eaten since he was on Mount Cennis.

"J. MANSEL."

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